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HYMN BOOK
METHODIST PROTESTANT
Mrs. Fannie E. Spencer.

HYMN BOOK

METHODIST PROTESTANT

For Anne D. Jones

L. H. G. H.

CHURCH OF METHODISTS

GENERAL CONFERENCE OF 1844

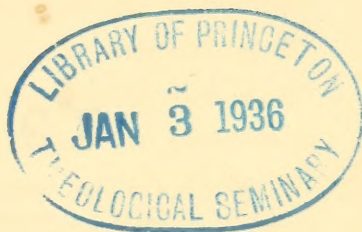
BALTIMORE

PRINTED BY THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN

1844

HYMN BOOK

OF THE



METHODIST PROTESTANT

CHURCH.

COMPILED BY AUTHORITY OF THE

GENERAL CONFERENCE OF 1858.

BALTIMORE:

PUBLISHED BY THE PRESIDENT AND DIRECTORS OF THE BOOK
CONCERN OF THE METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH.

1859.

HYMN BOOK

P R E F A C E

The General Conference of May, 1858, appointed a Committee to revise the Hymn Book of the Methodist Protestant Church. The Committee, in entering upon their labor, discovered a field of such extent before them that in order to answer the expectations of the Conference and membership generally, they found it necessary to make a

ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine, by the President and Directors of the Book Concern of the Methodist Protestant Church.

SHERWOOD & Co., PRINTERS.

P R E F A C E.

THE General Conference of May, 1858, appointed a Committee to revise the Hymn Book of the Methodist Protestant Church. The Committee, in entering upon their labor, discovered a field of such extent before them that, in order to answer the expectations of the Conference and membership generally, they found it necessary to make an entirely new arrangement or classification. They determined, therefore, to compile a new book. The result of nearly a year's labor is now offered to the Church, with the hope, not unreasonably entertained, that it may prove acceptable.

The "Arrangement of Subjects" has been simplified and adapted as far as possible to the purposes of such a table. Many long hymns contained in the old book, which on account of their length were never sung, have been omitted in the new, while others have been sufficiently abridged to render them suitable for public worship, and others again, of rare poetic and spiritual excellence, have been retained entire, but, at the same time, they have been broken up into separate hymns of reasonable length.

The Committee take pleasure in calling attention to several new and desirable features in the present book. Each hymn has the name of the author (so far as could be

ascertained) at the top, on the right hand. On the left is the name of the tune to which it may be sung, which will be found of great advantage to leaders of choirs, and to those whose duty it may become to raise the tunes for the congregation, as indicating the class of tunes suitable to the expression of the sentiment contained in the hymn. The hymns are numbered agreeably to their relative positions in the book, and the paging at the top is omitted as being unnecessary. This change is adopted to prevent the confusion likely to ensue when the number of the page and the number of the hymn are both called out.

The number of Doxologies in the present compilation is very much increased. No little inconvenience was experienced formerly from the paucity of these, particularly as it has been of late the custom in various evangelical churches to conclude service with a Doxology agreeing in metre with that of the final hymn sung. The present collection will admit of this without difficulty, inasmuch as the metres of all the hymns in the book have Doxologies suited to them.

A collection of "Spiritual Songs" is added as an appendix. It was deemed desirable to have the best specimens of this class preserved in the book in common use, so that there might be no necessity for a separate collection on revival occasions. The poetic merits of many of them are hardly sufficient to entitle them to positions beside the magnificent effusions of Watts and Wesley, while their earnest spirituality and the familiarity of all Methodists with them forbid their being altogether omitted. Should it be thought desirable,

however, at any future time, to separate them from their present relation and to have them bound in a distinct collection, it can be done without marring the unity of the book.

In addition to the usual Index, one has been added consisting of the "First Line" of each stanza except the first. This will be found convenient in enabling the possessor to find readily any hymn when the first line only of a stanza is remembered.

There is also an Index of names of Tunes, arranged alphabetically, which will doubtless prove acceptable to those required to raise them.

The hymns have been selected with a view to their spirituality, their poetic beauty, and their suitableness to illustrate the several subjects under which they are located. More than one-half the number contained in this volume have been selected from our former collection. The Committee have drawn largely from the compositions of Watts and the two Wesleys for the remainder, and have generally endeavored to give them as they were originally written. Other pious authors have also contributed their share, among whom it is only necessary to mention the names of Doddridge, Heber and Montgomery. They have also availed themselves of some exquisitely beautiful effusions of more modern date, which have not appeared hitherto in any similar publication, but which are no less an ornament to our Church Hymn Book than an expression of the profound and fervent piety of their respective authors.

The Committee desire to express their many and great obligations to the following named gentlemen for their val-

uable assistance in the several departments enumerated:—
To David Creamer, Esq., for his assistance in verifying the hymns; to Samuel Burnet, Esq., for his assistance in the musical department, (both of the Meth. Episcopal Church;) and to the Rev. James M. Haines, of the Virginia Annual Conference, for preparing the Index of first lines.

In conclusion, they desire to commend the present work to the favorable acceptance of the Church, with the assurance that no labor or care which it was in their power to bestow has been spared to render it suitable for devotion, and in all particulars what the Church has a right to expect from their hands.

JOSIAH VARDEN,

JOHN J. MURRAY,

E. Y. REESE,

LUTHER MARTIN,

EDMUND G. WATERS.

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HYMNS.

I. GOD IN NATURE.

1 Alfreton. L. M. STEELE.
 There is a God.

THERE is a God—all nature speaks,
Through earth and air, and sea and skies ;
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When earliest beams of morning rise.

2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
Throughout the world's extended frame,
Inscribes in characters of light
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

3 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of your God ;—
Bow down before him, and adore.

2 Arlington. C. M. OPIE.
 All his works praise Him.

THERE is a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every flower,
Which tells, O Lord, the wondrous tale
Of thy almighty power ;
The birds, that rise on quiv'ring wing,
Proclaim their Maker's praise,
And all the mingling sounds of spring
To thee an anthem raise.

- 2 Shall I be mute, great God, alone,
 'Midst nature's loud acclaim?
 Shall not my heart, with answ'ring tone,
 Breathe forth thy holy name?
 All nature's debt is small to mine:
 Nature shall cease to be;
 Thou gavest—proof of love divine—
 Immortal life to me.

3 Watchman. S. M. WATTS.
His Name is glorious.

- ALMIGHTY Maker, God,
 How wondrous is thy name;
 Thy glories how diffused abroad,
 Through the creation's frame.
- 2 Nature in every dress
 Her humble homage pays,
 And finds a thousand ways t' express
 Thine undissembled praise.
- 3 My soul would rise and sing
 To her Creator too;
 Fain would my tongue adore my King,
 And pay the worship due.
- 4 Create my soul anew,
 Else all my worship's vain;
 This wretched heart will ne'er be true
 Until 'tis formed again.
- 5 Descend, celestial fire,
 And seize me, from above;
 Melt me in flames of pure desire,
 A sacrifice to love.
- 6 Let joy and worship spend
 The remnant of my days,
 And to my God my soul ascend
 In sweet perfumes of praise.

4 Winchester. L. M. ADDISON.
The Maker Divine.

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.

2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Doth his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the listening earth
 Repeats the story of her birth :

4 While all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though, in solemn silence, all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
 What though no real voice nor sound
 Amid the radiant orbs be found ?

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 For ever singing as they shine,
 The hand that made us is divine.

5 Barby. C. M. SIMON BROWN.
All things created for His glory.

GREAT First of beings! mighty Lord
 Of all this wondrous frame!
 Produced by thy creating word,
 The world from nothing came.

- 2 Thy voice sent forth the high command,
'Twas instantly obeyed;
And through thy goodness all things stand,
Which by thy power were made.
- 3 Lord! for thy glory shine the whole;
They all reflect thy light:
For this in course the planets roll,
And day succeeds the night.
- 4 For this the sun dispenses heat
And beams of cheering day;
And distant stars, in order set,
By night thy power display.
- 5 For this the earth its produce yields;
For this the waters flow;
And blooming plants adorn the fields,
And trees aspiring grow.
- 6 Inspired with praise, our minds pursue
This wise and noble end—
That all we think, and all we do,
Shall to thine honor tend.

6 Woodstock. C. M. MONTGOMERY.
The God of Nature and of Grace.

THE God of nature and of grace
In all his works appears;
His goodness through the earth we trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.

- 2 Behold this fair and fertile globe,
By him in wisdom planned;
'Twas he who girded, like a robe,
The ocean round the land.
- 3 Lift to the arch of heaven your eye,
Thither his path pursue;
His glory, boundless as the sky,
O'erwhelms the wondering view.

4 How excellent, O Lord, thy name,
 In all creation's lines ;
 Spread through eternity, thy fame
 With rising lustre shines.

5 Millions before thy presence stand,
 Who feel, while they adore,
 Fullness of joy at thy right hand,
 And pleasures evermore.

7 St. Martin's. C. M. T. H. STOCKTON.
The heart's attestation.

WE need not soar above the skies,
 Leave suns and stars below ;
 And seek Thee, with unclouded eyes,
 In all that angels know ;—
 The very breath we now inhale,
 The pulse in every heart,
 Attest with force that cannot fail,
 Thou art—O God ! Thou art !

2 If, 'midst the ever-during songs
 Of universal joy,—
 The chime of worlds and chant of tongues—
 The praise that we employ
 May breathe its music in thine ear,
 Its meaning in thy heart,
 Our glad confession deign to hear,—
 Thou art, O God ! Thou art !

8 Devises. C. M. LUTH. COL.
Nature invites our praise.

HAIL, great Creator, wise and good !
 To thee our songs we raise ;
 Nature, through all her various scenes,
 Invites us to thy praise.

- 2 At morning, noon, and evening mild,
Fresh wonders strike our view,
And while we gaze our hearts exult
With transports ever new.
- 3 Thy glory beams in every star
Which gilds the gloom of night,
And decks the smiling face of morn
With rays of cheerful light.
- 4 The lofty hill, the humble lawn,
With countless beauties shine;
The silent grove, the awful shade,
Proclaim thy power divine.
- 5 Great nature's God! still may these scenes
Our serious hours engage;
Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy works' instructive page.
- 6 And while in all thy wondrous works
Thy varied love we see,
Still may the contemplation lead
Our hearts, O God, to thee!

9 Zanesville. C. M. STEELE.
Creation prompts to Gratitude.

- L**ORD! when my raptured thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise
And bid my soul adore.
- 2 Where'er I turn my gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their source divine.
 - 3 On me thy providence hath shone
With gentle, smiling rays;
Oh, let my lips and life make known
Thy goodness and thy praise.

- 4 All bounteous Lord! thy grace impart,
 Oh, teach me to improve
 Thy gifts, with ever grateful heart,
 And crown them with thy love.

II. DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.

- 10 Uxbridge. L. M. T. H. STOCKTON.
Unity of God.

WHEN God—neglected or denied—
 From ancient tribes withdrew his grace,
 How soon the erring myriads strove
 With phantom forms to fill his place!

- 2 On every hill, by every stream,
 All homes within, all waysides near,
 The hallowed idols senseless stood,—
 The helpless suppliants bowed with fear.
- 3 With gods for every foot of land,
 And every pause of passing time,
 In life no soothing peace they found,
 In death no heavenly hope sublime.
- 4 O Thou, the true and living God!
 Maker of all above—below,
 Eternal—self-existent One!
 How blest are we thy name to know!
- 5 One God—enlightened faith adores;
 One God—harmonious nature cries;
 One God—our common Sire and Lord,
 The brotherhood of mind replies.

- 6 To Thee, Supreme !—to Thee alone,
 Be hymns of highest glory sung ;
 The source of joy to every heart,
 The theme of praise to every tongue.

11 Duke street. L. M. ANON.
God Omnipotent and Everlasting.

- ALL-POWERFUL, self-existent God,
 Who all creation dost sustain,
 Thou wast, and art, and art to come ;
 And everlasting is thy reign.
- 2 Fixed and eternal as thy days,
 Each glorious attribute divine,
 Through ages infinite, shall still
 With undiminished lustre shine.
- 3 Fountain of being ! Source of good !
 Immutable dost thou remain ;
 Nor can the shadow of a change
 Obscure the glories of thy reign.
- 4 Nature her order shall reverse,
 Revolving seasons cease their round ;
 Nor spring appear with blooming pride,
 Nor autumn be with plenty crowned.
- 5 Yon shining orbs forget their course,
 The sun his destined path forsake ;
 And burning desolation mark
 Amid the world his wand'ring track ;
- 6 Earth may with all her powers dissolve,
 If such the great Creator's will :
 But thou for ever art the same ;
 'I AM' is thy memorial still.

12 Old Hundred. L. M. WATTS.
Majesty of God.

ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
 Becomes the grandeur of a God,
 Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
 Where stars revolve their little rounds ;

- 2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
 He hides his face behind his wings ;
 And ranks of shining thrones around
 Fall worshiping, and spread the ground.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do ?
 We would adore our Maker too ;
 From sin and dust to thee we cry,
 The great, the holy, and the high.
- 4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
 And worms have learned to lisp thy name ;
 But, oh, the glories of thy mind
 Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 5 God is in heaven, and men below ;
 Be short our tunes, our words be few ;
 A solemn reverence checks our songs,
 And praise sits silent on our tongues.

13 Hebron. L. M. WATTS.
Omniscience.

LORD, thou hast searched and seen me thro' ;
 Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
 My rising and my resting hours,
 My heart and flesh with all their powers.

- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
 Are to my God distinctly known :
 He knows the words I mean to speak,
 Ere from my opening lips they break.

- 3 Within thy circling power I stand,
On every side I find thy hand ;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge ! vast and great !
What large extent ! what lofty height !
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 O may these thoughts possess my breast
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest ;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

14 Chimes. C. M. WATTS.
 Omniscience.

- LORD, all I am is known to thee ;
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, or to flee
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.
 - 3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
Before they're formed within ;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou know'st the sense I mean.
 - 4 O wondrous knowledge ! deep and high !
Where can a creature hide ?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side !
 - 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sov'reign love.

DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.

15 Mear. C. M. WATTS.
 Omniscience.

ALMIGHTY God ! thy piercing eye
 Strikes through the shades of night,
 And our most secret actions lie
 All open to thy sight.

2 There's not a sin that we commit,
 Nor wicked word we say,
 But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
 Against the judgment day.

3 And must the crimes that I have done
 Be read and published there ?
 Be all exposed before the sun,
 While men and angels hear ?

4 Lord, at thy feet ashamed I lie,
 Upward I dare not look ;
 Pardon my sins before I die,
 And blot them from thy book.

16 Howard. C. M. C. WESLEY.
 God Benevolent and Merciful.

THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
 Unmerited and free,
 Delights our evil to remove,
 And help our misery.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still ;
 Thou dost with sinners bear ;
 That, sav'd, we may thy goodness feel,
 And all thy grace declare.

3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
 To every soul, abound ;
 A vast, unfathomable sea,
 Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.

- 4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
 So plenteous is the store ;
 Enough for all, enough for each,
 Enough for evermore.
- 5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are ;
 A rock which cannot move :
 A thousand promises declare
 Thy constancy of love.
- 6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
 Unalterably sure ;
 And, while the truth of God remains,
 His goodness must endure.

17 Dundee. C. M. WATTS.
 Creator and Redeemer.

- FATHER, how wide thy glory shines,
 How high thy wonders rise !
 Known through the earth by thousand signs,
 By thousands through the skies.
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power ;
 Their motions speak thy skill ;
 And on the wings of every hour
 We read thy patience still.
- 3 Part of thy name divinely stands
 On all thy creatures writ ;
 They show the labor of thy hands,
 Or impress of thy feet.
- 4 But when we view thy strange design
 To save rebellious worms,
 Where vengeance and compassion join
 In their divinest forms,—
- 5 Here the whole Deity is known,
 Nor dares a creature guess
 Which of the glories brighter shone,
 The justice or the grace.

- 6 Now the full glories of the Lamb
 Adorn the heavenly plains :
 Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
 And try their choicest strains.
- 7 O may I bear some humble part
 In that immortal song !
 Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
 And love command my tongue.

18 Edgware. C. M. WATTS.
 Power, Wisdom and Goodness.

- I SING th' almighty power of God,
 That made the mountains rise,
 That spread the flowing seas abroad,
 And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
 The sun to rule the day ;
 The moon shines full at his command,
 And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
 That filled the earth with food ;
 He formed the creatures with his word,
 And then pronounced them good.
- 4 Lord, how thy wonders are displayed,
 Where'er I turn mine eye—
 If I survey the ground I tread,
 Or gaze upon the sky !
- 5 There's not a plant or flower below
 But makes thy glories known ;
 And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
 By order from thy throne.
- 6 Creatures, as numerous as they be,
 Are subject to thy care ;
 There's not a place where we can flee
 But God is present there.

19 Heber. C. M. WATTS.
 God Eternal.

GREAT God ! how infinite art thou !
 G What worthless worms are we !
 Let the whole race of creatures bow
 And pay their praise to thee.

- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
 Ere seas or stars were made ;
 Thou art the ever-living God,
 Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Eternity, with all its years,
 Stands present in thy view ;
 To thee there's nothing old appears,
 To thee there's nothing new.
- 4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
 And vexed with trifling cares ;
 While thine eternal thought moves on,
 Thine undisturbed affairs.
- 5 Great God ! how infinite art thou !
 What worthless worms are we !
 Let the whole race of creatures bow
 And pay their praise to thee.

20 Balerma. C. M. THOMPSON.
 The Divine Omnipresence.

JEHOVAH God ! thy gracious power
 J On every hand we see ;
 O may the blessing of each hour
 Lead all our thoughts to thee.

- 2 If, on the wings of morn, we speed
 To earth's remotest bound,
 Thy right hand will our footsteps lead,
 Thine arm our path surround.

DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.

- 3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.
- 4 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
The hand of God we see!
And all the blessings we receive,
Ceaseless, proceed from thee.
- 5 In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend;
In every age, in every clime,
Our Father and our Friend.

21

Warwick.

C. M.

NEEDHAM.

Holiness of God.

- HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King;
"Thrice holy Lord," the angels cry;
"Thrice holy" let us sing.
- 2 The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul, to God;
Lift, with thy hands, a holy heart
To his sublime abode.
- 3 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach
A contrite heart shall please him more
Than noblest forms of speech.
- 4 Thou holy God! preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

22

Margate.

S. M.

WATTS.

Great in Mercy.

MY soul, repeat his praise
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His power subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

5 Our days are like the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweeps o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

6 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure

23

Fountain.

C. M.

WATTS.

Goodness and Mercy.

LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all;
Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

- 2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,
When virtue lies distressed
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.
- 3 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,
Thou hear'st thy children's cry,
And, their best wishes to fulfil,
Thy grace is ever nigh.
- 4 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of hearts sincere ;
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
Is joined with holy fear.
- 5 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad ;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honors of their God.

24 Orford. L. M. NOEL'S COL.
Omnipresence of God.

WHERE can we hide, or whither fly,
Lord, to escape thy piercing eye ?
With thee it is not day and night,
But darkness shineth as the light.

- 2 Where'er we go, whate'er pursue,
Our ways are open to thy view ;
Our motives read, our thoughts explored,
Our hearts revealed to thee, O Lord.
- 3 Is there, throughout all worlds, one spot,
One lonely wild, where thou art not ?
The hosts of heaven enjoy thy care,
And those of hell know thou art there.
- 4 Awake, asleep, where none intrude,
Or 'midst the thronging multitude,
In every land, on every sea,
We are surrounded still with thee.

- 5 Search us, O God, and know each heart ;
 With every idol bid us part ;
 Make us to keep thy holy ways,
 And live to utter forth thy praise.

25 Stockwell. 8s & 7s. BOWRING.
God is Love.

GOD is love ; his mercy brightens
 All the path in which we rove ;
 Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens :
 God is wisdom, God is love.

- 2 Chance and change are busy ever ;
 Man decays, and ages move ;
 But his mercy waneth never :
 God is wisdom, God is love.
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
 Will his changeless goodness prove ;
 From the gloom his brightness streameth :
 God is wisdom, God is love.
- 4 He with earthly cares entwineth
 Hope and comfort from above ;
 Every where his glory shineth :
 God is wisdom, God is love.

26 Alway. L. M. WATTS.
Goodness of God.

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
 Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
 Thy truth shall break through every cloud
 That veils thy just and wise designs.

- 2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
 As mountains their foundations keep ;
 Wise are the wonders of thy hands,
 Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

- 3 O God, how excellent thy grace !
Whence all our hope, our comfort springs ;
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.
- 4 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast ;
There mercy, like a river, flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.
- 5 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord ;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

27 Mt. Pleasant. C. M. BURDER.
God is Love.

- COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And lift your souls above ;
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing that God is love.
- 2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove ;
Jesus, the gift of gifts appears,
To show that God is love.
 - 3 Sinai, in clouds and smoke and fire,
Thunders his dreadful name ;
But Zion sings, in melting notes,
The honors of the Lamb.
 - 4 In all his doctrines and commands,
His counsels and designs—
In every work his hands have framed,
His love supremely shines.
 - 5 Angels and men, the news proclaim
Through earth and heaven above,
The joyful and transporting news,
That God, the Lord, is love.

28 Hebron. L. M. J. WESLEY.
Canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection.

O GOD, thou bottomless abyss !
 Thee to perfection who can know ?
 O height immense ! what words suffice
 Thy countless attributes to show ?

- 2 Greatness unspeakable is thine ;
 Greatness, whose undiminished ray,
 When short-lived worlds are lost, shall shine,
 When earth and heaven are fled away.
- 3 Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord,
 Essential life's unbounded sea,
 What lives and moves, lives by thy word,
 It lives, and moves, and is from thee.
- 4 High is thy power above all height ;
 Whate'er thy will decrees is done ;
 Thy wisdom, equal to thy might,
 Only to thee, O God, is known !

29 Give. C. M. STEELE.
God's Goodness.

YE humble souls, approach your God
 With songs of sacred praise ;
 For he is good, immensely good,
 And kind are all his ways.

- 2 All nature owns his guardian care—
 In him we live and move ;
 But nobler benefits declare
 The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
 To ransom rebel worms ;
 'Tis here he makes his goodness known
 In its diviner forms.

- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come—
 'Tis here our hope relies :
 A safe defence, a peaceful home,
 When storms of trouble rise.
- 5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
 The souls who trust in thee ;
 Their humble hope thou wilt reward
 With bliss divinely free.
- 6 Great God, to thy almighty love
 What honors shall we raise ?
 Not all the raptured songs above
 Can render equal praise.

30

Swanwick.

C. M.

WATTS.

God the Judge.

- WITH my whole heart I'll raise my song,
 Thy wonders I'll proclaim ;
 Thou, sovereign judge of right and wrong,
 Wilt put my foes to shame.
- 2 I'll sing thy majesty and grace ;
 My God prepares his throne
 To judge the world in righteousness,
 And make his vengeance known.
- 3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
 For all who are oppressed,
 To save the people of his love,
 And give the weary rest.
- 4 The men who know thy name will trust
 In thine abundant grace ;
 For thou dost ne'er forsake the just,
 Who humbly seek thy face.
- 5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
 Who dwells on Zion's hill ;
 Who executes his threatening word,
 And doth his grace fulfil.

31 Howard. C. M. DRENNAN.
 God present with his people.

THE heaven of heavens cannot contain
 The universal Lord ;
 Yet he in humble hearts will deign
 To dwell and be adored.

2 Where'er ascends the sacrifice
 Of fervent praise and prayer,
 Or on the earth, or in the skies,
 The God of heaven is there.

3 His presence is diffused abroad
 Through realms and worlds unknown ;
 Who seek the mercies of our God
 Are ever near his throne.

32 Sessions. L. M. PRATT'S COL.
 Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

FATHER of all, whose love profound
 A ransom for our souls hath found,
 Before thy throne we sinners bend—
 To us thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
 Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
 Before thy throne we sinners bend—
 To us thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
 The soul is raised from sin and death,
 Before thy throne we sinners bend—
 To us thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah—Father, Spirit, Son,
 Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,
 Before thy throne we sinners bend—
 Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

DIVINE GOVERNMENT AND PROVIDENCE.

33

Orland.

L. M.

T. H. STOCKTON.

Truth.

CAN truth divine fulfilment fail?
Sooner shall star-crowned nature die!
Truth is the very breath of God—
Part of his own eternity.

- 2 Earth's every pulse may cease to flow,
And every voice be heard no more;
The forest crumble on the mount—
The sea corrupt upon the shore;
 - 3 The moon's supply of light expire,
The sun itself grow dense with gloom,
And fairer systems, sphered afar,
Dissolving, own the common doom;
 - 4 But long as stands Jehovah's throne,
Long as his being shall endure,
So long the truth his lips proclaim
Remains inviolably sure.
-

III. DIVINE GOVERNMENT AND PROVIDENCE.

34

Welton.

L. M.

DYER.

God over all.

GREATEST of beings, Source of life,
Sovereign of air, and earth and sea!
All nature feels thy power; but man
A grateful tribute pays to thee.

- 2 Subject to wants, to thee he looks,
And from thy goodness seeks supplies;
And when, oppressed with guilt, he mourns,
Thy mercy lifts him to the skies.

DIVINE GOVERNMENT AND PROVIDENCE.

- 3 Children, whose little minds, unformed,
Ne'er raised a tender thought to heaven,
And men, whom reason lifts to God,
Though oft by passion downward driven :
- 4 Those, too, who bend with age and care,
And faint and tremble near the tomb,
Who, sickening at the present scenes,
Sigh for that better state to come :
- 5 All, great Creator, all are thine,
All feel thy providential care ;
And through each varying scene of life,
Alike thy constant pity share.
- 6 And whether grief oppress the heart,
Or whether joy elate the breast,
Or life still keep its little course,
Or death invite the heart to rest,—
- 7 All are thy messengers, and all
Thy sacred pleasure, Lord, obey :
And all are training man to dwell
Nearer to bliss, and nearer thee.

35 Silver street. S. M. WATTS.
The universal King.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the Sov'reign God,
The universal King.

- 2 He form'd the deeps unknown ;
He gave the seas their bound ;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord ;
We are his works, and not our own,
He formed us by his word.

- 4 To-day attend his voice,
 Nor dare provoke his rod ;
 Come, like the people of his choice,
 And own your gracious God.

36

Geneva.

C. M.

ADDISON.

Providential care.

- WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 O how shall words, with equal warmth,
 The gratitude declare
 That glows within my ravished heart!
 But thou canst read it there.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries
 Thy mercy lent an ear,
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
 To form themselves in prayer.
- 4 When in the slippery paths of youth
 With heedless steps I ran,
 Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
 And led me up to man.
- 5 Through hidden dangers, toils and deaths,
 It gently cleared my way;
 And through the pleasing snares of vice,
 More to be feared than they.
- 6 When nature fails, and day and night
 Divide thy works no more,
 My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
 Thy mercy shall adore.
- 7 Through all eternity, to thee
 A joyful song I'll raise;
 But oh! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

37 Dundee. C. M. COWPER
God's Sovereignty.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
 His wonders to perform ;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and will break
 In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace :
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour ;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain ;
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

38 Portugal. L. M. ANON.
Trust in God.

PEACE, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear !
 Thy great Provider still is near ;
 Who fed thee last, will feed thee still ;
 Be calm, and sink into his will.

- 2 The Lord who built the earth and sky,
In mercy stoops to hear thy cry ;
His promise all may freely claim,
" Ask and receive in Jesus' name."
- 3 His stores are open all, and free
To such as truly upright be ;
Water and bread he'll give for food,
With all things else which he sees good.
- 4 Your sacred hairs, which are so small,
By God himself are numbered all ;
This truth he's published all abroad,
That men may learn to trust the Lord.
- 5 The ravens daily he doth feed,
And sends them food as they have need ;
Although they nothing have in store,
Yet as they lack he gives them more.
- 6 Then do not seek, with anxious care,
What ye shall eat, or drink, or wear ;
Your heavenly Father will you feed,
He knows that all these things you need.

39 Peterboro'. C. M. CH. PSALMIST.
Safe in God.

O THOU, my light, my life, my joy,
My glory and my all !
Unsent by thee, no good can come,
No evil can befall.

- 2 Such are thy schemes of providence,
And methods of thy grace,
That I may safely trust in thee,
Through all this wilderness.
- 3 'Tis thine outstretched and powerful arm
Upholds me in the way,
And thy rich bounty well supplies
The wants of every day.

- 4 For such compassions, O my God,
 Ten thousand thanks are due;
 For such compassions, I esteem
 Ten thousand thanks too few.

40

Plymouth Dock. 6 8s.

ADDISON.

God the Shepherd.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye:
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.

- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
 To fertile vales and dewy meads
 My weary wandering steps he leads,
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
 And streams shall murmur all around.
- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

41

Shirland.

S. M.

WATTS.

God our Shepherd.

THE Lord my Shepherd is;
 I shall be well supplied:
 Since he is mine and I am his,
 What can I want beside?

- 2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me, in his own right way,
For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 In sight of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my future days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

42

Boylston.

S. M.

J. WESLEY.

Confidence in God.

GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed:
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

- 2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way:
Wait thou his time—so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
Bid every care be gone.

DIVINE GOVERNMENT AND PROVIDENCE.

- 4 What though thou rulest not?
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.
- 5 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To him commend thy cause—his ear
Attends the softest prayer.
- 6 Thy everlasting truth,
Father, thy ceaseless love,
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.
- 7 Thou every where hast sway,
And all things serve thy might,
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.
- 8 When thou arisest, Lord,
What shall thy work withstand?
Whate'er thy children want, thou giv'st;
And who shall stay thy hand?

Woodland.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Our Leader.

- O** GOD of Abram, by whose hand
 Thy people still are fed,
 Who, through this weary pilgrimage,
 Hast all our fathers led,—
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
 Before thy throne of grace;
 God of our fathers, be the God
 Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
 Our wandering footsteps guide;
 Give us each day our daily bread,
 And raiment fit provide.

- 4 O spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our feet arrive in peace.
- 5 Now, with the humble voice of prayer,
Thy mercy we'll implore;
Then, with the grateful voice of praise,
Thy goodness we'll adore.

44 Cambridge. C. M. WATTS
Preserver.

- TO heaven I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid:
The Lord that built the earth and skies
Is my perpetual aid.
- 2 Their steadfast feet shall never fall,
Whom he designs to keep;
His ear attends the softest call,
His eyes can never sleep.
- 3 He will sustain our weakest powers
With his almighty arm,
And watch our most unguarded hours
Against surprising harm.
- 4 Israel, rejoice and rest secure,
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his power
For thine eternal guard.
- 5 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
Shall have its leave to smite;
He shields thy head from burning noon,
From blasting damps at night.
- 6 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
Where thickest dangers come;
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God commands thee home.

45 Winter. C. M. DODDRIDGE.
Trust in the Promises of God.

AND art thou with us, gracious Lord,
 To dissipate our fear?
 Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,
 Our God for ever near?

2 Doth thy right hand, which form'd the earth,
 And bears up all the skies,
 Stretch from on high its friendly aid,
 When dangers round us rise?

3 And wilt thou lead our weary souls
 To that delightful scene
 Where rivers of salvation flow,
 Through pastures ever green?

4 On thy support our souls shall lean,
 And banish every care;
 The gloomy vale of death shall smile,
 If God be with us there.

5 While we his gracious succor prove,
 'Midst all our various ways,
 The darkest shades through which we pass
 Shall echo with his praise.

46 Hermon. C. M. BEDDOME.
Fear not.

YE trembling souls! dismiss your fears;
 Be mercy all your theme;
 Mercy, which like a river flows
 In one continued stream.

2 Fear not the powers of earth and hell:
 God will these powers restrain;
 His mighty arm their rage repel,
 And make their efforts vain.

- 3 Fear not the want of outward good :
He still for his provides,
Grants them supplies of daily food,
And gives them heaven besides.
- 4 Fear not that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone ;
He's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.
- 5 Fear not the terrors of the grave,
Nor death's tremendous sting :
He will from endless wrath preserve,
To endless glory bring.
- 6 You in his wisdom, power, and grace,
May confidently trust ;
His wisdom guides, his power protects,
His grace rewards the just.

47 Forrest. L. M. WATTS.
Our Refuge.

HE that has made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode—
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.

- 2 Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare—
Satan, the tempter, who betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.
- 3 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
God is their life, his wings are spread,
To shield them with a healthful shade.
- 4 If vapors with malignant breath
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death,
Israel is safe—the poisoned air
Grows pure, if Israel's God be there.

5 What though a thousand at thy side,
At thy right hand ten thousand died,
Thy God his chosen people saves,
Among the dead, amid the graves.

6 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord,
To strike his saints among the rest,
Their very pains and deaths are blest.

48 Albion. C. M. FAWCETT.
Dark Providence.

THY way, O God, is in the sea,
Thy paths I cannot trace,
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thine unbounded grace.

2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround;
Mysterious deeps of providence
My wond'ring thoughts confound.

3 As through a glass, I dimly see
The wonders of thy love,
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above!

4 'Tis but in part I know thy will:
I bless thee for the sight;
When will thy love the rest reveal
In glory's clearer light?

5 With raptures shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

49

Avon.

C. M.

ANON.

Prosperity from God.

SHINE on our souls, eternal God !
 With rays of mercy shine :
 O let thy favor crown our days,
 And their whole course be thine.

2 Did we not raise our hands to thee,
 Our hands might toil in vain ;
 Small joy success itself could give,
 If thou thy love restrain.

3 'Tis ours the furrows to prepare,
 And sow the precious grain :
 'Tis thine to give the sun and air,
 And to command the rain.

4 With thee let every week begin,
 With thee each day be spent,
 For thee each fleeting hour improved,
 Since each by thee is lent.

5 Thus cheer us through this toilsome road
 Till all our labors cease ;
 And thus prepare our weary souls
 For everlasting peace.

50

Migdol.

L. M.

J. WESLEY.

Petition for Daily Food.

FATHER, 'tis thine each day to yield
 Thy children's wants a fresh supply ;
 Thou cloth'st the lilies of the field,
 And hearest the young ravens cry.

2 On thee we cast our care ; we live
 Through thee, who know'st our every need ;
 O feed us with thy grace, and give
 Our souls this day the living bread !

51 Arundel. C. M. ADDISON.
God's People Blessed.

HOW are thy servants blessed, O Lord!
 How sure is their defence!
 Eternal Wisdom is their guide—
 Their help, Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
 Supported by thy care,
 Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
 And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
 High on the broken wave,
 They know thou art not slow to hear,
 Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
 Obedient to thy will;
 The sea, that roars at thy command,
 At thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
 Thy goodness we'll adore;
 We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
 Thy sacrifice shall be;
 And death, when death shall be our lot,
 Shall join our souls to thee.

52 Azmon. C. M. C. WESLEY.
The Author of every Good Gift.

FATHER, to thee my soul I lift,—
 My soul on thee depends,—
 Convinced that every perfect gift
 From thee alone descends.

- 2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power and wisdom too ;
Without the Spirit of thy Son,
We nothing good can do.
- 3 We cannot speak one useful word,
One holy thought conceive,
Unless, in answer to our Lord,
Thyself the blessing give.
- 4 His blood demands the purchased grace ;
His blood's availing plea
Obtained the help for all our race,
And sends it down to me.
- 5 Thou all our works in us hast wrought ;
Our good is all divine :
The praise of every virtuous thought
And righteous word is thine.
- 6 From thee, through Jesus, we receive
The power on thee to call,
In whom we are, and move, and live ;
Our God is all in all.

53

St. John's.

C. M.

WATTS.

God the Supporter.

GOD, my Supporter and my Hope,
My help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy holds me up,
And saves me from despair.

- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness ;
Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.
- 3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me ;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

- 4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?
God is my soul's eternal Rock,
The Strength of every saint.
- 5 Behold, the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence, die;
Not all the idol-gods they love
Can save them when they cry.
- 6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

54

Barby.

C. M.

WATTS.

God the Everlasting Help.

- O GOD! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
- 5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.

- 6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away;
 They fly, forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the opening day.
- 7 O God! our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be thou our guide while life shall last,
 And our eternal home.

55 Howard. C. M. HERVEY.
Our Father's Love.

- SINCE all the varying scenes of time
 God's watchful eye surveys,
 O who so wise to choose our lot
 Or to appoint our ways?
- 2 Good when he gives, supremely good,
 Nor less when he denies;
 E'en crosses from his sovereign hand
 Are blessings in disguise.
- 3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
 So constant and so kind?
 To his unerring, gracious will
 Be every wish resigned.
- 4 In the fair book of life divine,
 My God, inscribe my name;
 There let it fill some humble place
 Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

56 Lanesboro'. C. M. BRADY & TATE.
Taste and see that the Lord is good.

- THRO' all the changing scenes of life,
 In trouble and in joy,
 The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.

CHRIST.

- 2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all who are distressed
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 Oh, make but trial of his love—
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.
- 4 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear :
Come, make his service your delight,
He'll make your wants his care.
-

IV. CHRIST.

BIRTH OF CHRIST.

57	Ozrem.	S. M.	WATTS.
	<i>Inefficiency of the Types.</i>		

NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away our stain.

- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.
- 3 Believing, we rejoice
To feel the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And trust his bleeding love.

58 Rochester. C. M. WATTS.
Types withdrawn.

THE true Messiah now appears,
 The types are all withdrawn;
 So fly the shadows and the stars
 Before the rising dawn.

- 2 No smoking sweets, nor bleeding Lambs,
 Nor kid, nor bullock slain;
 Incense and spice of costly names
 Would all be burnt in vain.
- 3 He took our mortal flesh to show
 The wonders of his love;
 For us he paid his life below,
 And prays for us above.
- 4 "Father," he cries, "forgive their sins,
 For I myself have died;"
 And then he shows his opened veins,
 And pleads his wounded side.

59 Chopin. C. M. DODDRIDGE.
The promised Saviour.

HARK the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
 The Saviour promised long;
 Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And every voice a song.

- 2 On him the Spirit, largely poured,
 Exerts his sacred fire;
 Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
 His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes, the prisoners to release,
 In Satan's bondage held:
 The gates of brass before him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.

- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
 To clear the mental ray,
 And on the eyes, oppressed with night,
 To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
 The wounded soul to cure,
 And with the treasures of his grace
 To enrich the humble poor.
- 6 The sacred year has now revolved,
 Accepted of the Lord,
 When heaven's high promise is fulfilled,
 And Israel is restored.
- 7 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace!
 Thy welcome shall proclaim;
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With thy beloved name.

60

Coronation.

C. M.

MEDLEY.

Prince of Life.

- M**ORTALS, awake—with angels join,
 And chant the solemn lay;
 Joy, love and gratitude combine
 To hail th' auspicious day.
- 2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
 And sweet seraphic fire
 Through all the shining legions ran,
 And strung and tuned the lyre.
- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
 And loud the echo rolled;
 The theme, the song, the joy was new,
 'Twas more than heaven could hold.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky
 The impetuous torrent ran,
 And angels flew with eager joy
 To bear the news to man.

BIRTH OF CHRIST.

5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
Good will and peace are heard throughout
The harmonious heavenly throng.

6 With joy the chorus we'll repeat—
“Glory to God on high;
Good will and peace are now complete—
Jesus was born to die.”

7 Hail, Prince of life! for ever hail,
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

61 Northfield. C. M. TATE.
The descent of the Angels.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by
All seated on the ground, [night,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 “Fear not,” said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
“Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 “To you in David’s town, this day,
Is born, of David’s line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:

4 “The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands
And in a manger laid.”

5 Thus spoke the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God on high,
And thus addressed their song:

- 6 "All glory be to God on high,
 And to the earth be peace:
 Good will, henceforth, from heaven to men,
 Begin, and never cease."

62 Hendon. 7s. MONTGOMERY.
A Son is given.

BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,
 For to us a child is born;
 From the highest realms of heaven
 Unto us a Son is given.

- 2 On his shoulder he shall bear
 Power and majesty, and wear
 On his vesture and his thigh
 Names most awful—names most high.

- 3 Wonderful in council he,
 Christ, the incarnate Deity,
 Sire of ages, ne'er to cease,
 King of kings, and Prince of peace.

- 4 Come and worship at his feet—
 Yield to him the homage meet,
 From his manger to his throne
 Homage due to God alone.

63 Laban. S. M. C. WESLEY.
Thanks for the Unspeakable Gift.

FATHER, our hearts we lift
 Up to thy gracious throne,
 And thank thee for the precious gift
 Of thine incarnate Son.

- 2 His infant cries proclaim
 A peace 'twixt earth and heaven:
 Salvation, through his only name,
 To all mankind is given.

- 3 The gift unspeakable
We thankfully receive,
And to the world thy goodness tell,
And to thy glory live.
- 4 May all mankind receive
The new-born Prince of peace,
And meekly in his Spirit live,
And in his love increase.
- 5 Till he convey us home
Cry every soul aloud,—
Come, thou desire of nations, come,
And take us up to God.

64

Cookham.

7s.

C. WESLEY.

Incarnation.

- H**ARK! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth and mercy mild—
God and sinners reconciled!
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise—
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."
 - 3 Lo, he lays his glory by,
Born, that man no more may die,
Born, to raise the sons of earth,
Born, to give them second birth.
 - 4 Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see—
Hail the incarnate Deity;
Pleased as man with men to appear,
See the great Immanuel here.
 - 5 Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

65 Clarendon. C. M. E. H. SEARS.
A joyous Event.

CALM on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.

- 2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.
- 3 The joyous hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.
- 4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.
- 5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Aloud with anthems ring;
"Peace to the earth, good will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"

66 Antioch. C. M. WATTS.
Christ comes to destroy Sin.

JOY to the world! the Lord has come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

- 2 Joy to the earth ! the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

BIRTH OF CHRIST.

- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

67

Zion.

8s, 7s & 4.

MONTGOMERY.

Worship Christ.

ANGELS! from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth ;
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth :
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

- 2 Shepherds! in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the heavenly light :
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

- 3 Sages! leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar ;
Seek the great Desire of nations,
We have seen his natal star :
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

- 4 Saints! before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear :
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

- 5 Sinners! wrung with true repentance,
 Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
 Justice now revokes the sentence,
 Mercy calls you—break your chains :
 Come and worship—
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

68 Sicilian. 8s & 7s. C. WESLEY.
The Desire of Nations.

HAIL, thou long-expected Jesus,
 Born to set thy people free!
 From our sins and fears release us,
 Let us find our rest in thee.

- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all the saints thou art;
 Long desired of every nation,
 Joy of every waiting heart.
- 3 Born thy people to deliver,
 Born a child—yet God our King,
 Born to reign in us for ever,—
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
- 4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone;
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

69 Sprague. S. M. ANON.
The Saviour Born.

WE come with joyful song
 To hail this happy morn :
 Glad tidings from an angel's tongue,
 "This day is Jesus born!"

- 2 What transports doth his name
 To sinful men afford!
 His glorious titles we proclaim—
 A Saviour—Christ—the Lord.

- 3 Glory to God on high,
 All hail the happy morn :
 We join the anthems of the sky,
 And sing, "The Saviour's born !"

70 Howard. C. M. WATTS.
Song of the Angels.

- "SHEPHERDS, rejoice—lift up your eyes,
 And send your fears away ;
 News from the regions of the skies—
 A Saviour's born to-day.
- 2 "Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
 Comes down to dwell with you ;
 To-day he makes his entrance here,
 But not as monarchs do.
- 3 "No gold, nor purple swaddling bands,
 Nor royal shining things ;
 A manger for his cradle stands,
 And holds the King of kings.
- 4 "Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
 And see his humble throne ;
 With tears of joy in all your eyes,
 Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."
- 5 Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around
 The heavenly armies throng ;
 They tune their harps to lofty sound,
 And thus conclude the song :
- 6 "Glory to God, that reigns above—
 Let peace surround the earth ;
 Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
 At their Redeemer's birth."
- 7 Lord ! and shall angels have their songs,
 And men no tunes to raise ?
 O may we lose these useless tongues
 When we forget to praise !

71 Coventry. C. M. C. WESLEY
 The Promise fulfilled.

THE race that long in darkness pined
 Have seen a glorious light;
 The people now behold the dawn
 Who dwelt in death and night.

2 To hail thy rising, Sun of life,
 The gathering nations come,
 Joyous as when the reapers bear
 Their harvest treasures home.

3 For thou our burden hast removed,
 Th' oppressor's reign is broke;
 Thy fiery conflict with the foe
 Has burst his cruel yoke.

4 To us the promised child is born,
 To us the Son is given;
 Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
 And all the hosts of heaven.

5 His name shall be the Prince of peace,
 For evermore adored—
 The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
 The mighty God and Lord.

6 His power, increasing still, shall spread,
 His reign no end shall know;
 Justice shall guard his throne above,
 And peace abound below.

72 Bentley. 8s & 7s. CAWOOD.
 Peace on Earth—Good-will to Men.

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
 Sweetly sounding through the skies?
 Lo! th' angelic host rejoices,
 Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

LIFE OF CHRIST.

- 2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy :—
Glory in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God most high.
- 3 Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found ;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven !—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 Christ is born, the great Anointed ;
Heaven and earth his praises sing ;
O receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest and King.
- 5 Hasten, mortals, to adore him ;
Learn his name and taste his joy ;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,—
Glory be to God most high !
-

LIFE OF CHRIST.

73

St. Thomas. S. M.

WATTS.

The Love of the Father.

- RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune ;
Let all the earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing how eternal Love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bade him raise our ruined race
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes his brow,
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'Twas mercy filled the throne,
 And wrath stood silent by,
 When Christ was sent with pardons down
 To rebels doomed to die.

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,—
 Let hopeless sorrows cease;
 Bow to the sceptre of his love,
 And take the offered peace.

6 Lord, we obey thy call—
 We lay an humble claim
 To the salvation thou hast brought,
 And love and praise thy name.

74

Elon.

C. M.

CURTIS'S COL.

Miracles of Jesus.

AND didst thou, Jesus, condescend,
 When veiled in human clay,
 To heal the sick, the lame, the blind,
 And drive disease away?

2 Didst thou regard the beggar's cry,
 And cause the blind to see?
 Thou Son of David, hear—O, hear—
 Have mercy, too, on me.

3 And didst thou pity mortal woe,
 And sight and health restore?
 O pity, Lord, and save my soul,
 Which needs thy mercy more.

4 Didst thou thy trembling servant raise,
 When sinking in the wave?
 I perish, Lord; O, save my soul;
 For thou alone canst save.

75 Winter. C. M. BEDDOME.
Our Exemplar.

IN duties and in sufferings too,
 Thy path, my Lord, I'd trace;
 As thou hast done, so would I do,
 Depending on thy grace.

2 Inflamed with zeal, 'twas thy delight
 To do thy Father's will;
 O may that zeal my soul excite,
 Thy precepts to fulfil.

3 Meekness, humility and love,
 Through all thy conduct shine;
 O may my whole deportment prove
 A copy, Lord, of thine.

76 Arlington. C. M. HEBER.
Infancy of Christ.

A BASHED be all the boast of age,
 Be hoary learning dumb;
 Expounder of the mystic page,
 Behold an infant come.

2 Oh, Wisdom, whose unfading power
 Beside the Eternal stood,
 To frame in nature's earliest hour
 The land, the sky, the flood,—

3 Yet didst not thou disdain awhile
 An infant form to wear—
 To bless thy mother with a smile,
 And lisp thy faltered prayer.

4 But in thy Father's own abode,
 With Israel's elders 'round,
 Conversing high with Israel's God,
 Thy chiefest joy was found.

- 5 So may our youth adore thy name—
 And, Saviour, deign to bless
 With fostering grace the timid flame
 Of early holiness.

77

Rochester. C. M.

ENFIELD.

Christ our Pattern

- BEHOLD, where in a mortal form
 Appears each grace divine!
 The virtues all, in Jesus met,
 With mildest radiance shine.
- 2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
 To give the mourner joy,
 To preach glad tidings to the poor,
 Was his divine employ.
- 3 Lowly in heart, to all his friends
 A friend and servant found;
 He washed their feet, he wiped their tears,
 And healed each bleeding wound.
- 4 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
 Patient and meek he stood;
 His foes, ungrateful, sought his life,—
 He labored for their good.
- 5 To God he left his righteous cause,
 And still his task pursued,
 While humble prayer and holy faith
 His fainting strength renewed.
- 6 In the last hours of deep distress,
 Before his Father's throne,
 With soul resigned he bowed and said,
 "Thy will, not mine, be done."
- 7 Be Christ our pattern and our guide,
 His image may we bear:
 O may we tread his holy steps,
 His joy and glory share.

78

Effingham. L. M.

STEELE.

Christ our Example.

AND is the Gospel peace and love?
 So let our conversation be;
 The serpent blended with the dove,
 Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 When'er the angry passions rise,
 And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
 On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
 Bright Pattern of the Christian life.

3 O how benevolent and kind!
 How mild! how ready to forgive!
 Be his the temper of our mind,
 And his the rule by which we live.

4 To do his heavenly Father's will
 Was his employment and delight;
 Humility and holy zeal
 Shone through his life divinely bright.

5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
 The labors of his life were love;
 If then we love our Saviour's name,
 By his example let us move.

79

Rothwell. L. M.

WATTS.

Devotion of Christ.

MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
 I read my duty in thy word;
 But in thy life the law appears
 Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
 Such deference to thy Father's will,
 Such love—and meekness so divine,
 I would transcribe and make them mine.

- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
 Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
 The deserts thy temptations knew,
 Thy conflict, and thy victory too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern—make me bear
 More of thy gracious image here;
 Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
 Among the followers of the Lamb.

80 Stonefield. L. M. DODDRIDGE.
Joy in Christ.

- WHEN at a distance, Lord, we trace
 The various glories of thy face,
 What transport pours o'er all our breast,
 And charms our cares and woes to rest.
- 2 With thee, in the obscurest cell,
 On some bleak mountain would I dwell,
 Rather than pompous courts behold,
 And share their grandeur and their gold.
- 3 Away, ye dreams of mortal joy;
 Raptures divine my thoughts employ;
 I see the King of glory shine,
 And feel his love, and call him mine.
- 4 On Tabor thus his servants viewed
 His lustre, when transformed he stood;
 And, bidding earthly scenes farewell,
 Cried, "Lord, 'tis pleasant here to dwell."
- 5 Yet still our elevated eyes
 To nobler visions long to rise;
 That grand assembly would we join,
 Where all thy saints around thee shine.
- 6 That mount, how bright! those forms, how fair!
 'Tis good to dwell for ever there!
 Come, death, dear envoy of my God,
 And bear me to that blest abode.

81 Oldham. C. M. WATTS.
 Forgiveness from the Example of Jesus.

GOD of my mercy and my praise!
 Thy glory is my song;
 Though sinners speak against thy grace
 With a blaspheming tongue.

2 When in the form of mortal man
 Thy Son on earth was found,
 With cruel slanders, false and vain,
 They compass'd him around.

3 Their mis'ries his compassion mov'd;
 Their peace he still pursued:
 They render'd hatred for his love,
 And evil for his good.

4 Their malice raged without a cause;
 Yet with his dying breath
 He prayed for murd'ers on his cross,
 And bless'd his foes in death.

5 O may his conduct, all-divine,
 To me a model prove;
 Like his, O God! my heart incline
 My enemies to love.

82 Dikeman. S. M. BEDDOME.
 “ He beheld the City, and wept over it.”

DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
 And shall our cheeks be dry?
 Let floods of penitential grief
 Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears,
 The wond'ring angels see;
 Be thou astonished, O my soul,
 He shed those tears for thee.

CHRIST.

- 3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear :
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

83

Windham.

L. M.

TAPPAN.

Gethsemane.

- 'TIS midnight—and on Olives' brow
The star is dimm'd that lately shone;
'Tis midnight—in the garden now
The suffering Saviour prays alone.
- 2 'Tis midnight—and from all remov'd,
Immanuel wrestles lone, with fears;
E'en the disciple that he lov'd
Heeds not his Master's griefs and tears.
- 3 'Tis midnight—and, for others' guilt,
The man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.
- 4 'Tis midnight—and from ether plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

DEATH OF CHRIST.

84

Olivet.

L. M.

WATTS.

“God forbid that I should glory,” &c.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

DEATH OF CHRIST.

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ, my God ;
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down ?
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

85

Holman. C. M. S. WESLEY, SR.

On the Cross.

- B**EHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree ;
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee.
- 2 Hark how he groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend ;
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.
 - 3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid !
"Receive my soul," he cries ;
See where he bows his sacred head—
He bows his head and dies.
 - 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine :
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine

86

China.

C. M.

WATTS.

Redemption.

ALAS, and did my Saviour bleed,
 And did my Sovereign die?
 Would he devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done
 He groaned upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When Christ, the great Redeemer, died
 For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
 When his dear cross appears—
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe:
 Here, Lord, I give myself away—
 'Tis all that I can do.

87

Heber.

C. M.

WATTS.

Praise for Redemption

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair
 We wretched sinners lay,
 Without one cheering beam of hope,
 Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
 Beheld our helpless grief;
 He saw, and—oh, amazing love!—
 He ran to our relief.

- 3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled—
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break!
And all harmonious human tongues
Their Saviour's praises speak.
- 5 Angels, assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

88

Naomi.

C. M.

PRATT'S COL.

Christ our Peace.

- IN vain we seek for peace with God
By methods of our own;
Blest Saviour, nothing but thy blood
Can bring us near the throne.
- 2 The threat'nings of thy broken law
Impress the soul with dread:
If God his sword of vengeance draw,
It strikes the spirit dead.
 - 3 But thy atoning sacrifice
Hath answered all demands,
And peace and pardon from the skies
Come to us by thy hands.
 - 4 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord!
'Tis on thy cross we rest;
For ever be thy love adored,
Thy name for ever blest.

89

Fenwick.

8s, 7s & 4.

FRANCIS.

"It is finished."

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary;
 See, it rends the rocks asunder—
 Shakes the earth and veils the sky!
"It is finished!"—

Hear the Saviour, dying, cry.

- 2 It is finished!—O, what pleasure
 Do these precious words afford!
 Heavenly blessings, without measure,
 Flow to us from Christ, the Lord:
 It is finished!—
 Saints, the dying words record!
- 3 Finished—all the types and shadows
 Of the ceremonial law;
 Finished—all that God has promised;
 Death and hell no more shall awe:
 It is finished!—
 Saints, from hence your comforts draw.
- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,—
 Join to sing the pleasing theme;
 All on earth, and all in heaven,
 Join to praise Immanuel's name:
 Hallelujah!
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

90

Sessions.

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

"Behold the Man!"

YE that pass by, behold the man!
 The man of grief, condemned for you,
 The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
 Weeping, to Calvary pursue.

- 2 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,
 With nails they fasten to the wood!
 His sacred limbs—exposed and bare,
 Or only covered with his blood.

DEATH OF CHRIST.

- 3 See there! his temples crowned with thorn,
His bleeding hands extended wide,
His streaming feet transfix'd and torn,
The fountain gushing from his side.
- 4 O thou dear suffering Son of God,
How doth thy heart to sinners move!
Sprinkle on us thy precious blood,
And melt us with thy dying love.
- 5 At thy last gasp, the graves displayed
Their horrors to the upper skies;
O that our souls might burst the shade,
And, quicken'd by thy death, arise!
- 6 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
And tremble, and asunder part;
O rend, with thy expiring breath,
The harder marble of our heart!

91 Give. C. M. NEWTON.
 Subdued by the Cross.

- IN evil long I took delight,
Unaw'd by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopp'd my wild career.
- 2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.
 - 3 Sure never, to my latest breath,
Can I forget that look;
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.
 - 4 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
And plung'd me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.

5 A second look he gave, which said,
 "I freely all forgive;
 This blood is for thy ransom paid;
 I die that thou may'st live."

6 Thus, while his death my sin displays
 In all its blackest hue,
 Such is the mystery of grace,
 It seals my pardon too.

92

Lanesville.

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

The precious Saviour.

OF him who did salvation bring
 I could for ever think and sing;
 Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve;
 Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and, lo, 'tis given!
 Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven;
 Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
 Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins, he blushed in blood,
 He closed his eyes to show us God;
 Let all the world fall down and know
 That none but God such love can show.

4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
 I shed my tears and make my moan:
 Where'er I am, where'er I move,
 I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate to this Spring I fly;
 I drink, and yet am ever dry;
 Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
 Ah! who that loves can love enough?

93

Welton.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Passion of Christ.

COME, let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord,
When he expired in shame and blood,
Like one forsaken of his God.

- 2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And shook their heads and laugh'd in scorn;
"He rescued others from the grave,
Now let him try himself to save."
- 3 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
Till streams of blood each other meet;
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he died.
- 4 But, gracious God! thy power and love
Have made his death a blessing prove:
Though once upon the cross he bled,
Immortal honors crown his head.
- 5 Through Christ the Son our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live!
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

94

Hebron.

L. M.

STEELE.

A dying Saviour.

STRETCHED on the cross the Saviour dies!
Hark! his expiring groans arise;
See—from his hands, his feet, his side,
Fast flows the sacred crimson tide!

- 2 But life attends the deathful sound,
And flows from every bleeding wound;
The vital stream—how free it flows,
To save and cleanse his rebel foes!

- 3 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,
And yet my heart unmoved remain,
Insensible to love or pain?
- 4 Come, blessed Lord! thy grace impart
To warm this cold, this stupid heart;
Till all its powers and passions move,
In melting grief and ardent love.

95

Ortonville.

C. M.

COWPER.

Efficacy of the Atoning Blood.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

DEATH OF CHRIST.

96

Limehouse. L. M. CUNNINGHAM.

The Hidings of the Father's Face.

FROM Calvary a cry was heard,
A bitter and heart-rending cry;
My Saviour! every mournful word
Bespeaks thy soul's deep agony.

- 2 A horror of great darkness fell
On thee, thou spotless, holy One!
And all the swarming hosts of hell
Conspired to tempt God's only Son.
- 3 The scourge, the thorns, the deep disgrace,
These thou couldst bear, nor once repine;
But when Jehovah veiled his face,
Unutterable pangs were thine.
- 4 Let the dumb world its silence break;
Let pealing anthems rend the sky;
Awake, my sluggish soul, awake!
He died, that we might never die.
- 5 Lord! on thy cross I fix mine eye;
If e'er I lose its strong control,
O, let that dying, piercing cry,
Melt and reclaim my wand'ring soul.

97

Effingham. L. M. WATTS.

Wonders of the Cross.

NATURE with open volume stands
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And every labor of his hands
Shows something worthy of a God.

- 2 But in the grace that rescued man
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood and crimson lines.

CHRIST.

- 3 O! the sweet wonders of that cross,
 Where God, the Saviour, loved and died!
 Her noblest life my spirit draws
 From his dear wounds and bleeding side.
- 4 I would for ever speak his name,
 In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
 With angels join to praise the Lamb,
 And worship at his Father's throne.

98 Bether. 6 7s. TOPLADY.
 Rock of Ages.

- R**OCK of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee;
 Let the water and the blood
 From thy wounded side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure—
 Save from wrath, and make me pure.
- 2 Could my tears for ever flow,
 Could my zeal no languor know,
 This for sin could not atone—
 Thou must save, and thou alone:
 In my hand no price I bring—
 Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyes shall close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold thee on thy throne,
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

99 Kingsbridge. L. M. STENNETT.
 "It is finished."

'TIS finished! so the Saviour cried,
 And meekly bowed his head and died;
 'Tis finished!—yes, the work is done,
 The battle fought, the victory won.

DEATH OF CHRIST.

- 2 'Tis finished!—all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfilled, as long designed,
In me, the Saviour of mankind.
- 3 'Tis finished!—Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore;
The sacred veil is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.
- 4 'Tis finished!—this, my dying groan,
For sins of every kind atone;
Millions shall be redeemed from death
By this, my last expiring breath.
- 5 'Tis finished!—heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled:
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return and dwell with sinful men.
- 6 'Tis finished!—let the joyful sound
Be heard thro' all the nations 'round;
'Tis finished!—let the echo fly
Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky.

100

Windham.

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

“It is finished.”

- 'TIS finished! The Messiah dies,
Cut off for sins, but not his own!
Accomplished is the sacrifice,
The great redeeming work is done.
- 2 'Tis finished! All the debt is paid;
Justice divine is satisfied:
The grand and full atonement made;
Christ for a guilty world hath died.
 - 3 The veil is rent in Christ alone;
The living way to heaven is seen;
The middle wall is broken down,
And all mankind may enter in.

- 4 The types and figures are fulfilled,
 Exacted is the legal pain;
 The precious promises are sealed;
 The spotless Lamb of God is slain.
- 5 Saved from the legal curse I am,
 My Saviour hangs on yonder tree;
 See there the meek, expiring Lamb!
 'Tis finished! He expires for me.
- 6 Death, hell, and sin, are now subdued;
 All grace is now to sinners given;
 And, lo! I plead the atoning blood,
 And in thy right I claim thy heaven.

101 Heber. C. M. C. WESLEY.
 God manifested in the Flesh.

- WITH glorious clouds encompass'd round,
 Whom angels dimly see,
 Will the Unsearchable be found,
 Or God appear to me?
- 2 Will he forsake his throne above,
 Himself to worms impart?
 Answer, thou Man of grief and love,
 And speak it to my heart.
- 3 In manifested love explain
 Thy wonderful design;
 What meant the suffering Son of man,—
 The streaming blood divine?
- 4 Didst thou not in our flesh appear,
 And live and die below,
 That I might now perceive thee near,
 And my Redeemer know?—
- 5 Might view the Lamb in his own light,
 Whom angels dimly see,
 And gaze, transported at the sight,
 To all eternity?

102

Brighton.

6 8s.

C. WESLEY.

Love Divine.

O LOVE divine, what hast thou done!
 Th' incarnate God hath died for me!
 The Father's co-eternal Son
 Bore all my sins upon the tree!
 The Son of God for me hath died:
 My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,—
 The bleeding Prince of life and peace!
 Come see, ye worms, your Saviour die,
 And say, was ever grief like his?
 Come, feel with me his blood applied:
 My Lord, my Love, is crucified:—

3 Is crucified for me and you,
 To bring us rebels back to God:
 Believe, believe the record true,—
 Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood:
 Pardon for all flows from his side:
 My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
 And gladly catch the healing stream;
 All things for him account but loss,
 And give up all our hearts to him.
 Of nothing think or speak beside,—
 My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

103

Alway.

L. M.

J. WESLEY.

Expiring on the Cross.

EXTENDED on a cursed tree,
 Covered with dust, and sweat, and blood,
 See there, the King of glory see!
 Sinks and expires the Son of God.

- 2 Who, who, my Saviour, this hath done?
 Who could thy sacred body wound?
 No guilt thy spotless heart hath known,—
 No guile hath in thy lips been found.
- 3 I, I alone have done the deed;
 'Tis I thy sacred flesh have torn;
 My sins have caused thee, Lord, to bleed,—
 Pointed the nail, and fixed the thorn.
- 4 My Saviour, how shall I proclaim,
 How pay the mighty debt I owe?
 Let all I have, and all I am,
 Ceaseless, to all thy glory show.
- 5 Still let thy tears, thy groans, thy sighs,
 O'erflow my eyes, and heave my breast,
 Till, loosed from flesh and earth, I rise,
 And ever in thy bosom rest.

104 Luther's. 6 8s. C. WESLEY.
“ Father, forgive them.”

WOULD Jesus have the sinner die!
 Why hangs he then on yonder tree?
 What means that strange expiring cry?
 Sinners, he prays for you and me—
 “Forgive them, Father, O forgive!
 They know not that by me they live.”

- 2 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
 Thee,—by thy painful agony,
 Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame,
 Thy cross and passion on the tree,
 Thy precious death and life,—I pray,
 Take all, take all my sins away.
- 3 O let me kiss thy bleeding feet,
 And bathe and wash them with my tears,
 The story of thy love repeat
 In every drooping sinner's ears,
 That all may hear the quick'ning sound,
 Since I, e'en I, have mercy found.

RESURRECTION AND GLORY OF CHRIST.

- 4 O let thy love my heart constrain,
Thy love for every sinner free,
That every fallen soul of man
May taste the grace that found out me;
That all mankind with me may prove
Thy sovereign, everlasting love.
-

RESURRECTION AND GLORY OF CHRIST.

105 Eltham. 7s. C. WESLEY.
The risen Saviour.

- “CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day!”
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens, thou earth, reply.
- 2 Love’s redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! the sun’s eclipse is o’er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more!
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,—
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King!
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where’s thy victory, boasting grave?
- 5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted head;
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

6 King of glory! Soul of bliss!
Everlasting life is this—
Thee to know, thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

106 Heard. C. M. DODDRIDGE.
 "He is Risen."

YE humble souls that seek the Lord,
Cast all your fears away;
Come with adoring faith and see
The place where Jesus lay.

2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought—
Such wonders love can do :
Thus cold in death that bosom lay
Which throbb'd and bled for you.

3 But raise your eyes and tune your songs,—
The Saviour lives again;
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The Conqueror could detain.

4 High o'er the angelic bands he rears
His once-dishonored head;
And through unnumbered years he reigns
Who dwelt among the dead.

5 With joy like his shall every saint
His vacant tomb survey,
Then rise with his ascending Lord
To realms of endless day.

107 Gerar. S. M. KELLY.
Joy from the certainty of His resurrection.

THE Lord is risen indeed !
The grave hath lost its prey ;
With him shall rise the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.

- 2 The Lord is risen indeed ;
He lives to die no more ;
He lives, his people's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.
- 3 The Lord is risen indeed ;
Attending angels, hear !
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear :
- 4 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord ;
Join, all ye bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

108

Stonefield.

L. M.

WATTS.

Grief and Joy.

- H**E dies—the Friend of sinners dies !
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around ;
A solemn darkness veils the skies—
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groaned beneath your load ;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood !
 - 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree :
The Lord of glory dies for men !
But lo ! what sudden joys we see !
Jesus, the dead, revives again.
 - 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb,
In vain the tomb forbids his rise ;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.
 - 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns,
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains.

- 6 Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King!
 Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
 Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?
 And where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

109 Rothwell L. M. WATTS.
Ascension of Christ.

- LORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
 Ten thousand angels filled the sky;
 Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
 Like chariots that attend thy state.
- 2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
 More glorious when the Lord was there,
 While he pronounced his holy law,
 And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
- 3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
 When the rebellious powers of hell,
 That thousand souls had captive made,
 Were all in chains like captives led.
- 4 Raised by his Father to the throne,
 He sent his promised Spirit down,
 With gifts and grace for rebel men,
 That God might dwell on earth again.

110 Henry. C. M. S. WESLEY, JR
Paradise Opened.

- THE Sun of righteousness appears,
 To set in blood no more;
 Adore the Scatterer of your fears,—
 Your rising Sun adore.
- 2 The saints, when he resigned his breath,
 Unclosed their sleeping eyes;
 He breaks again the bands of death,—
 Again the dead arise.

RESURRECTION AND GLORY OF CHRIST.

- 3 Alone the dreadful race he ran,
Alone the wine-press trod ;
He dies and suffers as a man,
He rises as a God.
- 4 In vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Forbid an early rise
To him, who breaks the gates of hell,
And opens Paradise.

111 Rosefield. 7s. GIBBONS.
 Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.

ANGELS! roll the rock away ;
Death! yield up thy mighty prey ;
See! the Saviour leaves the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.

- 2 Hark! the wondering angels raise
Louder notes of joyful praise ;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo with the blissful sound.
- 3 Now, ye saints! lift up your eyes,
See him high in glory rise!
Hosts of angels, on the road,
Hail him—the incarnate God.
- 4 Heaven unfolds its portals wide,
See the Conqueror through them ride!
King of glory! mount thy throne,—
Boundless empire is thine own.
- 5 Praise him, ye celestial choirs!
Tune, and sweep your golden lyres ;
Raise, O earth! your noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues.

112

Aravesta.

7s.

COLLYER.

The Resurrection.

MORNING breaks upon the tomb,
 Jesus scatters all its gloom;
 Day of triumph! through the skies
 See the glorious Saviour rise.

2 Ye, who are of death afraid,
 Triumph in the scattered shade,
 Drive your anxious cares away;
 See the place where Jesus lay!

3 Christian! dry your flowing tears,
 Chase your unbelieving fears;
 Look on his deserted grave;
 Doubt no more his power to save.

113

Wesley.

L. M.

WALLIN.

The Resurrection of Christ.

WHEN I the lonely grave survey,
 Where once my Saviour deigned to lie,
 I see fulfilled what prophets say,
 And all the power of death defy.

2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim
 How weak the bands of conquered death;
 Sweet pledge that all who trust his name
 Shall rise and draw immortal breath.

3 Jesus, once numbered with the dead,
 Unseals his eyes to sleep no more,
 And ever lives their cause to plead
 For whom the pains of death he bore.

4 Thy risen Lord, my soul! behold;
 See the rich diadem he wears!
 Thou too shalt bear a harp of gold,
 A crown of joy, when he appears.

- 5 Though in the dust I lay my head,
 Yet, gracious God ! thou wilt not leave
 My flesh for ever with the dead,
 Nor lose thy children in the grave.

114 Lanesville. L. M. C. WESLEY.
The King of Glory.

- OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
 Our Jesus is gone up on high :
 The powers of hell are captive led,
 Dragged to the portals of the sky ;
 There his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay—
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
 Ye everlasting doors, give way !
- 2 Loose all your bars of massy light,
 And wide unfold the ethereal scene ;
 He claims these mansions as his right ;
 Receive the King of glory in !
 Who is the King of glory ? Who ?
 The Lord, that all our foes o'ercame,
 The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
 And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.
- 3 Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay ;
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
 Ye everlasting doors, give way ?
 Who is the King of glory ? Who ?
 The Lord, of glorious power possessed,
 The King of saints and angels too,
 God over all, for ever blest !

115 Coronation. C. M. PERRONET.
Crown Him Lord of all.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !
 Let angels prostrate fall :
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.

CHRIST.

- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from his altar call;
Praise him who shed for you his blood,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye gentle sinners, ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall;
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe
 On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 O that with yonder sacred throng
 We at his feet may fall,
There join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all.

- 116 Zerah. C. M. KELLY.
 King of kings and Lord of lords.
- THE head that once was crowned with thorns
T Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
 The mighty Victor's brow.
- 2 The highest place that heaven affords
 Is to our Jesus given;
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
 He reigns o'er earth and heaven.
 - 3 The joy of all who dwell above,
 The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
 And grants his name to know.

RESURRECTION AND GLORY OF CHRIST.

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name—an everlasting name,
Their joy—the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,—
They reign with him above;
Their everlasting joy to know
The mystery of his love.

117 Northfield. C. M. WATTS.
Worthy the Lamb.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne:
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 “Worthy the Lamb that died,” they cry,
“To be exalted thus!”
“Worthy the Lamb!” our hearts reply,
“For he was slain for us.”

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

118 Oldham. C. M. DODDRIDGE.
Intercession of Christ.

NOW let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above;
And celebrate his constant care
And sympathetic love.

- 2 Though raised to a superior throne,
 Where angels bow around,
 And high o'er all the shining train,
 With matchless honors crowned,—
- 3 The names of all his saints he bears,
 Deep graven on his heart;
 Nor shall the meanest Christian say
 That he hath lost his part.
- 4 Those characters shall fair abide,
 Our everlasting trust,
 When gems and monuments and crowns
 Are mouldered down to dust.
- 5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast
 May thy dear name be worn,
 A sacred ornament and guard,
 To endless ages borne.

119

Woodland.

C. M.

WATTS.

A sympathizing High Priest.

- WITH joy we meditate the grace
 Of our High Priest above,
 His heart is made of tenderness,
 His bowels yearn with love.
- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,
 He knows our feeble frame;
 He knows what sore temptations mean,
 For he hath felt the same.
- 3 He in the days of feeble flesh
 Poured out his cries and tears;
 And, though exalted, feels afresh
 What every member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
 But raise it to a flame;
 The bruised reed he never breaks,
 Nor scorns the meanest name.

- 5 Then let our humble faith address
 His mercy and his power :
 We shall obtain delivering grace
 In the distressing hour.

120

Cambridge.

C. M.

WATTS.

Christ Adored.

- O THE delights, the heavenly joys,
 The glories of the place,
 Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
 Of his o'erflowing grace.
- 2 Princes to his imperial name
 Bend their bright sceptres down :
 Dominions, thrones, and powers rejoice
 To see him wear the crown.
- 3 Archangels sound his lofty praise
 Through every heavenly street,
 And lay their highest honors down,
 Submissive, at his feet.
- 4 While angels shout and praise their King,
 Let mortals learn their strains ;
 Let all the earth his honors sing,—
 O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 5 Now to the Lamb that once was slain
 Be endless blessings paid ;
 Salvation, glory, joy remain
 For ever on thy head.
- 6 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
 Hast set the prisoners free,
 Hast made us kings and priests to God,
 And we shall reign with thee.

121

Lowell.

L. M.

STEELE.

Intercession of Christ.

HE lives—the great Redeemer lives!
 What joy the blest assurance gives!
 And now, before his Father God,
 He pleads the merit of his blood.

- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
 And justice armed with frowns appears;
 But in the Saviour's lovely face
 Sweet mercy smiles—and all is peace.
- 3 Hence, then, ye black despairing thoughts!
 Above our fears, above our faults,
 His powerful intercessions rise,
 And guilt recedes—and terror dies.
- 4 In every dark, distressful hour,
 When sin and Satan join their power,
 Let this dear hope repel the dart—
 That Jesus bears us on his heart.
- 5 Great Advocate, Almighty Friend,
 On thee our humble hopes depend;
 Our cause can never, never fail,
 For thou dost plead, and must prevail.

122

Otto.

8s & 7s.

BAKEWELL.

Glory to Jesus.

HAIL, thou once despised Jesus!
 Hail, thou everlasting King!
 Thou didst suffer to release us;
 Thou didst free salvation bring.
 Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
 Bearer of our sin and shame!
 By thy merits we find favor;
 Life is given through thy name.

- 2 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
 There for ever to abide;
 All the heavenly host adore thee,
 Seated at thy Father's side:
 There for sinners thou art pleading,
 There thou dost our place prepare;
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.
- 3 Worship, honor, power and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive;
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give:
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

123

Cooper.

4 6s & 2 8s.

C. WESLEY.

Reign of Christ.

REJOICE, the Lord is King;
 Your Lord and King adore;
 Mortals, give thanks and sing,
 And triumph evermore;
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

- 2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
 The God of truth and love,
 When he had purged our stains
 He took his seat above;—&c.
- 3 His kindness cannot fail;
 He rules o'er earth and heaven;
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Jesus given;—&c.
- 4 He sits at God's right hand
 Till all his foes submit
 And bow to his command,
 And fall beneath his feet;—&c.

- 5 He all his foes shall quell,
 Shall all our sins destroy,
 And every bosom swell
 With pure seraphic joy ;—&c.
- 6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
 Jesus the Judge shall come
 And take his servants up
 To their eternal home ;
 We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,
 The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

124 AMES. L. M. MEDLEY.
 Because He liveth I shall live also.

- I KNOW that my Redeemer lives—
 What joy the blest assurance gives !
 He lives, he lives, who once was dead ;
 He lives, my everlasting Head !
- 2 He lives, to bless me with his love ;
 He lives, to plead for me above ;
 He lives, my hungry soul to feed ;
 He lives, to help in time of need.
- 3 He lives, and grants me daily breath ;
 He lives, and I shall conquer death ;
 He lives, my mansion to prepare ;
 He lives, to bring me safely there.
- 4 He lives, all glory to his name ;
 He lives, my Saviour, still the same ;
 What joy the blest assurance gives,—
 I know that my Redeemer lives.

125 Park street. L. M. STEELE.
 Praise to Christ.

- NOW let us raise our cheerful strains,
 And join the blissful choir above ;
 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
 And there they sing his wondrous love.

- 2 While seraphs tune the immortal song,
O may we feel the sacred flame,
And every heart and every tongue
Adore the Saviour's glorious name.
- 3 Jesus, who once upon the tree
In agonizing pains expired—
Who died for rebels—yes, 'tis he!
How bright! how lovely! how admired!
- 4 Jesus, who died that we might live—
Died in the wretched traitor's place!
Oh, what returns can mortals give
For such immeasurable grace!
- 5 Were universal nature ours,
And art with all her boasted store,
Nature and art, with all their powers,
Would still confess the offering poor.
- 6 Yet, though for bounty so divine,
We ne'er can equal honors raise,
Jesus, may all our hearts be thine,
And all our tongues proclaim thy praise.

126

Shoel.

L. M.

WATTS.

Universal Reign of Christ.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

- 2 From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet,
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.
- 3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

- 4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

127 Piety. C. M. BEDDOME.
“ *Let all the angels of God worship Him.*”

HOW great the wisdom, power and grace
Which in redemption shine !
The heavenly host with joy confess
The work is all divine.

- 2 Before his feet they cast their crowns,
Those crowns which Jesus gave,
And with ten thousand thousand tongues
Proclaim his power to save.
- 3 They tell the triumphs of his cross,
The sufferings which he bore,—
How low he stooped, how high he rose,
And rose to stoop no more.
- 4 O let them still their voices raise,
And still their songs renew ;
Salvation well deserves the praise
Of men and angels too.

128 Chopin. C. M. C. WESLEY.
The Name above every name.

JESUS, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky !
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

- 2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given,
It scatters all their guilty fear,
It turns their hell to heaven.

- 3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls he speaks,
And life into the dead.
- 4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace;
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.
- 5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"
- 6 Happy if, with my latest breath,
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

129 Zabulon. 4 6s & 2 8s. C. WESLEY.
 Jesus the Joy of heaven and earth.

- LET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be joined,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind:
T'adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.
- 2 Jesus! transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven:
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have;
But Jesus came the world to save.
 - 3 Jesus! harmonious name!
It charms the hosts above;
They evermore proclaim
And wonder at his love;
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,
'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory:
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.
- 5 O unexampled love!
O all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race!
What shall I do to make it known
What thou for all mankind hast done?
- 6 O for a trumpet voice
On all the world to call,
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all!
For all my Lord was crucified;
For all, for all my Saviour died.
-

V. THE HOLY SPIRIT.

130

Northfield.

C. M.

WATTS.

Invocation of the Spirit.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

131

Litchfield.

L. M.

WES. COL.

Pentecost.

- COME, Holy Spirit, raise our songs,
To reach the wonders of the day
When, with thy fiery cloven tongues,
Thou didst those glorious scenes display.
- 2 O 'twas a most auspicious hour,
Season of grace and sweet delight,
When thou didst come with mighty power,
And light of truth divinely bright.
- 3 By this the blest disciples knew
Their risen Head had entered heaven;
Had now obtained the promise due,
Fully by God the Father given.
- 4 Lord, we believe to us and ours
The apostolic promise given;
We wait the Pentecostal powers,
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.
- 5 Ah! leave us not to mourn below,
Or long for thy return to pine;
Now, Lord, the Comforter bestow,
And fix in us the Guest divine.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 6 Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promised grace,
The purchase of our dying Lord,—
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.
- 7 If every one that asks may find,
If still thou dost on sinners fall,
Come as a mighty rushing wind,
Great grace be now upon us all.
- 8 Behold, to thee our souls aspire,
And languish thy descent to meet:
Kindle in each the living fire,
And fix in every heart thy seat.

132

Hantz.

S. M.

CHR. PSALMIST.

"It is God that worketh in you."

- 'TIS God the Spirit leads
In paths before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all his own.
- 2 Supported by his grace,
We still pursue our way,
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.
- 3 'Tis he that works to will,
'Tis he that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too.

133

Hingham.

L. M.

STEELE.

The Comforter.

- SURE the blest Comforter is nigh,
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hope for ever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

- 2 When some kind promise glads my soul,
Do I not find his healing voice
The tempest of my fears control,
And bid my drooping powers rejoice?
- 3 What less than thine almighty word
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,
My life, my treasure, and my trust?
- 4 And when my cheerful soul can say,
"I love my God, and taste his grace,"
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?
- 5 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O God of love;
And light and heavenly peace impart
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

134

Alfreton.

L. M.

WATTS.

Work of the Spirit.

- ETERNAL Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.
- 2 Enlightened by thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.
 - 3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Our wild, imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.
 - 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice:
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

135 Haddam. 4 6s & 2 8s. PRATT'S COL.
"If ye, being evil," &c.

O THOU that hearest prayer,
 Attend our humble cry,
 And let thy servants share
 Thy blessing from on high :
 We plead the promise of thy word,
 Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord !

2 If earthly parents hear
 Their children when they cry,
 If they, with love sincere,
 Their children's wants supply,
 Much more wilt thou thy love display,
 And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father, thou ;
 We, children of thy grace :
 O let thy Spirit now
 Descend and fill the place ;
 So shall we feel the heavenly flame,
 And all unite to praise thy name.

136 Dundee. C. M. DODDRIDGE.
"By which ye are sealed," &c.

FATHER of peace, and God of love,
 We own thy power to save,
 That power by which our Shepherd rose
 Victorious o'er the grave.

2 Him from the grave thou brought'st again,
 When, by his sacred blood,
 Confirmed and sealed, for evermore
 The eternal covenant stood.

3 O may the Spirit seal our souls,
 And mould them to thy will,
 That our weak hearts no more may stray,
 But keep thy precepts still ;

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 4 That to perfection's sacred height
We nearer still may rise,
And all we think and all we do
Be pleasing in thine eyes.

137 Ames. L. M. MONTGOMERY.
Power implored.

POWER from on high, O God, impart—
Power in thy Gospel to believe,
Power to surrender our whole heart,
Power all thy mercy to receive.

- 2 The word to us in vain were given,
We hear, we read, we learn in vain,
In vain thy Son came down from heaven,
If thou the Spirit's might restrain.
- 3 Here be his sacred influence felt,
With searching, cleansing, quick'ning force,
Till souls of mill-stone hardness melt,
And flow like waters from their source.
- 4 Convinced and humbled in the dust,
Beneath the burden of our guilt,
We own thy law's dread sentence just,
But plead the blood of pardon spilt.
- 5 Thy Spirit witness with that blood,
And Christ, our Saviour, glorify—
While we, as children born of God,
With rapture, "Abba! Father!" cry.

138 Underwood. S. M. HART.
The Reviver.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 2 Convince us all of sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The mercies of our God.
- 3 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new create the whole.
- 4 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

139

Spilsby.

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Revealer.

SPIRIT of truth, come down,
Reveal the things of God—
Make thou to us Christ's Godhead known,
Apply his precious blood :
His merits glorify,
That each may clearly see
Jesus (who did for sinners die)
Hath surely died for me.

- 2 No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word :
Then, only then, we feel
Our interest in his blood,
And cry with joy unspeakable,
"Thou art my Lord, my God."

140

Boylston.

S. M.

BEDDOME.

The Renewer.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine,
And on this poor benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

- 2 From the celestial hills,
Life, light and joy dispense;
And may I daily, hourly feel
Thy quickening influence.
- 3 Melt, melt this frozen heart,
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.
- 4 Mine will the profit be,
But thine shall be the praise,
And unto thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

141

Golden Hill.

S. M.

PRATT'S COL.

The Comforter.

BLEST Comforter divine!
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.

- 2 Draw, with thy still small voice,
Us from each sinful way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice
Though earthly joys decay.
- 3 By thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death
A smile of glory wear.
- 4 O fill thou every heart
With love to all our race!
Great Comforter! to us impart
These blessings of thy grace.

142 Norwich. 7s. REED.
 Light, Purity, Joy.

HOLY Ghost, with light divine,
 Shine upon this heart of mine;
 Chase the shades of night away,
 Turn the darkness into day.

- 2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
 Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
 Long has sin, without control,
 Held dominion o'er my soul.
- 3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
 Cheer this saddened heart of mine—
 Bid my many woes depart,
 Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
- 4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
 Dwell within this heart of mine;
 Cast down every idol throne,
 Reign supreme, and reign alone.

143 Howard. C. M. PRATT'S COL.
 Love, Repose, Assurance.

ETERNAL Spirit! God of truth!
 Our contrite hearts inspire;
 Kindle the flame of heavenly love,
 And feed the pure desire.

- 2 'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,
 With guilt and fear opprest;
 'Tis thine to bid the dying live,
 And give the weary rest.
- 3 Subdue the power of every sin,
 Whate'er that sin may be,
 That we, in singleness of heart,
 May worship only thee.

- 4 Then with our spirits witness bear
That we are sons of God,
Redeemed from sin, and death, and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

144 Warcham. C. M. WATTS.
 Earnest of the Inheritance.

- WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter! descend and bring
The tokens of thy grace.
- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal them heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In my Redeemer's blood,
And bear thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come:
May thy blest wings, celestial Dove,
Safely convey me home.

145 Brewer. L. M. BEDDOME.
 The Enlightener.

- COME, blessed Spirit, Source of light,
Whose power and grace are unconfin'd;
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The thicker darkness of the mind.
- 2 To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truth thy words reveal;
Cause me to run the heavenly way,
Make me delight to do thy will.

- 3 Thine inward teachings make me know
The mysteries of redeeming love,
The vanity of things below,
And excellence of things above.
- 4 While through this dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad,
To show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

146

Rockingham. L. M.

BROWNE.

The Guardian and Guide

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide—
O'er every thought and step preside.

- 2 To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to holiness—the road
Which we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his pasture stray.
- 4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with him for ever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
Fullness of joy for ever there.

147

Palestrina. 6 8s.

ANON.

The indwelling God.

O THAT the Comforter would come!
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me his constant home,
And take possession of my breast,
And fix in me his loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire—
 Attest that I am born again;
 Come, and baptize me now with fire,
 Nor let thy former gifts be vain;
 I cannot rest in sins forgiven—
 Where is the earnest of my heaven?

3 Where the indubitable seal
 That ascertains the kingdom mine?
 The powerful stamp I long to feel,
 The signature of love divine;
 O shed it in my heart abroad—
 Fullness of love, of heaven, of God.

148 Hermon. C. M. HUMPHREYS.
 Life, Light and Love.

ENTHRONED on high, almighty Lord,
 The Holy Ghost send down;
 Fulfil in us thy faithful word,
 And all thy mercies crown.

2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
 Their wondrous powers impart,
 Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,—
 Thy Spirit in our heart.

3 Spirit of life, and light, and love,
 Thy heavenly influence give;
 Quicken our souls, our guilt remove,
 That we in Christ may live.

4 To our benighted minds reveal
 The glories of his grace,
 And bring us where no clouds conceal
 The brightness of his face.

5 His love within us shed abroad,—
 Life's ever-springing well;
 Till God in us, and we in God—
 In love eternal dwell.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

149 Wilmot. 8s & 7s. NOEL'S COL.
Source of Blessings.

HOLY Source of consolation,
 Light and life thy grace imparts;
 Visit us in thy compassion;
 Guide our minds, and fill our hearts.

2 Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Thou canst bring us from above;
Lord, we ask that heavenly treasure,
Wisdom, holiness, and love.

3 Dwell within us, blessed Spirit;
Where thou art no ill can come;
Bless us now, through Jesus' merit;
Reign in every heart and home.

4 Saviour, lead us to adore thee,
While thou dost prolong our days;
Then, with angel hosts before thee,
May we worship, love and praise.

150 Azmond. C. M. STEELE.
Renewing Grace implored.

HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load;
The heart, unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught, beneath a power divine,
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, eternal Spirit! thine,
To form the heart anew.

3 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes;

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;
A beam of heaven—a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.
- 5 Oh! change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

151 Arundel. C. M. DODDRIDGE.
The Spirit desired.

- GREAT Father of each perfect gift,
Behold thy servants wait;
With longing eyes, and lifted hands,
We flock around thy gate.
- 2 Oh! shed abroad that choicest gift,—
Thy Spirit from above,
To cheer our eyes with sacred light,
And fire our hearts with love.
- 3 Blest Earnest of eternal joy!
Declare our sins forgiven:
And bear, with energy divine,
Our raptured thoughts to heaven.
- 4 Diffuse, O God! thy copious showers,
That earth its fruit may yield,
And change the barren wilderness
To Carmel's flowery field.

152 Bentley. 8s & 7s. TOPLADY.
The Source of Consolation.

- HOLY Ghost! dispel our sadness;
Pierce the clouds of nature's night;
Come, thou Source of joy and gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 2 Hear, O hear our supplication,
Blessed Spirit! God of peace!
Rest upon this congregation,
With the fullness of thy grace.
- 3 Author of our new creation,
May we all thine influence prove;
Make our souls thy habitation,—
Shed abroad the Saviour's love.
- 4 Source of sweetest consolation,
Breathe thy peace on all below:
Bless, O bless this congregation;
On each soul thy grace bestow!

153

Barby.

C. M.

REED.

Light, Fire, Dew, Dove.

- SPIRIT divine! attend our prayer,
And make this house thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power,
Oh! come, great Spirit, come!
- 2 Come as the light; to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.
 - 3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole souls an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.
 - 4 Come as the dew, and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barren minds be taught to own
Thy fertilizing power.
 - 5 Come as the dove, and spread thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let the church on earth become
Blest as the church above.

VI. THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

154 Migdol. L. M. WATTS.
"Thou hast magnified thy word."

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
 In every star thy wisdom shines;
 But when our eyes behold thy word,
 We read thy name in fairer lines.

- 2 The rolling sun—the changing light,
 And night and day thy power confess;
 But the blest volume thou hast writ
 Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
 Round all the earth—and never stand;
 So when thy truth began its race,
 It touched and glanced on every land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading Gospel rest,
 Till through the world thy truth has run;
 Till Christ has all the nations blest
 That see the light—or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of righteousness, arise;
 Bless the dark world with heavenly light:
 Thy Gospel makes the simple wise:
 Thy laws are pure—thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
 In souls renewed and sins forgiven:
 Lord, cleanse my sins—my soul renew,
 And make thy word my guide to heaven.

155 Fountain. C. M. WATTS.
Sufficiency of the Scriptures.

GREAT God, with wonder and with praise
 On all thy works I look;
 But still thy wisdom, power and grace,
 Shine brightest in thy book.

2 Here are my choicest treasures hid ;
 Here my best comfort lies ;
 Here my desires are satisfied ;
 And here my hopes arise.

3 Lord, make me understand thy law ;
 Show what my faults have been ;
 And from thy Gospel let me draw
 The pardon of my sin.

156 Devises. C. M. STENNETT.
 The Counsels of Redeeming Grace.

THE counsels of redeeming grace
 The sacred leaves unfold,
 And here the Saviour's lovely face
 Our raptured eyes behold.

2 Here light, descending from above,
 Directs our doubtful feet ;
 Here promises of heavenly love
 Our ardent wishes meet.

3 Our numerous griefs are here redrest,
 And all our wants supplied ;
 Naught we can ask to make us blest
 Is in this book denied.

4 For these inestimable gains,
 That so enrich the mind,
 O may we search with eager pains,
 Assured that we shall find.

157 Dover. S. M. WATTS.
 Safety in keeping God's precepts.

HOW perfect is thy word,
 Thy judgments all are just ;
 And ever in thy promise, Lord,
 May man securely trust.

- 2 I hear thy word in love,
In faith thy word obey;
O send thy Spirit from above,
To teach me, Lord, thy way.
- 3 Thy counsels all are plain,
Thy precepts all are pure;
And long as heaven and earth remain,
Thy truth shall still endure.
- 4 O may my soul, with joy,
Trust in thy faithful word;
Be it through life my glad employ,
To keep thy precepts, Lord.

158

St. Thomas. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Word a sword.

THY word, Almighty Lord,
Where'er it enters in,
Is sharper than a two-edged sword
To slay the man of sin.

- 2 Thy word is power and life,
It bids confusion cease,
And changes envy, hatred, strife,
To love, and joy, and peace.
- 3 Then let our hearts obey
The Gospel's glorious sound,
And all its fruits, from day to day,
Be in us and abound.

159

Wilmington. C. M. RIPPON.

The Bible precious.

HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given;
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, light and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp through all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

160 Bath Chapel C. M. STEELE.
Glory of the Scriptures.

- FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines ;
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find,
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
 - 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast ;
Sublimier sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.
 - 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
 - 5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight,
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.
 - 6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near ;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

161 Mt. Pleasant. C. M. COWPER.
Glory of the Scriptures.

THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
 And brings the truth to sight;
 Precepts and promises afford
 A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
 Majestic like the sun;
 It gives a light to every age,
 It gives—but borrows none.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
 For such a bright display
 As makes a world of darkness shine
 With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
 The steps of him I love,
 Till glory breaks upon my view
 In brighter worlds above.

162 Newry. L. M. BEDDOME.
A choice Heritage.

GOD, in the Gospel of his Son,
 Makes his eternal counsels known;
 'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
 And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners of an humble frame
 May taste his grace and learn his name;
 'Tis shown in characters of blood,
 Severely just, immensely good.

3 Here Jesus, in ten thousand ways,
 His soul-attracting charms displays;
 Recounts his poverty and pains,
 And tells his love in melting strains.

- 4 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts ;
Its influence makes the sinner live,
It bids the drooping saint revive.
- 5 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls ;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.
- 6 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart and near mine eye,
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage.

163

Walsal.

C. M.

WATTS.

Value of the Scriptures.

- LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord ;
And not a gleam of hope appears,
But in thy written word.
- 2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage ;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
In almost every page.
 - 3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown ;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes this pearl his own.
 - 4 Here consecrated water flows
To quench my thirst of sin ;
'Tis here the tree of knowledge grows,
No danger dwells therein.
 - 5 This is the judge that ends the strife
Where wit and reason fail,
My guide to everlasting life
Through all this gloomy vale.

- 6 O, may thy counsels, mighty God,
 My roving feet command,
 Nor I forsake the happy road
 Which leads to thy right hand.

164

Alexandria. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Perfection of the Law and Testimony.

THY law is perfect, Lord of light;
 Thy testimonies sure;
 The statutes of thy realm are right,
 And thy commandment pure.

- 2 Let these, O God, my soul convert,
 And make thy servant wise;
 Let these be gladness to my ears,—
 The day-spring to mine eyes.
- 3 By these may I be warned betimes;
 Who knows the guile within?
 Lord, save me from presumptuous crimes;
 Cleanse me from secret sin.
- 4 So may the words my lips express,
 The thoughts that throng my mind,
 O Lord, my strength and righteousness,
 With thee acceptance find.

165

Quito. L. M. WATTS.

Praise to God for the Bible.

LET everlasting glories crown
 Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;
 Thy hands have brought salvation down,
 And writ the blessing in thy word.

- 2 In vain our trembling conscience seeks
 Some solid ground to rest upon;
 With long despair our spirit breaks,
 Till we apply to thee alone.

- 3 How well thy blessed truths agree!
 How wise and holy thy commands!
 Thy promises, how firm they be!
 How firm our hope and comfort stands!
- 4 Should all the forms that men devise
 Assault my faith with treach'rous art,
 I'd call them vanity and lies,
 And bind thy Gospel to my heart.

166

Ward.

L. M.

WATTS.

Thy Word is good.

- O HOW I love thy holy word,
 Thy gracious covenant, O Lord!
 It guides me in the peaceful way,
 I think upon it all the day.
- 2 What are the mines of shining wealth,
 The strength of youth, the bloom of health?
 What are all joys, compared with those
 Thine everlasting word bestows?
- 3 Long unafflicted, undismayed,
 In pleasure's path secure I strayed:
 Thou mad'st me feel thy chastening rod,
 And straight I turned unto my God.
- 4 What though it pierced my fainting heart?
 I bless thy hand that caused the smart;
 It taught my tears awhile to flow,
 But saved me from eternal woe.
- 5 Oh! hadst thou left me unchastised,
 Thy precepts I had still despised;
 And still the snare, in secret laid,
 Had my unwary feet betrayed.
- 6 I love thee, therefore, O my God,
 And breathe towards thy dear abode,
 Where, in thy presence, fully blest,
 Thy chosen saints for ever rest.

167 Job. L. M. BEGINBOTHAM.
The Saviour seen in the Scriptures.

NOW let my soul, eternal King,
 To thee its grateful tribute bring;
 My knee with humble homage bow,
 My tongue perform its solemn vow.

2 All nature sings thy boundless love,
 In worlds below, and worlds above;
 But in thy blessed word I trace
 Diviner wonders of thy grace.

3 There, what delightful truths I read!
 There, I behold the Saviour bleed;
 His name salutes my listening ear,
 Revives my heart and checks my fear.

4 There Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
 And gives my lab'ring conscience peace;
 Raises my grateful thoughts on high,
 And points to mansions in the sky.

5 For love like this, O let my song
 Through endless years thy praise prolong;
 Let distant climes thy name adore,
 Till time and nature are no more.

VII. INSTITUTIONS OF THE GOSPEL.

168 Lisbon. S. M. WATTS.
"A day in thy courts," &c.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
 That saw the Lord arise,
 Welcome to this reviving breast,
 And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Which Jesus dwells within,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

169

New Sabbath. L. M.

ANON.

Sabbath Morning.

MY opening eyes with rapture see
The dawn of thy returning day;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.

2 I yield my heart to thee alone,
Ner would receive another guest;
Eternal King! erect thy throne,
And reign sole monarch in my breast.

3 O bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire,
One sinful thought, through all the day.

4 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

170

Chimes.

C. M.

LYTE.

Public Worship on the Sabbath.

WITH joy we hail the sacred day
Which God has called his own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at his throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord! how fair!
Where willing vot'ries throng,
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the choral song.

3 Spirit of grace! O deign to dwell
Within thy church below:
Make her in holiness excel—
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite
To spread, with grateful zeal, around,
Her clear and shining light.

171

Bridgewater.

L. M.

WATTS.

In the Sanctuary.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone,
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 O warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire;
Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Saviour, what delicious fare!
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

- 4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
 In thee thy Father's glories shine;
 Thy glorious name shall be adored,
 And every tongue confess thee Lord.

172 Arlington. C. M. BATHURST.
The Day improved.

THIS day the Lord hath called his own;
 T Let us his praise declare,
 Fix our desires on him alone,
 And seek his face with prayer.

- 2 Lord, in thy love we would rejoice,
 Which sets the sinner free,
 And, with united heart and voice,
 Devote these hours to thee.

- 3 Now let the world's delusive things
 No more our thoughts employ,
 But faith be taught to stretch her wings
 Toward heaven's unfailing joy.

- 4 O let these earthly Sabbaths, Lord,
 Be to our welfare blest,
 The purest comfort here afford,
 And fit us for our rest.

173 Sabbath. 6 7s. NEWTON.
Waiting on God.

SAFELY through another week
 S God has brought us on our way;
 Let us now a blessing seek,
 Waiting in his courts to-day;
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest.

- 2 While we seek supplies of grace
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.
- 3 Here we come thy name to praise,
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.
- 4 May the Gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

174

Warwick.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

"In the spirit."

MAY I, throughout this day of thine,
Be in thy spirit, Lord,
Spirit of humble fear divine,
That trembles at thy word;

- 2 Spirit of faith, my heart to raise,
And fix on things above;
Spirit of sacrifice and praise,
Of holiness and love.

175

Melbourne.

C. M.

BROWNE.

Sabbath Devotion.

FREQUENT the day of God returns
To shed its quick'ning beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns,
How languid are its flames!

- 2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive ;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.
- 3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
And Sabbath ne'er shall end.
- 4 There we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine ;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

176

Mindon.

L. M.

STENNETT.

Holy Enjoyment anticipated.

- ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun ;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day that God hath blest.
- 2 O may our thoughts and thanks arise,
As grateful incense, to the skies,
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.
 - 3 A heavenly calm pervades the breast,
The earnest of that glorious rest
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.
 - 4 With joy, great God, thy works we view,
In various scenes, both old and new,
With praise we think on mercies past,
With hope we future pleasures taste.
 - 5 In holy duties let the day
In holy pleasures pass away,
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

177 Antioch. C. M. WATTS.
"The Lord's Day."

THIS is the day the Lord hath made—
 He calls the hours his own :
 Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
 And praise surround his throne.

- 2 To-day he rose, and left the dead,
 And Satan's empire fell ;
 To-day the saints his triumph spread,
 And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
 To David's holy Son ;
 Help us, O Lord—descend, and bring
 Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
 With messages of grace,
 Who comes, in God his Father's name,
 To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains
 The church on earth can raise,
 The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
 Shall give him nobler praise.

178 Brewer. L. M. DODDRIDGE.
The Heavenly Sabbath.

LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows
 On this thy day, in this thy house,
 And own, as grateful sacrifice,
 The songs which from thy servants rise.

- 2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
 But there's a nobler rest above ;
 To that our laboring souls aspire,
 With ardent pangs of strong desire.

- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell, shall reach the place;
Nor sighs shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

179 Islington. L. M. WATTS.
The Sabbath a Delight.

- SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares disturb my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
 - 3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works and bless his word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels, how divine!
 - 4 Some never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Dooms them to everlasting death.
 - 5 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace has well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

THE SABBATH.

- 6 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired and wished below,
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

180 Hamilton. L. M. Watts.
 "Let all the people praise thee."

LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee;
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

- 2 I have been there, and still would go,
'Tis like the dawn of heaven below;
Not all that careless sinners say
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

- 3 O write upon my memory, Lord,
The truths and precepts of thy word,
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

- 4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine,
That finding pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

181 Alway. L. M. RAFFLES.
 The Hour of Prayer.

BLEST hour, when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God;
To send to heaven his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred word.

- 2 Blest hour, when earthly cares resign
Their empire o'er his anxious breast,
While, all around, the calm divine
Proclaims the holy day of rest.

3 Blest hour, when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased his people's voice to hear,
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

4 Blest hour! for where the Lord resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given,
And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

182 Ortonville. C. M. MRS. BARBAULD.
The Sabbath of the Soul.

O FATHER, though the anxious fear
May cloud to-morrow's way,
Nor fear nor doubt shall enter here,
All shall be thine to-day.

2 We will not bring divided hearts
To worship at thy shrine;
But each unholy thought departs
And leaves the temple thine.

3 Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born;
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.

4 To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control;
Ye shall not violate this day,
The Sabbath of my soul.

5 Sleep, sleep for ever, guilty thoughts;
Let fires of vengeance die;
And, purged from sin, may I behold
A God of purity.

183 Broomsgrove. C. M. S. WESLEY, JR.
The Lord of Sabbath praise.

THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise
 In concert with the blest,
 Who joyful in harmonious lays
 Employ an endless rest.

2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
 We blest and pious grow:
 By hymns of praise we learn to be
 Triumphant here below.

3 On this glad day a brighter scene
 Of glory was displayed
 By God, the eternal Word, than when
 This universe was made.

4 He rises, who mankind has bought
 With grief and pain extreme:
 'Twas great to speak the world from naught,
 'Twas greater to redeem.

5 Alone the dreadful race he ran,
 Alone the wine-press trod;
 He dies and suffers as a man—
 He rises as a God.

6 The Sun of righteousness appears,
 To set in blood no more;
 Adore the Scatterer of your fears,
 Your rising Sun adore.

184 Talmar. 8s & 7s. ANON.
The Weekly Jubilee.

HALLELUJAH! Lord, our voices
 Rise in choral strains to thee:
 Son of man, thy church rejoices
 In her weekly jubilee.

- 2 Hallelujah ! mercy, beaming,
Lights the path that leads to God :
Herald lips, divinely teeming,
Publish blessings bought with blood.
- 3 Hallelujah ! praise ascending,
Shall our faith-wing'd breathing stay ?
Lord, before thine altar bending,
Let the heathen hail the day !
- 4 Hallelujah ! Saviour, hear us !
Downward send thy quickening Dove ;
May his silver pinions bear us
To the realms of rest and love.

THE CHURCH.

185 Stockwell. 8s & 7s. NEWTON.
Glorious things spoken of Zion.

- G**LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God :
He, whose word can ne'er be broken,
Chose thee for his own abode.
- 2 Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling,
Still is precious in thy sight—
Judah's temple far excelling,
Beaming with the Gospel's light.
 - 3 On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake her sure repose ?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
She can smile at all her foes.
 - 4 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God ;
He, whose word can ne'er be broken,
Chose thee for his own abode.

Love for the Church.

- I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
 The house of thine abode,
 The church our blest Redeemer bought
 With his own precious blood.
- 2 I love thy church, O God !
 Her walls before thee stand,
 Dear as the apple of thine eye,
 And graven on thy hand.
- 3 If e'er to bless her sons
 My voice or hands deny,
 These hands let useful skill forsake,
 This voice in silence die.
- 4 If e'er my heart forget
 Her welfare or her woe,
 Let every joy this heart forsake,
 And every grief o'erflow.
- 5 For her my tears shall fall,
 For her my prayers ascend ;
 To her my cares and toils be given,
 Till toils and cares shall end.
- 6 Beyond my highest joy
 I prize her heavenly ways,
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
 Her hymns of love and praise.
- 7 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 Thy hand from every snare and foe
 Shall great deliverance bring.
- 8 Sure as thy truth shall last,
 To Zion shall be given
 The brightest glories earth can yield,
 And brighter bliss of heaven.

187 Alfreton. L. M. DODDRIDGE.
 Dedication.

AND will the great eternal God
 On earth establish his abode?
 And will he from his radiant throne
 Regard our temples as his own?

2 We bring the tribute of our praise,
 And sing that condescending grace
 Which to our notes will lend an ear,
 And call us sinful mortals near.

3 Our Father's watchful care we bless,
 Which guards our house of prayer and peace,
 That no tumultuous foes invade,
 To fill the worshipers with dread.

4 These walls we to thy honor raise,
 Long may they echo with thy praise,
 And thou, descending, fill the place
 With choicest tokens of thy grace.

5 And in the great decisive day,
 When God the nations shall survey,
 May it before the world appear
 That crowds were born to glory here.

188 Sabbath Morning. C. M. NEWTON.
 Dedication, or other Public Occasions.

O LORD, our languid souls inspire,
 For here we trust thou art;
 Kindle a flame of heavenly fire
 In every waiting heart.

2 Show us some token of thy love,
 Our fainting hope to raise;
 And pour thy blessings from above,
 That we may render praise.

- 3 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell ;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humbled mind bestow ;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow !
- 5 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers,
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.
- 6 And may the Gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken sinners all around
To come and fill the place.

189

Fenburn.

S. M.

MUHLENBERG.

The Church a home.

- LIKE Noah's weary dove,
That soared the earth around,
But not a resting place above
The cheerless waters found :
- 2 O cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam !
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.
 - 3 Behold the Ark of God,
Behold the open door ;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.
 - 4 There safe thou shalt abide ;
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

- 5 And when the waves of ire
 Again the earth shall fill,
 The ark shall ride the sea of fire,
 Then rest on Zion's hill.

190

Franklin Square. S. M.

WATTS.

God is in the midst of her.

GREAT is the Lord our God,
 And let his praise be great;
 He makes the churches his abode,
 His most delightful seat.

- 2 In Zion God is knōwn,
 A refuge in distress;
 How bright has his salvation shone!
 How fair his heavenly grace!
- 3 When kings against her joined,
 And saw the Lord was there,
 In wild confusion of the mind,
 They fled with hasty fear.
- 4 Oft have our fathers told,
 Our eyes have often seen,
 How well our God has kept the fold
 Where his own flock has been.
- 5 In every new distress
 We'll to his house repair;
 Recall to mind his wondrous grace,
 And seek deliverance there.

191

Cranbrook. S. M.

WATTS.

“Walk about Jerusalem.”

FAR as thy name is known,
 The world declares thy praise;
 Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne
 Their songs of honor raise.

- 2 With joy thy people stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.
- 3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thy holy ground,
And mark the building well,—
- 4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.
- 5 How decent and how wise,
How glorious to behold
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.
- 6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die:
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

192 Hants. S. M. WATTS.
 “*Salvation will God appoint,*” &c.

HOW honored is the place
Where we adoring stand—
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land.

- 2 Bulwarks of grace defend
The city where we dwell,
While walls, of strong salvation made,
Defy the assaults of hell.
- 3 Lift up the eternal gates,
The doors wide open fling,
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of your King.

4 Here taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace,
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventured on his grace.

5 Trust in the Lord, ye saints,
And banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

193

Paradise.

C. M.

WATTS.

"I was glad when they said," &c.

HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day!"

2 I love her gates—I love the road;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joy unknown,
The holy tribes repair:
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints,
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest.

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
Here my best friends, my kindred dwell,
Here God my Saviour reigns.

194 Shoel. L. M. WATTS.
"How amiable are thy Tabernacles!"

HOW pleasant—how divinely fair,
 O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are;
 With long desire my spirit faints
 To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

- 2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
 My panting heart cries out for God;
 My God, my King, why should I be
 So far from all my joys and thee!
- 3 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
 Around thy throne of majesty:
 Thy brightest glories shine above,
 And all their work is praise and love.
- 4 Blest are the souls who find a place
 Within the temple of thy grace;
 Here they behold thy gentler rays,
 And seek thy face and learn thy praise.
- 5 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
 To find the way to Zion's gate;
 God is their strength, and through the road
 They lean upon their helper, God.
- 6 Cheerful they walk, with growing strength,
 Till all shall meet in heaven at length,
 Till all before thy face appear,
 And join in nobler worship there.

195 Silver Street. S. M. STENNETT.
The Mercy Seat.

HOW charming is the place
 Where my Redeemer God
 Unveils the glories of his face,
 And sheds his love abroad.

INSTITUTIONS OF THE GOSPEL.

- 2 Not the fair palaces,
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.
- 3 Here, on the mercy seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold thee sit,
And smile on all around.
- 4 To thee our prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents;
Oh! listen to our broken sighs,
And grant us all our wants.
- 5 Give us, O Lord! a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of our God.

196

Lowell.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Lord a Sun and a Shield.

GREAT God, attend while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Nor tents of ease, nor thrones of power
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
- 3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all the assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

THE CHURCH.

- 5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

197 Park Street. L. M. C. WESLEY.
Put on thy beautiful garments, &c.

A WAKE, Jerusalem, awake!
No longer in thy sins lie down;
The garment of salvation take;
Thy beauty and thy strength put on.

- 2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,
And hides the promise from thine eyes;
Arise, and struggle into light;
The great Deliverer calls,—Arise!

- 3 Shake off the bands of sad despair;
Zion, assert thy liberty;
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
And God shall set the captive free.

- 4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purged from every sinful stain;
Be like your Lord, his word embrace,
Nor bear his hallow'd name in vain.

198 Hebron. L. M. PALMER.
Dedication.

BEHOLD thy temple, God of grace,
The house that we have reared for thee,
Regard it as thy resting place,
And fill it with thy majesty.

- 2 With outstretched hands on thee we call,
Prostrate before thy throne we bow;
O let the cloud of glory fall
On all thy waiting servants now.

- 3 Now by thy presence sanctify
This earthly sanctuary, Lord,
And to its courts be ever nigh,
And here thy hallowed name record.
- 4 When from its altar shall arise
Joint supplication to thy name,
Deign to accept the sacrifice,
Thyself our answering God proclaim.
- 5 And when from hence the voice of praise
Shall lift its triumphs to thy throne,
Show thy acceptance of our lays
By making all thy glory known.
- 6 When here thy ministers shall stand,
To speak what thou shalt bid them say,
Maintain thy cause with thine own hand,
And give thy truth a winning way.
- 7 Now, therefore, O our God, arise,
In this thy resting place appear,
And let thy people's longing eyes
Behold thee fix thy dwelling here.

199

Oldham.

C. M.

WATTS.

God resorted to in Trouble.

- THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.
- 2 One blessing, Lord, my heart desires;
Oh, grant me mine abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.
 - 3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy glory still;
Still hear thy messages of love,
And learn thy holy will.

THE CHURCH.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may thy children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

200

Asylum. 7s, 6s & 1 8. MRS. BLUMER.

Dedication.

WE, like Jesse's son, would raise
A temple to the Lord,
Sound throughout its courts his praise,
His saving name record—
Dedicate a house to him
Who, once in mortal weakness shrined,
Sorrowed, suffered to redeem,
To rescue all mankind.

2 Father, Son and Spirit, send
The consecrating flame;
Now in majesty descend,
Inscribe the living name;
That great name by which we live,
Now write on this accepted stone;
Us into thy hands receive,
Our temple make thy throne.

201

Wilmot. 7s. MONTGOMERY.

The House of Prayer and Praise.

LORD of hosts! to thee we raise,
Here, a house of prayer and praise;
Thou thy people's heart prepare,
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

- 2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread ;
Here in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.
- 3 Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land ;
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.
- 4 Hallelujah !—earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply ;
Hallelujah !—hence ascend
Prayer and praise, till time shall end.

202

Rockingham. L. M. N. P. WILLIS.

An humble offering to Jehovah.

- THE perfect world, by Adam trod,
Was the first temple built by God ;
His fiat laid the corner-stone ;
He spake, and, lo ! the work was done.
- 2 He hung its starry roof on high,
The broad expanse of azure sky ;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtain'd it with morning light.
 - 3 The mountains in their places stood,
The sea, the sky ; and all was good ;
And when its first pure praises rang,
The morning stars together sang.
 - 4 Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea,
And earth, and sky, a house for thee ;
But in thy sight our offering stands,
An humble temple, built with hands.

203

Azmond. C. M. KNOWLES.

A blessing supplicated.

O GOD, through countless worlds of light
Thy power and glory show,
Though round thy throne, above all height,
Immortal seraphs glow,—

- 2 Yet, Lord, where'er thy saints apart
Are met for praise and prayer,—
Wherever sighs a contrite heart,
Thou, gracious God, art there.
- 3 With grateful joy, thy children rear
This temple, Lord, to thee;
Long may they sing thy praises here,
And here thy beauty see.
- 4 Here, Saviour, deign thy saints to meet;
With peace their hearts to fill;
And here, like Sharon's odors sweet,
May grace divine distil.
- 5 Here may thy truth fresh triumphs win;
Eternal Spirit, here,
In many a heart now dead in sin,
A living temple rear.

204

Dallas.

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

Joining the Church.

- PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort no where found.
- 2 Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O receive me into rest.
 - 3 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.
 - 4 Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

INSTITUTIONS OF THE GOSPEL.

- 5 Tell me not of gain or loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp, and power;
Welcome, poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour.
- 6 "Follow me!"—I know thy voice,
Jesus, Lord, thy steps I see;
Now I take thy yoke by choice,
Light thy burden now to me.

205

Ashford.

L. M.

KELLY.

Welcome.

- COME in, thou blessed of the Lord,
Enter in Jesus' precious name;
We welcome thee with one accord,
And trust the Saviour does the same.
- 2 Those joys which earth cannot afford,
We'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.
 - 3 And while we pass this vale of tears,
We'll make our joys and sorrows known,
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's cares our own.
 - 4 Once more our welcome we'll repeat,
Receive assurance of our love:
O may we all together meet
Around the throne of God above.

THE MINISTRY.

206

Oxford.

S. M.

WATTS.

"How beautiful upon the mountains."

HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

THE MINISTRY.

- 2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!
- 4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad!
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

207 Orland. L. M. C. WESLEY.
"Comfort ye my people."

- COMFORT, ye ministers of grace,
O Comfort the people of your Lord;
O lift ye up the fallen race,
And cheer them by the Gospel word.
- 2 Go, into every nation go,
Speak to their trembling hearts, and cry,
Glad tidings unto all we show;
Jerusalem, thy God is nigh.
- 3 Hark, in the wilderness a cry,
A voice that loudly calls, Prepare,
Prepare your hearts, for God is nigh,
And means to make his entrance there.

- 4 The Lord your God shall quickly come,
Sinners, repent, the call obey;
Open your hearts to make him room,
Ye desert souls, prepare his way.
- 5 The Lord shall clear his way through all,
Whate'er obstructs, obstructs in vain;
The vale shall rise, the mountain fall,
Crooked be straight, and rugged plain.
- 6 The glory of the Lord displayed,
Shall all mankind together view;
And what his mouth in truth hath said,
His own almighty hand shall do.

208 Always. L. M. WATTS.
The Great Commission.

- GO preach my Gospel, saith the Lord,
G Bid the whole world my grace receive;
He shall be saved that trusts my word,
He shall be damned that won't believe.
- 2 I'll make your great commission known,
And ye shall prove my Gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.
- 3 Teach all the nations my commands,
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in my hands,
I can destroy, and I defend.

209 Spilsby. S. M. C. WESLEY.
"Quit yourselves like men."

- HARK, how the watchmen cry,
H Attend the trumpet's sound:
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh,
The powers of hell surround:
Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare;
The day of battle is at hand,
Go forth to glorious war.

2 See on the mountain top
 The standard of your God ;
 In Jesus' name I lift it up,
 All stained with hallowed blood :
 His standard-bearer, I
 To all the nations call ;
 Let all to Jesus' cross draw nigh ;
 He bore the cross for all.

3 Go up with Christ, your Head,
 Your Captain's footsteps see ;
 Follow your Captain, and be led
 To certain victory :
 All power to him is given,
 He ever reigns the same ;
 Salvation, happiness, and heaven
 Are all in Jesus' name.

210

Migdol.

L. M.

J. WESLEY.

Holy Courage.

- SHALL I, for fear of feeble man,
 The Spirit's course in me restrain ?
 Or, undismayed, in deed and word
 Be a true witness for my Lord ?
- 2 Awed by a mortal frown, shall I
 Conceal the word of God most high ?
 How then before thee shall I dare
 To stand, or how thine anger bear ?
- 3 Shall I, to soothe the unholy throng,
 Soften thy truths, and smooth my tongue,
 To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
 The cross, endured, my Lord, by thee ?
- 4 What then is he whose scorn I dread,
 Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid ?
 A man, an heir of death, a slave
 To sin, a bubble on the wave !

- 5 Yea, let men rage, since thou wilt spread
 Thy shadowing wings around my head,
 Since in all pain thy tender love
 Will still my sure refreshment prove.

B A P T I S M .

211

Ames.

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Adult Baptism.

- COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Honor the means ordained by thee;
 Make good our apostolic boast,
 And own thy glorious ministry.
- 2 We now thy promised presence claim,
 Sent to disciple all mankind;
 Sent to baptize into thy name,
 We now thy promised presence find.
- 3 Father, in these reveal thy Son,
 In these, for whom we seek thy face;
 The hidden mystery make known,
 The inward, pure, baptizing grace.
- 4 Jesus, with us thou always art,
 Effectuate now the sacred sign,
 The gift unspeakable impart,
 And bless the ordinance divine.
- 5 Eternal Spirit, descend from high,
 Baptizer of our spirits thou!
 The sacramental seal apply,
 And witness with the water now.
- 6 O that the souls baptized herein
 May now thy truth and mercy feel,
 May rise and wash away their sin!
 Come, Holy Ghost, their pardon seal.

212 Shirland. S. M. FELLOWS.
Infant Baptism.

GREAT God, now condescend
 To bless our rising race ;
 Soon may their willing spirits bend
 To thy victorious grace.

2 O what a pure delight
 Their happiness to see !
 Our warmest wishes all unite
 To lead their souls to thee.

3 Now bless, thou God of love,
 This holy rite divine ;
 Send thy good Spirit from above,
 And make our children thine.

213 Wilmington. C. M. DODDRIDGE.
" Suffer little Children to come unto me."

SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
 With all-engaging charms ;
 Hark how he calls the tender lambs,
 And folds them in his arms.

2 " Permit them to approach," he cries,
 " Nor scorn their humble name ;
 For 'twas to bless such souls as these
 The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
 And yield them up to thee ;
 Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
 Thine let our offspring be.

214 Hingham. L. M. STEELE.
Infant Baptism.

O LORD ! encouraged by thy grace,
 We bring our infant to thy throne ;
 Give it within thy heart a place,
 Let it be thine, and thine alone.

- 2 Wash it from every stain of guilt,
And let this child be sanctified;
Lord, thou canst cleanse it, if thou wilt,
And all its native evils hide.
- 3 We ask not for it earthly bliss,
Or earthly honors, wealth or fame:
The sum of our request is this—
That it may love and fear thy name.
- 4 This infant we, by faith, commit
To thy kind love and guardian care;
We lay it at the Saviour's feet,
He will not let it perish there.

215 St. Thomas. S. M. DODDRIDGE.
Christ blessing Children.

THE Saviour kindly calls
Our children to his breast;
He holds them in his gracious arms,
Himself declares them blest.

- 2 "Let them approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim;
The heirs of heaven are such as these,—
For such as these I came."
- 3 With joy we bring them, Lord,
Devoting them to thee,
Imploring that, as we are thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

216 Ozrem. S. M. C. WESLEY.
"A Fountain for Sin."

MY Saviour's pierced side
Poured out a double flood:
By water we are purified,
And pardoned by his blood.

LORD'S SUPPER.

2 Called from above, I rise
And wash away my sin ;
The stream to which my spirit flies
Can make the foulest clean.

3 It runs divinely clear,
A fountain deep and wide ;
'Twas opened by the soldier's spear
In my Redeemer's side.

217 Albion. C. M. ANON.
"Baptized into his death."

BAPTIZED into your Saviour's death,
Your souls to sin must die ;
With Christ, your Lord, ye live anew,
With Christ ascend on high.

2 There by his Father's side he sits
Enthroned, divinely fair,
Yet owns himself your brother still,
And your forerunner there.

3 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise
On wings of faith and love ;
Above your choicest treasure lies,
And be your hearts above.

LORD'S SUPPER.

218 Naomi. C. M. MONTGOMERY.
Grateful remembrance.

ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,—
I will remember thee.

INSTITUTIONS OF THE GOSPEL.

- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be :
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget ?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee ?
- 4 When to the cross I turn my eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember thee !
- 5 Remember thee and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me ;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

219

Dikeman.

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Christ our Passover.

LET all who truly bear
The bleeding Saviour's name,
Their faithful hearts with us prepare,
And eat the Paschal Lamb.

- 2 This eucharistic feast
Our every want supplies,
And still we by his death are blest,
And share his sacrifice.
- 3 Who thus our faith employ
His sufferings to record,
E'en now we mournfully enjoy
Communion with our Lord.

LORD'S SUPPER.

- 4 We too with him are dead,
And shall with him arise ;
The cross on which he bows his head
Shall lift us to the skies.

220

Hendon.

7s.

C. WESLEY.

Discerning the Lord's body.

JESUS, all-redeeming Lord,
Magnify thy dying word ;
In thine ordinance appear ;
Come and meet thy followers here.

- 2 In the rite thou hast enjoined,
Let us now our Saviour find ;
Drink thy blood for sinners shed,
Taste thee in the broken bread.
- 3 Thou our faithful hearts prepare ;
Thou thy pardoning grace declare ;
Thou that hast for sinners died,
Show thyself the Crucified !
- 4 All the power of sin remove ;
Fill us with thy perfect love ;
Stamp us with the stamp divine ;
Seal our souls for ever thine.

221

Gardner.

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Supper of the Lamb.

THEE, King of saints, we praise
For this our living bread ;
Nourished by thy preserving grace,
And at thy table fed.

- 2 Yet still a higher seat
We in thy kingdom claim,
Who here by faith begin to eat
The supper of the Lamb.

- 3 That glorious, heavenly prize,
 We surely shall attain,
 And in the palace of the skies,
 With thee for ever reign.

222

Suffolk.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Sacred Feast.

THE King of heaven his table spreads,
 And blessings crown the board;
 Not Paradise, with all its joys,
 Could such delight afford.

- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
 And endless life are given,
 Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,
 To raise our souls to heaven.
- 3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
 Were fed and feasted here,
 And millions more, still on the way,
 Around the board appear.
- 4 Yet are his house and heart so large,
 That millions more may come;
 Nor could the wide o'erspreading world
 O'erfill the spacious room.
- 5 All things are ready, come away,
 Nor weak excuses frame;
 Crowd to your places at the feast,
 And bless the Founder's name.

223

Ebor.

C. M.

NOEL.

Grateful remembrance.

IF human kindness meets return,
 And owns the grateful tie,
 If tender thoughts within us burn,
 To feel a friend is nigh,—

- 2 Oh, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him who died, our fears to quell,
And save from death and woe?
- 3 While yet in anguish he surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed—
“Meet, and remember me.”
- 4 Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!
O memory, leave no other name
But his recorded there.

224

Walsal.

C. M.

HART.

Its Design.

THAT doleful night before his death,
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Did, almost with his dying breath,
This solemn feast ordain.

- 2 To keep the feast, Lord, we have met,
And to remember thee:
Help each poor trembler to repeat,—
For me he died, for me!
- 3 Thy sufferings, Lord, each sacred sign
To our remembrance brings:
We eat the bread, and drink the wine,
But think on nobler things.
- 4 O tune our tongues, and set in frame
Each heart that pants for thee,
To sing Hosanna to the Lamb,
The Lamb that died for me!

225

Boylston.

S. M.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"Do this in remembrance of me."

COME, listening spirit, come !
 Good angels guide thy way ;
 Our Shepherd bids thee to his fold,
 The gracious call obey.

- 2 No more the cold grey stone
 His sepulchre doth seal ;
 'Tis rolled away—our Lord is risen ;
 He stoops our wounds to heal.
- 3 Come, waiting spirit, come !
 His hallowed board is spread ;
 Turn from the false delights of earth,
 And take the living bread ;
- 4 And in that strength divine,
 Pass on thy pilgrim way ;
 Make him thy pole-star through the night,
 Thy sunbeam all the day.
- 5 And guard with faithful hand
 The promise of his love,
 To share his banquet here below,
 And be his guest above.

 VIII. SIN.

226

St. Martin's.

C. M.

WATTS.

Original Sin.

BLEST with the joys of innocence,
 Adam, our father, stood,
 Till he debased his soul to sense,
 And ate the unlawful food.

- 2 Now we are born a sensual race,
To sinful joys inclined ;
Reason hath lost its native place,
And flesh enslaves the mind.
- 3 While flesh and sense and passion reign,
Sin is the sweetest good ;
We fancy music in our chain,
And so forget the load.
- 4 Great God, renew our ruined frame,
Our broken powers restore ;
Inspire us with a heavenly flame,
And flesh shall reign no more.
- 5 Eternal Spirit, write thy law
Upon our inward parts,
And let the second Adam draw
His image on our hearts.

227

Mear.

C. M.

WATTS.

Moral Disease.

- SIN, like a venomous disease,
Infects our vital blood ;
The only help is sovereign grace,
And the physician, God.
- 2 Our beauty and our strength are fled,
And we draw near to death ;
But Christ, the Lord, recalls the dead
With his almighty breath.
 - 3 Madness by nature reigns within,
The passions burn and rage,
'Till God's own Son, with skill divine,
The inward fire assuage.
 - 4 We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,
And solid good despise ;
Such is the folly of the mind,
Till Jesus makes us wise.

228

Bath Chapel. C. M.

WATTS.

Sin Deceitful.

- SIN has a thousand treacherous arts
 To practice on the mind ;
 With flattering looks she tempts our hearts,
 But leaves a sting behind.
- 2 With names of virtue she deceives
 The aged and the young,
 And while the heedless wretch believes,
 She makes his fetters strong.
- 3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,
 And gives a fair pretence,
 But cheats the soul of heavenly things,
 And chains it down to sense.
- 4 So on a tree divinely fair
 Grew the forbidden food ;
 Our mother took the poison there,
 And tainted all her blood.

229

Windham. L. M.

WATTS.

Sin Hereditary

- LORD, we are vile, conceived in sin,
 And born unholy and unclean ;
 Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
 Corrupts the race and taints us all.
- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
 The seeds of sin grow up for death ;
 Thy law demands a perfect heart,
 But we're defiled in every part.
- 3 Great God, create my heart anew,
 And form my spirit pure and true ;
 O make me wise betimes to see
 My danger and my remedy.

- 4 Behold, I fall before thy face,
My only refuge is thy grace;
No outward forms can make me clean,
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.
- 6 Jesus, my Lord, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow,
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.
- 7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord, let me hear thy pardoning voice,
And make my broken heart rejoice.

230

Shields.

C. M.

BEDDOME.

Sin Destructive.

- WHEN Adam sinned, through all his race
The dire contagion spread;
Sickness and death and deep disgrace
Sprang from our fallen head.
- 2 Satan in strong and heavy chains
Binds the deluded soul,
And every furious passion reigns
Without the least control.
- 3 From God and happiness we fly,
To earth and sense confined,
Lost in a maze of misery,
Yet to our misery blind.
- 4 Whene'er the man begins his race,
The criminal appears,
And evil habits keep their pace
With our increasing years.

SIN.

- 5 Corruption flows through all our veins,
Our moral beauty's gone,
The gold is fled, the dross remains—
O sin, what hast thou done!
- 6 Jesus, reveal thy pardoning grace,
And draw our souls to thee;
Thou art the only hiding place
Where ruined souls can flee.

231

Horton.

7s.

ANON.

Expostulation.

- SINNER, what has earth to show
Like the joys believers know?
Is thy path of fading flowers
Half so bright, so sweet, as ours?
- 2 Doth a skillful, healing friend
On thy daily path attend,
And where thorns and stings abound,
Shed a balm on every wound?
- 3 When the tempest rolls on high,
Hast thou still a refuge nigh?
Can, oh, can thy dying breath
Summon one more strong than death?
- 4 Canst thou, in that awful day,
Fearless tread the gloomy way,
Plead a glorious ransom given,
Burst from earth, and soar to heaven?

232

Aylesbury.

S. M.

TOPLADY.

The Evil Heart.

ASTONISHED and distressed,
I turn mine eyes within;
My heart with loads of guilt oppressed,
The seat of every sin.

2 What crowds of evil thoughts,
 What vile affections there!
 Distrust, presumption, artful guile,
 Pride, envy, slavish fear!

3 Almighty King of saints!
 These hateful sins subdue;
 Dispel the darkness from my mind,
 And all my powers renew.

4 This done, my cheerful voice
 Shall loud hosannas raise;
 My soul shall glow with gratitude,
 My lips pronounce thy praise.

233

Underwood. S. M.

COWPER.

The Sinner arrested.

MY former hopes are fled,
 My terror now begins;
 My guilty soul, alas! is "dead
 In trespasses and sins."

2 Ah! whither shall I fly?
 Where seek for mercy's door?
 The law proclaims destruction nigh,
 And justice armed with power.

3 When I review my ways,
 I dread the impending doom;
 While yet some friendly whisper says—
 "Flee from the wrath to come!"

4 Oh! that I now might see
 Some glimmering from afar,
 Some beam of hope to dawn on me,
 And save me from despair.

WARNINGS.

234 Islington. L. M. HARRISON.
Abhorrence of Sin.

- O COULD I find some peaceful bower,
 Where sin has neither place nor power;
 This traitor vile I fain would shun,
 But cannot from his presence run.
- 2 When to the throne of grace I flee,
 He stands between my God and me;
 Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,
 I feel him working in my breast.
- 3 When I attempt to soar above,
 To view the height of Jesus' love,
 This monster seems to mount the skies,
 And veils his glory from mine eyes.
- 4 Lord, free me from this deadly foe,
 Which keeps my faith and hope so low;
 I long to dwell in heaven, my home,
 Where not one sinful thought can come.

IX. WARNINGS.

235 Wilmot. 7s. SCOTT.
Peril of Procrastination.

- HASTEN, sinner, to be wise,
 Stay not for the morrow's sun;
 Wisdom, if you still despise,
 Harder is it to be won.
- 2 Hasten, mercy to implore,
 Stay not for the morrow's sun,
 Lest thy season should be o'er
 Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

236

Heber

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

God commandeth all men to repent.

REPENT, the voice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay;
The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds are dispatched abroad,
To warn the world of sin.

3 Together in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Embrace the blessed Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

4 Bow ere the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar;
For mercy knows the appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.

5 Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!
Subdued by goodness, Lord, we fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

237 Wells. L. M. WATTS.
“Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do.”

LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
 The time to insure the great reward,
 And while the lamp holds out to burn,
 The vilest sinner may return.

2 Life is the hour that God hath given
 To 'scape from hell and fly to heaven,—
 The day of grace, and mortals may
 Secure the blessings of the day.

3 Then what my thoughts design to do,
 My hands, with all your might pursue,
 Since no device nor work is found,
 Nor faith nor hope, beneath the ground.

238 Boston. 7s. NEWTON.
Break or Bow.

SINNER, art thou still secure?
 Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
 Can thy heart or hand endure
 In the Lord's avenging day?

2 See, his mighty arm is bared,
 Awful terrors clothe his brow;
 For his judgments stand prepared,—
 Thou must either break or bow.

3 At his presence nature shakes,
 Earth, affrighted, hastes to flee,
 Solid mountains melt like wax—
 What will then become of me?

4 Who his coming may abide?
 You that glory in your shame,
 Will you find a place to hide
 When the world is wrapped in flame?

- 5 Lord, prepare us by thy grace—
 Soon we must resign our breath,
 And our souls be called to pass
 Through the iron gate of death.

239

Norwich.

8 7s.

C. WESLEY.

“Why will ye die!”

- SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
 O God your Maker asks you, why?
 God, who did your being give,
 Made you with himself to live;
 He the fatal cause demands,
 Asks the work of his own hands;
 Why, ye thankless creatures, why
 Will ye cross his love and die?
- 2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
 God your Saviour asks you, why?
 He, who did your souls retrieve,
 Died himself that ye might live:
 Will you let him die in vain?
 Crucify your Lord again?
 Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
 Will ye slight his grace and die?
- 3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
 God the Spirit asks you, why?
 He, who all your lives hath strove,
 Wooed you to embrace his love:
 Will ye not his grace receive?
 Will ye still refuse to live?
 Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
 Will ye grieve your God and die?

240

Heber.

C. M.

FAWCETT

“No peace to the wicked.”

SINNERS, the voice of God regard,
 O 'Tis Mercy speaks to-day;
 He calls you by his sacred word
 From sin's destructive way.

WARNINGS.

- 2 Like the rough sea, that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.
- 3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell;
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?
- 4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days
To reap eternal woe!
- 5 But he that turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace;
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.
- 6 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sov'reign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

241

Alfreton.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

What shall it profit?

WHY will ye lavish out your years
Amidst a thousand trifling cares,
While in this various range of thought
The one thing needful is forgot?

- 2 Why will ye chase the fleeting wind,
And famish an immortal mind,
While angels with regret look down,
To see you spurn a heavenly crown?
- 3 The eternal God calls from above,
And Jesus pleads his dying love,
Awakened conscience gives you pain;
And shall they join their pleas in vain?

- 4 Not so your dying eyes shall view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so shall heaven and hell appear
When the decisive hour is near.
- 5 Almighty God, thy power impart,
To fix convictions on the heart;
Thy power unveils the blindest eyes,
And makes the haughtiest scorner wise.

242 Forrest. L. M. WATTS.
 The broad way and the narrow.

BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler.

- 2 Deny thyself, and take thy cross,
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.
- 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,
Create my heart entirely new,—
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

243 Shields. C. M. BEMAN.
 Expostulation with Sinners.

YE! who despise the Saviour's grace,
And scorn his Gospel here,—
How can you meet his angry face,
Or at his bar appear?

WARNINGS.

- 2 When every earthly hope shall fail,
When storms of wrath are nigh,
How will your souls, affrighted, quail
Beneath his burning eye!
- 3 Why will you madly rush on death,
And force your way to woe?
Why tempt the God, that holds your breath,
To strike the fatal blow?
- 4 Turn, guilty sinners! quickly turn;
Oh! come to Jesus now;—
Ere the fierce flames around you burn,
To your Redeemer bow.

244

Sessions.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Sinner exhorted.

SINNER! Oh! why so thoughtless grown?
Why in such fearful haste to die?
Why speed thy flight to worlds unknown
Regardless of thy destiny?

- 2 Wilt thou defy the wrath of God,
Led on by sin's delusive dreams?
Madly despise the Saviour's blood,
And force thy passage to the flames?
- 3 Sinner! Oh! lift thy thoughts above,
And hear the Lord of life unfold
The glories of his dying love,
For ever telling, yet untold!

245

Fenburn.

S. M.

WATTS.

Helpless and Guilty.

AH, how shall fallen man
Be just before his God?
If he contend in righteousness,
We sink beneath his rod.

WARNINGS.

- 2 If he our ways should mark
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we, for one of thousand faults,
A just excuse devise?
- 3 The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her place,—
Her rooted pillars shake.
- 4 Ah, how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None—none can meet him, and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

246

Asbury.

C. M.

WATTS.

Sinful Joys delusive.

- H**OW vain are all things here below,
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering light;
We should suspect some danger nigh
Where we possess delight.
 - 3 Our dearest joy, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God.
 - 4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.
 - 5 O Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food,
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

247 Goldenhill. S. M. HYDE.
 Grieving the Spirit.

AND canst thou, sinner, slight
 The call of love divine?
 Shall God with tenderness invite,
 And gain no thought of thine?

2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
 The Spirit from thy breast,
 Till he thy wretched soul shall leave,
 With all thy sins oppressed?

3 To-day, a pard'ning God
 Will hear the suppliant pray,
 To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
 Will wash thy guilt away.

4 But grace, so dearly bought,
 If yet thou wilt despise,
 Thy fearful doom, with sorrow fraught,
 Will fill thee with surprise.

248 Effingham. L. M. WATTS.
 Advice to Youth.

NOW, in the flush of youthful blood,
 Remember your Creator, God;
 Behold! the months come hastening on,
 When you shall say—"My joys are gone."

2 Behold! the aged sinner goes,
 Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
 Down to the regions of the dead,
 With endless curses on his head.

3 The dust returns to dust again;
 The soul, in agonies of pain,
 Ascends to God—not there to dwell,—
 But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.

- 4 Eternal King ! I fear thy name ;
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And, when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

249 China. C. M. HART.
Exhortation to Repentance.

- VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear !
Repent, thy end is nigh ;
Death at the farthest can't be far ;
O ! think before thou die.
- 2 Reflect ! thou hast a soul to save ;
Thy sins, how high they mount !
What are thy hopes beyond the grave ?
How stands that dark account ?
- 3 Death enters, and there's no defence ;
His time there's none can tell ;
He'll in a moment call thee hence
To heaven or down to hell.
- 4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy greatest care,
Shall crawling worms consume :
But ah ! destruction stops not there ;
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

250 St. Olives. C. M. WATTS.
Justification by Faith.

- VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built ;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.
- 2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murmuring word,
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now,
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace?
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

251

Eltham.

7s.

EPIS. COL.

"Redeeming the time," &c.

SINNER, rouse thee from thy sleep,
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Raise thy spirit, dark and dead;
Jesus waits his light to shed.

2 Wake from sleep, arise from death,
See the bright and living path:
Watchful tread that path; be wise,
Leave thy folly, seek the skies.

3 Leave thy folly, cease from crime,
From this hour redeem thy time;
Life secure without delay,
Evil is the mortal day.

4 Be not blind and foolish still;
Called of Jesus, learn his will:
Jesus calls from death and night,
Jesus waits to shed his light.

252

Bangor.

C. M.

ALEXANDER.

While we have light

THERE is a time, we know not when,
A point, we know not where,
That seals the destiny of men
To glory or despair.

WARNINGS.

- 2 There is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path ;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.
- 3 To pass that limit is to die,
To die as if by stealth ;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Or pale the glow of health.
- 4 The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirits light and gay ;
That which is pleasing still may please,
And care be thrust away.
- 5 But on that forehead God has set
Indelibly a mark,
Unseen by man, for man as yet
Is blind and in the dark.
- 6 And yet the doom'd man's path below
May bloom, as Eden bloomed ;
He did not, does not, will not know
Or feel that he is doomed.
- 7 He thinks, he feels that all is well,
And every fear is calmed ;
He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell,
Not only doomed, but damned.

253

Bangor.

C. M.

ALEXANDER.

While it is called to-day, repent.

O WHERE is the mysterious bourn
By which our path is crossed,
Beyond which, God himself hath sworn,
That he who goes is lost ?

- 2 How far may we go on in sin ?
How long will God forbear ?
Where does hope end, and where begin
The confines of despair ?

- 3 An answer from the skies is sent :
 “ Ye that from God depart,
 While it is called TO-DAY, repent,
 And harden not your heart.”

254 Hedding. 8,8,6,8,8,6. C. WESLEY.
The brink of fate.

- L O! on a narrow neck of land,
 'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,
 Secure, insensible :
 A point of time, a moment's space,
 Removes me to that heavenly place,
 Or shuts me up in hell.
- 2 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart
 Eternal things impress :
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 And tremble on the brink of fate,
 And wake to righteousness.
- 3 Before me place, in dread array,
 The pomp of that tremendous day
 When thou with clouds shalt come
 To judge the nations at thy bar ;
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
 To meet a joyful doom?
- 4 Be this my one great business here,
 With serious industry and fear,
 Eternal bliss t' insure ;
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
 And suffer all thy righteous will,
 And to the end endure.
- 5 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
 Transported from this vale, to live
 And reign with thee above,
 Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
 And hope in full, supreme delight,
 And everlasting love.

X. INVITATIONS.

255

Osgood.

8s, 7s & 4.

REED.

The Voice of Mercy.

HEAR, O sinner, mercy hails you !
 Now with sweetest voice she calls,
 Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
 Ere the hand of justice falls :
 Hear, O sinner !
 'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

2 See ! the storm of vengeance gathering
 O'er the path you dare to tread !
 Hark ! the awful thunder rolling
 Loud and louder o'er your head !
 Turn, O sinner !
 Lest the lightning strike you dead.

3 Haste, O sinner, to the Saviour !
 Seek his mercy while you may ;
 Soon the day of grace is over,
 Soon your life will pass away ;
 Haste, O sinner !
 You must perish if you stay.

256

Cooper.

4 6s & 2 8s.

C. WESLEY.

Jubilee.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
 The gladly solemn sound ;
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound,
 The year of jubilee is come :
 Return, ye ransomed sinners home.

INVITATIONS.

- 2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption through his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Receive it back, unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 6 The Gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace,
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

257

Peterboro'.

C. M.

STEELE.

Salvation Free.

THE Saviour calls—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.

INVITATIONS.

- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.
- 3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,
To ease your every pain ;
Immortal fountain ! full supplies !
Nor shall you thirst in vain.
- 4 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice,
The gracious call obey ;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
And can you yet delay ?
- 5 Bless'd Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink and never die.

258

Pleyel.

7s.

C. WESLEY.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor."

- COME, ye weary sinners, come,
All who groan beneath your load,
Jesus calls his wanderers home,
Hasten to your pardoning God ;
Come, ye guilty souls, opprest,
Answer to the Saviour's call,
"Come, and I will give you rest,
Come, and I will save you all."
- 2 Jesus, full of truth and love,
We thy kindest word obey ;
Faithful let thy mercies prove,
Take our load of guilt away :
Fain we would on thee rely,
Cast on thee our every care,
To thine arms of mercy fly,
Find our lasting quiet there.

INVITATIONS.

3 Burdened with a world of grief,
 Burdened with our sinful load,
 Burdened with this unbelief,
 Burdened with the wrath of God,
 Lo! we come to thee for ease,
 True and gracious as thou art;
 Now our groaning souls release,
 Write forgiveness on our heart.

259 Northfield. C. M. WATTS.
"Ho! every one that thirsteth."

- LET every mortal ear attend,
 And every heart rejoice;
 The trumpet of the Gospel sounds
 With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
 That feed upon the wind,
 And vainly strive, with earthly toys,
 To fill an empty mind;
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
 A soul-reviving feast,
 And bids your longing appetite
 The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
 And pine away and die,
 Here you may quench your raging thirst
 With springs that never dry.
- 5 Rivers of love and mercy, here,
 In a rich ocean join;
 Salvation in abundance flows,
 Like floods of milk and wine.
- 6 The happy gates of Gospel grace
 Stand open night and day:
 Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
 And drive our wants away.

Come to Jesus.

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power :
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more !

2 Ho ! ye thirsty, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify ;
True belief and true repentance,—
Every grace that brings you nigh,—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him :
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall ;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all ;
Not the righteous,—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo ! your Saviour prostrate lies !
On the bloody tree behold him ;
Hear him cry, before he dies,
“ It is finished ! ”
Sinners, will not this suffice ?

INVITATIONS.

6 Lo! th' incarnate God, ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name;
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.

261

Ashford.

L. M.

J. WESLEY.

Come and Welcome

HO! every one that thirsts, draw nigh!
'Tis God invites the fallen race,
Mercy and free salvation buy;
Buy wine and milk, and gospel grace. —

2 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find my grace is free for all.

3 See from the Rock a fountain rise—
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye laboring, burdened, sin-sick souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give,
Leave all you have and are behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

262

Shoel.

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

"All things are ready."

SINNERS, obey the Gospel word !
 Haste to the supper of my Lord ;
 Be wise to know your gracious day ;
 All things are ready, come away !

- 2 Ready the Father is to own
 And kiss his late returning son ;
 Ready your loving Saviour stands,
 And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the Spirit of his love
 Just now the stony to remove ;
 T' apply, and witness with the blood,
 And wash and seal the sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,
 To triumph in your blest estate ;
 Tuning their harps, they long to praise
 The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Are ready with their shining host ;
 All heaven is ready to resound,
 "The dead's alive ! the lost is found."

263

Oldham.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Young Exhorted.

YE hearts with youthful vigor warm,
 In smiling crowds draw near ;
 And turn from every mortal charm,
 A Saviour's voice to hear.

- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
 Stoops to converse with you ;
 And lays his radiant glories by,
 Your friendship to pursue.

INVITATIONS.

- 3 The soul that longs to see his face,
Is sure his love to gain ;
And they, who early seek his grace,
Shall never seek in vain.
- 4 What object, Lord ! my soul should move,
If once compared with thee ?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see ?
- 5 Away, ye false delusive toys !
Vain tempters of the mind ;
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
For here true bliss I find.

264

Ward.

L. M.

STEELE.

Rest for the weary Penitent.

- COME, weary souls, with sin distressed,
Come, and accept the promised rest ;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppressed with sin, a painful load,
O come and spread your woes abroad ;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.
 - 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes ;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace ;
How rich the gift ! how free the grace !
 - 4 Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart ;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind, inviting voice.
 - 5 Dear Saviour, let thy wondrous love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove ;
O, sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

265 Edgware. C. M. C. WESLEY.
He waiteth to be gracious.

JESUS, Redeemer of mankind,
 Display thy saving power ;
 Thy mercy let the sinner find,
 And know his gracious hour.

- 2 Who thee beneath their feet have trod,
 And crucified afresh,
 Touch with thine all-victorious blood,
 And turn the stone to flesh.
- 3 Open their eyes thy cross to see,—
 Their ears, to hear thy cries :
 Sinner, thy Saviour weeps for thee ;
 For thee he weeps and dies.
- 4 All the day long he meekly stands,
 His rebels to receive ;
 And shows his wounds and spreads his hands,
 And bids you turn and live.
- 5 Turn, and your sins of deepest dye
 He will with blood efface ;
 E'en now he waits the blood t' apply ;—
 Be saved, be saved by grace.

266 Bath Chapel. C. M. JONES.
The Resolve.

COME, trembling sinner ! in whose breast
 A thousand thoughts revolve,—
 Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
 And make this last resolve :—

- 2 “I'll go to Jesus though my sin
 Like mountains round me close ;
 I know his courts, I'll enter in,
 Whatever may oppose.

INVITATIONS.

- 3 Prostrate I'll fall before his throne,
And there my guilt confess ;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.
- 4 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer ;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.
- 5 "I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try ;
For, if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

267

Virginia.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

He justifieth the ungodly.

- L OVERS of pleasure more than God,
For you he suffered pain,
For you the Saviour spilt his blood ;
And shall he bleed in vain ?
- 2 Sinners, his life for you he paid ;
Your basest crimes he bore ;
Your sins were all on Jesus laid,
That you might sin no more.
- 3 To earth the great Redeemer came,
That you might come to heaven ;
Believe, believe in Jesus' name,
And you shall be forgiven.
- 4 Believe in him who died for thee ;
And, sure as he hath died,
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
And thou art justified.

268

Warwick.

C. M.

STEELE.

Invitation to the Gospel Feast.

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast,
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.

- 2 Here Jesus stands with open arms ;
He calls, he bids you come ;
O stay not back though fear alarms,
For yet there still is room,—
- 3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart ;
There love and pity meet ;
Nor will he bid the soul depart
That trembles at his feet.
- 4 Oh ! come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love,
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.
- 5 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In songs on earth unknown.

269

Limehouse.

L. M.

GRIGG.

Knocking at the Door

BEHOLD a stranger at the door !
He gently knocks—has knocked before ;
Has waited long—is waiting still ;
You treat no other friend so ill.

- 2 Oh ! lovely attitude—he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands ;
Oh ! matchless kindness—and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

INVITATIONS.

- 3 But will he prove a friend indeed ?
He will—the very friend you need ;
The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.
- 4 Rise—touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine,—
That soul-destroying monster, sin,—
And let the heavenly stranger in.
- 5 Admit him, ere his anger burn ;
His feet, departed, ne'er return ;
Admit him, and thy soul shall prove
The fullness of thy Saviour's love.

270

Franklin Square. S. M.

DOBELL.

The Accepted Time.

- NOW is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace ;
O, sinners ! come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.
- 2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day ;
To-morrow it may be too late,
Then why should you delay ?
- 3 Now is th' accepted time,
The Gospel bids you come,
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.
- 4 Lord ! draw reluctant souls,
And melt them by thy love ;
Then will the angels speed their way
To bear the news above.

INVITATIONS.

271 Bridgewater. L. M. C. WESLEY.
 The plenitude of Grace.

COME, O ye sinners, to your Lord,
 In Christ to paradise restored;
 His proffer'd benefits embrace,
 The plenitude of gospel grace:

- 2 A pardon written with his blood,
 The favor and the peace of God;
 The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
 The mystic joys of penitence:
- 3 The godly fear, the pleasing smart,
 The meltings of a broken heart;
 The tears that tell your sins forgiven;
 The sighs that waft your souls to heaven;
- 4 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,
 Th' unutterable tenderness;
 The genuine, meek humility;
 The wonder, "Why such love to me!"
- 5 Th' o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
 The sight that veils the seraph's face;
 The speechless awe that dares not move,
 And all the silent heaven of love.

272 Rest. L. M. SMITH.
 "I will in no wise cast out."

HARK! 'tis the Saviour's voice I hear;
 Come, trembling soul, dispel thy fear!
 He saith, and who his word can doubt?
 He will in no wise cast you out!

- 2 Doth Satan fill you with dismay,
 And tell you, Christ will cast away?
 It is a truth, why should you doubt,
 He will in no wise cast you out!

INVITATIONS.

- 3 Doth sin appear before your view,
Of scarlet or of crimson hue ?
If black as hell, why should you doubt ?
He will in no wise cast you out !
- 4 The publican and dying thief
Applied to Christ, and found relief ;
Nor need you entertain a doubt,
He will in no wise cast you out !
- 5 Approach your God, make no delay,
He waits to welcome you to-day ;
His mercy try, nor longer doubt ;
He will in no wise cast you out !

273

Martyrdom.

C. M.

COLYER.

The Wanderer recalled.

- RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face ;
Those new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by his grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return ;
He hears thy humble sigh :
He sees thy soften'd spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.
 - 3 Return, O wanderer, return ;
Thy Saviour bids thee live :
Come to his cross, and, grateful, learn
How freely he'll forgive.
 - 4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe the falling tear ;
Thy Father calls,—no longer mourn ;
'Tis love invites thee near.
 - 5 Return, O wanderer, return ;
Regain thy long-sought rest ;
The Saviour's melting mercies yearn
To clasp thee to his breast.

274 Winter. C. M. WATTS.
Salvation offered to all.

JESUS, thy blessings are not few,
 Nor is thy gospel weak ;
 Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
 And heal the dying Greek.

2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage
 Does thy salvation flow ;
 'Tis not confin'd to sex or age,
 The lofty or the low.

3 While grace is offer'd to the prince,
 The poor may take their share ;
 No mortal has a just pretence
 To perish in despair.

4 Come, all ye wretched sinners, come,
 He'll form your souls anew ;
 His gospel and his heart have room
 For rebels such as you.

275 Rest. L. M. DWIGHT.
The accepted time

WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
 Mercy is found, and peace is given ;
 But soon, ah, soon, approaching night
 Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day !
 How sweet the Gospel's charming sound !
 Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
 While yet a pard'ning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
 Shall death command you to the grave,—
 Before His bar your spirits bring,
 And none be found to hear or save.

INVITATIONS.

- 4 In that lone land of deep despair
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.
- 5 Now God invites ; how blest the day !
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound !
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

276

Petersfield.

6 7s.

C. WESLEY.

Fly to Jesus.

WEARY souls that wander wide
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucified,
Fly to those dear wounds of his ;
Sink into the purple flood ;
Rise into the life of God.

- 2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown !
By his pain he gives you ease,
Life by his expiring groan ;
Rise exalted by his fall,
Find in Christ your all in all.
- 3 O believe the record true,
God to you his Son hath given ;
Ye may now be happy too ;
Find on earth the life of heaven :
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.
- 4 This the universal bliss,
Bliss for every soul design'd ;
God's primeval promise this,
God's great gift to all mankind.
Bless'd in Christ this moment be,
Bless'd to all eternity !

277 Give. C. M. HASTINGS.
Believe, and be at peace.

O WHY should gloomy thoughts arise,
 And darkness fill the mind?
 Why should thy bosom heave with sighs,
 And yet no refuge find?

2 Hast thou not heard of Gilead's balm—
 The great Physician there,
 Who can thine every fear disarm,
 And save thee from despair?

3 Still art thou overwhelm'd with grief,
 And filled with sore dismay?
 Still looking downward for relief,
 Without one cheering ray?

4 Lift up thy streaming eyes to heaven;
 The great atonement see;
 And all thy sins shall be forgiven:—
 Believe, and thou art free.

5 For thee the Saviour suffered shame,
 And shed his precious blood;
 Believe, believe in Jesus' name,
 And be at peace with God.

278 Meet again. 7s. ANON.
Sufficiency of Christ.

BLEEDING hearts, defiled by sin,
 Jesus Christ can make you clean;
 Contrite souls, with guilt opprest,
 Jesus Christ can give you rest.

2 You that mourn o'er follies past,
 Precious hours and years laid waste,
 Turn to God, O turn and live,
 Jesus Christ can still forgive.

INVITATIONS.

- 3 You that oft have wandered far
From the light of Bethleh'm star,
Trembling, now your steps retrace,
Jesus Christ is full of grace.
- 4 Souls benighted and forlorn,
Grieved, afflicted, tempest-worn,
Now in Israel's Rock confide,
Jesus Christ for man has died.
- 5 Fainting souls, in peril's hour
Yield not to the tempter's power ;
On the risen Lord rely,
Jesus Christ now reigns on high.

279 Chopin. C. M. MEDLEY.
Whosoever will, let him come.

- O WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the Gospel found !
Suited to every sinner's case
Who knows the joyful sound.
- 2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls
Are freely welcome here ;
Salvation, like a river, rolls
Abundant, free and clear.
 - 3 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring ;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep celestial spring !
 - 4 Whoever will, (O gracious word !)
Shall of this stream partake ;
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
And drink for Jesus' sake.
 - 5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace ;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore and bless.

280

11s & 10s.

MOORE.

Come, ye disconsolate.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell
your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot
heal.

- 2 Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name
saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot
cure.

281

Sessions.

L. M.

ANON.

Take up thy Cross.

- TAKE up thy cross! the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst my disciple be;
Take up thy cross with willing heart,
And humbly follow after me.
- 2 Take up thy cross! let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
My strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thy arm.
- 3 Take up thy cross! nor heed the shame,
And let thy foolish pride be still;
Thy Lord did not refuse to die
Upon a cross on Calvary's hill.
- 4 Take up thy cross, then, in his strength,
And calmly sin's wild deluge brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
It points to bliss beyond the grave.

INVITATIONS.

- 5 Take up thy cross, and follow me,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross,
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

282

Park street.

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Gospel Feast.

- COME, sinners, to the Gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.
- 2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:
Come, all the world, come, sinner, thou;
All things in Christ are ready now.
- 3 Come, all ye souls by sin opprest,
Ye restless wanderers after rest,
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 4 My message as from God receive,
Ye all may come to Christ and live:
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.
- 5 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious bleeding sacrifice!
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.
- 6 This is the time—no more delay,
The accepted time—salvation's day;
Come in, this moment, at his call,
And live for him who died for all.

XI. CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

PENITENCE.

283

Sure Retreat. L. M.

ELLIOT.

"Just as I am."

JUST as I am—without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive;
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

284

Golden Hill. S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Grace implored.

O THAT I could revere
 My much offended God !
 O that I could but stand in fear
 Of thy afflicting rod !
 If mercy cannot draw,
 Thou by thy threatenings move,
 And keep an abject soul in awe,
 That will not yield to love.

- 2 Show me the naked sword
 Impending o'er my head :
 O let me tremble at thy word,
 And to my ways take heed ;
 With sacred horror fly
 From every sinful snare,
 Nor ever, in my Judge's eye,
 My Judge's anger dare.
- 3 Thou great, tremendous God,
 The conscious awe impart ;
 The grace be now on me bestowed,
 The tender, fleshly heart ;
 For Jesus' sake alone
 The stony heart remove,
 And melt, at last, O melt me down
 Into the mould of love !

285

Laban.

S. M.

H. BONAR.

1 Peter ii, 25.

- I WAS a wandering sheep,
 I did not love the fold ;
 I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
 I would not be controlled.
- 2 I was a wayward child,
 I did not love my home ;
 I did not love my Father's voice,
 I loved afar to roam.

- 3 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er desert, waste, and wild.
- 4 Jesus that Shepherd is,
'Twas he that loved my soul,
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
'Twas he that made me whole.
- 5 'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas he that brought me to the fold,
'Tis he that still doth keep.
- 6 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love the Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold!
- 7 I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love his home!

286

Aylesbury.

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Sinner yielding.

- AND can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?
- 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield,
I can hold out no more;
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror.
 - 3 Though late, I all forsake,
My friends, my all resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.

- 4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove:
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.
- 5 My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know,
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.
- 6 My life, my portion, thou,
Thou all-sufficient art;
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter, and keep my heart.

287 Ozrem. S. M. BEDDOME.
"A broken and a contrite heart."

NOW to thine altar, Lord,
A broken heart I bring,
And wilt thou graciously accept
Of such a worthless thing?

- 2 To Christ, the bleeding Lamb,
My faith directs her eyes;
All other offerings are vain,
But not his sacrifice.
- 3 That moment he expired
The law was satisfied,
And now to its severest claims
I answer, "Jesus died!"

288 Petersfield. 6 7s. C. WESLEY.
Heart of flesh.

SAVIOUR, Prince of Israel's race,
See me from thy lofty throne;
Give the sweet relenting grace,
Soften this obdurate stone;
Stone to flesh, O God, convert,
Cast a look and break my heart.

PENITENCE.

- 2 By thy Spirit, Lord, reprove,
All my inmost sins reveal;
Sins against thy light and love
Let me see and let me feel,
Sins that crucified my Lord,
Spilt again thy precious blood.
- 3 Jesus, seek thy wandering sheep,
Make me restless to return:
Bid me look on thee and weep,
Bitterly as Peter mourn,
Till I say, by grace restored,
“Now, thou know’st I love thee, Lord.”
- 4 Might I in thy sight appear
As the publican, distrest,
Stand, not daring to draw near;
Smite on my unworthy breast,
Groan the sinner’s only plea,
“God, be merciful to me!”
- 5 O remember me for good,
Passing through the mortal vale;
Show me the atoning blood,
When my strength and spirit fail:
Give my gasping soul to see
Jesus crucified for me!

289

Dikeman.

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Penitence desired.

O THAT I could repent,
With all my idols part,
And to thy gracious eye present
An humble, contrite heart;
A heart with grief oppressed
For having grieved my God,
A troubled heart that cannot rest
Till sprinkled with thy blood.

2 Jesus, on me bestow
 The penitent desire;
 With true sincerity of woe
 My aching breast inspire;
 With softening pity look,
 And melt my hardness down;
 Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
 And break this heart of stone.

290

Fenburn.

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Prayer for Penitence.

O THAT I could repent!
 O that I could believe!
 O thou whose voice the marble rent,
 The rock in sunder cleave!
 Thou, by thy two-edged sword,
 My soul and spirit part;
 Strike with the hammer of thy word,
 And break my stubborn heart.

2 Saviour and Prince of peace,
 The double grace bestow,
 Unloose the bands of wickedness,
 And let the captive go;
 Grant me my sins to feel,
 And then the load remove;
 Wound, and pour in my wounds, to heal,
 The balm of pardoning love.

3 For thine own mercy's sake,
 The hindrance now remove,
 And into thy protection take
 The prisoner of thy love;
 In every trying hour
 Stand by my feeble soul,
 And screen me from my nature's power,
 Till thou hast made me whole.

PENITENCE.

- 4 This is thy will, I know,
 That I should holy be,
 Should let my sins this moment go,
 This moment turn to thee;
 O might I now embrace
 Thine all-sufficient power,
 And never more to sin give place,
 And never grieve thee more.

291

Penitence. 7s, 6s & 1 8. C. WESLEY.

The stony heart deplored.

- JESUS, let thy pitying eye
 Call back a wandering sheep;
 False to thee, like Peter, I
 Would fain like Peter weep:
 Let me be by grace restored,
 On me be all long-suffering shown;
 Turn and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.
- 2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
 Repentance to impart,
 Give me, through thy dying love,
 The humble, contrite heart;
 Give what I have long implored,
 A portion of thy grief unknown;
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.
- 3 For thine own compassion's sake
 The gracious wonder show;
 Cast my sins behind thy back,
 And wash me white as snow;
 If thy goodness now is stirred,
 If now I would myself bemoan,
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

- 4 See me, Saviour, from above,
 Nor suffer me to die,
 Life and happiness and love
 Drop from thy gracious eye;
 Speak the reconciling word,
 And let thy mercy melt me down;
 Turn and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.
- 5 Look as when thine eye pursued
 The first apostate man,
 Saw him weltring in his blood,
 And bade him rise again:
 Speak my Paradise restored,
 Redeem me by thy grace alone;
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.
- 6 Look as when thy languid eye
 Was closed that we might live;
 "Father," (at the point to die,
 My Saviour gasped,) "forgive:"
 Surely with that dying word
 He turns and looks, and cries, "'Tis done!"
 O my bleeding, loving Lord,
 Thou break'st my heart of stone.

292

Naomi.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Contrition desired.

- O FOR that tenderness of heart
 Which bows before the Lord,
 Acknowledging how just thou art,
 And trembling at thy word!
- 2 O for those humble, contrite tears
 Which from repentance flow,
 That consciousness of guilt which fears
 The long-suspended blow!

PENITENCE.

- 3 Saviour, to me in pity give
The sensible distress;
The pledge thou wilt, at last, receive,
And bid me die in peace;
- 4 Wilt from the dreadful day remove,
Before the evil come;
My spirit hide with saints above,
My body in the tomb.

293

Martyrdom. C. M.

STEELE.

Comfort sought.

- O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh,
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye,—
- 2 See! low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, return?
- 3 Absent from thee, my Guide, my Light,
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!
- 4 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine,
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

294

Dundee.

C. M.

WATTS.

God dwells with the contrite.

THUS speaks the high and lofty One;
My throne is fixed on high—
There, through eternity, I hear
The praises of the sky.

- 2 Yet, looking down, I visit oft
The humble, hallowed cell,
And with the penitent who mourn,
'Tis my delight to dwell.
- 3 My presence heals the wounded heart,
The sad in spirit cheers :
My presence, from the bed of dust,
The contrite sinner rears.
- 4 I dwell with all my humble saints
While they on earth remain ;
And they, exalted, dwell with me,
With me for ever reign.

295

Ortonville.

C. M.

STENNETT.

Confession.

- WITH tears of anguish I lament,
Here at thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.
- 2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false as mine hath been,
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin !
 - 3 My reason tells me thy commands
Are holy, just and true ;
Tells me whate'er my God demands
Is his most righteous due.
 - 4 Reason I hear, her counsels weigh,
And all her words approve ;
But still I find it hard t' obey,
And harder yet to love.
 - 5 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These strugglings in my breast ?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest ?

296 Kingsbridge. L. M. H. K. WHITE.
Mournful recollections—Hope.

O LORD, my God, in mercy turn,
 In mercy hear a sinner mourn!
 To thee I call, to thee I cry,
 O leave me, leave me not to die!

2 I would not yield when thou didst draw,
 I spurned thy grace, I mocked thy law;
 The hour is past—the day's gone by,
 And I am left alone to die.

3 O pleasures past, what are ye now
 But thorns about my bleeding brow!
 Spectres that hover round my brain,
 And aggravate and mock my pain.

4 For pleasure I have given my soul;
 Now, justice, let thy thunders roll!
 Now, vengeance, smite, and with a blow
 Lay the rebellious ingrate low!

5 Yet, Jesus, Jesus! there I'll cling,
 I'll crowd beneath his sheltering wing;
 I'll clasp the cross, and, holding there,
 E'en me, O bliss! his wrath may spare.

297 Hendon. 7s. J. TAYLOR.
Confessions.

GOD of mercy! God of grace!
 G Hear our sad, repentant songs;
 O restore thy suppliant race,
 Thou to whom our praise belongs!

2 Deep regret for follies past,
 Talents wasted—time misspent;
 Hearts debased by worldly cares,
 Thankless for the blessings lent;

- 3 Foolish fears, and fond desires,
Vain regrets, for things as vain,
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain,—
- 4 These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame, we own;
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne!
- 5 God of mercy! God of grace!
Hear our sad, repentant songs;
O restore thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom our praise belongs.

298

Howard.

C. M.

PRATT'S COL.

"We all, like sheep, have gone astray."

ALMIGHTY Father! God of grace!
We all, like sheep astray,
In folly from thy paths have turned,
Each to his sinful way.

- 2 Sins of omission and of act
Through all our lives abound;
Alas! in thought, and word, and deed,
No health in us is found.
- 3 O spare us, Lord! in mercy spare!
Our contrite souls restore,
Through him who suffered on the cross,
And man's transgressions bore.
- 4 And grant, O Father, for his sake,
That we, through all our days,
A just and godly life may lead,
To thine eternal praise.

299

Chimes.

C. M.

HEBER.

Repeated Calls.

HOW long the time since Christ began
 To call in vain on me!
 Deaf to his warning voice, I ran
 Through paths of vanity.

2 He called me when my thoughtless prime
 Was early ripe to ill;
 I passed from folly on to crime,
 And yet he called me still.

3 He called me in the time of dread,
 When death was full in view;
 I trembled on my feverish bed,
 And rose to sin anew.

4 Yet could I hear him once again,
 As I have heard of old,
 Methinks he should not call in vain
 His wanderer to the fold.

5 O thou that every thought dost know,
 And answerest every prayer,
 Try me with sickness, want, or woe,
 But snatch me from despair.

6 My struggling will by grace control,
 Renew my broken vow:—
 What blessed light breaks on my soul!
 My God, I hear thee now.

300

Limehouse.

L. M.

CRITTENDEN.

Sins Confessed.

I OWN my guilt, my sins confess,
 Can men or devils make them more?
 Of crimes already numberless,
 Vain the attempt to swell the score.

- 2 Were the black list before my sight,
While I remember thou hast died,
'Twould only urge my speedier flight
To seek salvation at thy side.
- 3 Low at thy feet I'll cast me down,
To thee reveal my guilt and fear,
And, if thou spurn me from thy throne,
I'll be the first who perished there.

301

Windham.

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

The Backslider.

- I LEFT the God of truth and light,
I left the God who gave me breath,
To wander in the wilds of night,
And perish in the snares of death.
- 2 Sweet was his service, and his yoke
Was light and easy to be borne;
Through all his bonds of love I broke,
I cast away his gifts with scorn.
 - 3 I dreamed of bliss in pleasure's bowers,
While pillowing roses stayed my head:
But serpents hissed among the flowers;
I woke, and thorns were all my bed.
 - 4 In riches when I sought for joy,
And placed in sordid gains my trust,
I found that gold was all alloy,
And worldly treasure fleeting dust.
 - 5 Heart-broken, friendless, poor, cast down,
Where shall the chief of sinners fly,
Almighty vengeance, from thy frown?
Eternal justice, from thine eye?
 - 6 Lo, through the gloom of guilty fears,
My faith discerns a dawn of grace;
The Sun of righteousness appears
In Jesus' reconciling face.

7 My suffering, slain, and risen Lord,
 In sore distress I turn to thee;
 I claim acceptance on thy word;
 My God, my God, forsake not me!

8 Prostrate before the mercy-seat,
 I dare not, if I would, despair;
 None ever perished at thy feet,
 And I will lie for ever there.

302 Lischer. 4 6s & 2 8s. JANE TAYLOR.
Parting with the World.

COME, my fond fluttering heart,
 Come, struggle to be free;
 Thou and the world must part,
 However hard it be;
 My trembling spirit owns it just,
 But cleaves yet closer to the dust.

2 Ye tempting sweets, forbear,
 Ye dearest idols, fall;
 My love you must not share,
 Jesus shall have it all;
 'Tis bitter pain, 'tis cruel smart,
 But, ah, thou must consent, my heart.

3 Ye fair enchanting throng,
 Ye golden dreams, farewell;
 Earth has prevailed too long,
 And now I break the spell;
 Ye cherished joys of early years—
 Jesus, forgive these parting tears.

4 But must I part with all?
 My heart still fondly pleads;
 Yes, Dagon's self must fall—
 It beats, it throbs, it bleeds;
 Is there no balm in Gilead found
 To soothe and heal the smarting wound?

- 5 O yes, there is a balm,
A kind Physician there,
My fevered mind to calm,
To bid me not despair;
Aid me, dear Saviour, set me free,
And I will all resign to thee.
- 6 O may I feel thy worth,
And let no idol dare,
No vanity of earth,
With thee, my Lord, compare;
Now bid all worldly joys depart,
And reign supremely in my heart.

303

Bangor.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Where shall I appear?

- T**ERRIBLE thought! shall I alone,
Who may be saved, shall I,
Of all, alas, whom I have known,
Through sin for ever die?
- 2 While all my old companions dear,
With whom I once did live,
Joyful at God's right hand appear,
A blessing to receive;
 - 3 Shall I, amidst a ghastly band,
Dragged to the judgment seat,
Far on the left with horror stand,
My fearful doom to meet?
 - 4 Ah, no—I still may turn and live,
For still his wrath delays;
He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve,
And offers me his grace.
 - 5 I will accept his offers now,
From every sin depart,
Perform my oft-repeated vow,
And render him my heart.

- 6 I will improve what I receive,
The grace through Jesus given,
Sure, if with God on earth I live,
To live with God in heaven.

304 Balerma. C. M. RIPPON.
Leaving all to follow Jesus.

AND must I part with all I have,
Jesus, my Lord, for thee?
This is my joy, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.

- 2 Yes, let it go—one look from thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain
Of credit, riches, friends.

- 3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compared with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair.

- 4 Saviour of souls, while I from thee
A single smile obtain,
Though destitute of all things else,
I'll glory in my gain.

305 Ashford. L. M. WATTS.
The world renounced.

DEAD be my heart to all below,
To mortal joys and mortal cares;
To sensual bliss, that charms us so,
Be dark, mine eyes, and deaf, my ears.

- 2 Lord, I renounce my carnal taste
Of the fair fruit that sinners prize;
Their paradise shall never waste
One thought of mine, but to despise.

- 3 All earthly joys are overweighed
 With mountains of vexatious care;
 And where's the sweet that is not laid
 A bait to some destructive snare?
- 4 Come, heaven, and fill my vast desires,
 My soul pursues the sovereign good;
 She was all made of heavenly fires,
 Nor can she live on meaner food.

306 Boylston. S. M. MONTGOMERY.
 Rest for the Soul.

- O WHERE shall rest be found,
 Rest for the weary soul!
 'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
 Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh;
 'Tis not the whole of life to live,
 Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears
 There is a life above,
 Unmeasured by the flight of years,
 And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death whose pang
 Outlasts the fleeting breath;
 Oh! what eternal horrors hang
 Around the second death.
- 5 Lord, God of truth and grace!
 Teach us that death to shun,
 Lest we be driven from thy face,
 And evermore undone.

- 6 Here would we end our quest ;—
 Alone are found in thee
 The life of perfect love—the rest
 Of immortality.

307

Orford.

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Self-despair—hope in Christ.

LORD, I despair myself to heal,
 I see my sin, but cannot feel ;
 I cannot till thy Spirit blow,
 And bid the obedient waters flow.

- 2 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give ;
 Thy gifts I only can receive ;
 Here, then, to thee I all resign ;
 To draw, redeem, and seal—is thine.
- 3 With simple faith on thee I call,
 My light, my life, my Lord, my all ;
 I wait the moving of the pool,
 I wait the word that speaks me whole.
- 4 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
 Make my infected nature pure ;
 Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
 And pour thy love into my heart !

308

Paradise.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Longing for Relief.

FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,
 No other help I know ;
 If thou withdraw thyself from me,
 Ah, whither shall I go ?

- 2 What did thy only Son endure
 Before I drew my breath,
 What pain, what labor, to secure
 My soul from endless death ?

- 3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
Now my poor soul thou wouldst relieve
In this the accepted hour.
- 4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
O let me now receive that gift—
My soul without it dies.
- 5 Surely thou canst not let me die—
O speak, and I shall live;
For here I will unwearied lie
Till thou thy Spirit give.
- 6 How would my fainting soul rejoice
Could I but see thy face;
Now let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taste thy pard'ning grace.

309

Henry.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Mourner's Cry.

- GOD is in this and every place,
But O, how dark and void
To me!—'tis one great wilderness,
This world, without my God.
- 2 Empty of him, who all things fills,
Till he his light impart,
Till he his glorious self reveal,
The veil is on my heart.
 - 3 O thou who seest and know'st my grief,
Thyself unseen, unknown,
Pity my helpless unbelief,
And take away the stone.
 - 4 Regard me with a gracious eye,
The long-sought blessing give,
And bid me, at the point to die,
Behold thy face and live.

- 5 Now, Jesus, now the Father's love
 Shed in my heart abroad;
 The middle wall of sin remove,
 And let me in to God.

310

Clark.

6 8s.

C. WESLEY.

Living Faith desired.

- FATHER of Jesus Christ, the Just,
 My Friend and Advocate with thee,
 Pity a soul that fain would trust
 In him who lived and died for me;
 But only thou canst make him known,
 And in my heart reveal thy Son.
- 2 If, drawn by thy alluring grace,
 My want of living faith I feel,
 Show me in Christ thy smiling face,
 What flesh and blood can ne'er reveal,
 Thine all-redeeming Son display,
 And turn my darkness into day.
- 3 The gift unspeakable impart,
 Command the light of faith to shine,
 To shine in my dark, drooping heart,
 And fill me with the life divine;
 Now bid the new creation be,
 O God, let there be faith in me!

311

Arlington.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Faith besought.

- THOU hidden God, for whom I groan,
 Till thou thyself declare,
 God, inaccessible, unknown,
 Regard a sinner's prayer—
 A sinner welt'ring in his blood,
 Unpurged and unforgiven,
 Far distant from the living God,
 As far as hell from heaven.

- 2 An unregenerate child of man,
 To thee for faith I call;
 Pity thy fallen creature's pain,
 And raise me from my fall;
 The darkness, which through thee I feel,
 Thou only canst remove;
 Thy own eternal power reveal,
 Thy Deity of love.
- 3 Thou hast in unbelief shut up,
 That grace may let me go;
 In hope believing against hope,
 I wait the truth to know.
 Thou wilt in me reveal thy name,
 Thou wilt thy light afford;
 Bound and oppressed, yet thine I am,
 The prisoner of the Lord.
- 4 I would not to thy foe submit,
 I hate the tyrant's chain;
 Send forth the prisoner from the pit,
 Nor let me cry in vain.
 Show me the blood that bought my peace,
 The covenant blood apply,
 And all my grief at once shall cease,
 And all my sins shall die.
- 5 Now, Lord, if thou art power, descend,
 The mountain sin remove;
 My unbelief and troubles end,
 If thou art truth and love.
 Speak, Jesus, speak unto my heart,
 What thou for me hast done;
 One grain of living faith impart,
 And God is all my own!

312

Albion.

C. M.

MOORE.

God a refuge in time of sorrow.

O THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
 How dark this world would be,
 If, pierced by sins and sorrows here,
 We could not fly to thee!

- 2 The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
- 3 Oh! who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above.
- 4 Then sorrow, touch'd by thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray,—
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

313

Shirland.

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Exercise of Faith.

- AH! whither should I go,
A Burdened, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?
My Saviour bids me come,
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay!
- 2 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part,
Which will not let my Saviour take
Possession of my heart?
Some cursed thing unknown
Must surely lurk within,
Some idol which I will not own,
Some secret bosom-sin.
 - 3 Jesus, the hindrance show,
Which I have feared to see,
And let me now consent to know
What keeps me out of thee.

Searcher of hearts, in mine
The trying power display ;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

314

Coventry.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Forgiveness sought.

O THAT I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem,
Who gave his life, that I might live
A life concealed in him.

2 O that I could the blessing prove,
My heart's extreme desire,
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in his arms expire.

3 Mercy I ask to seal my peace,
That, kept by mercy's power,
I may from every evil cease,
And never grieve thee more.

4 Now, if thy gracious will it be,
E'en now my sins remove,
And set my soul at liberty
By thy victorious love.

5 In answer to ten thousand prayers,
Thou pardoning God, descend ;
Number me with salvation's heirs,
My sins and troubles end.

6 Nothing I ask or want beside,
Of all in earth or heaven,
But let me feel thy blood applied,
And live and die forgiven.

315

Welton.

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Load of Guilt bewailed.

THOU Man of griefs, remember me,
 Who never canst thyself forget
 Thy last mysterious agony,
 Thy fainting pangs and bloody sweat;

2 When, wrestling in the strength of prayer,
 Thy Spirit sunk beneath its load,
 Thy feeble flesh abhorred to bear
 The wrath of an almighty God.

3 Father, if I may call thee so,
 Regard my fearful heart's desire;
 Remove this load of guilty woe,
 Nor let me in my sins expire.

4 I tremble lest the wrath divine,
 Which bruises now my sinful soul,
 Should bruise this wretched soul of mine
 Long as eternal ages roll.

5 To thee my last distress I bring;
 The heightened fear of death I find:
 The tyrant, brandishing his sting,
 Appears, and hell is close behind.

6 I deprecate that death alone,
 That endless banishment from thee;
 O save, and give me to thy Son,
 Who trembled, wept, and bled for me.

316

Rockingham. L. M.

WATTS.

"Cast me not away from thy presence."

O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
 Though all my crimes before thee lie,
 Behold me not with angry look,
 But blot their memory from thy book.

- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight;
Thy saving strength, O Lord, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford,
And let a wretch come near thy throne
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.
- 6 Then will I teach the world thy ways,
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.
- 7 O may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song,
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

317 Limehouse. L. M. WATTS.
 Earnest Supplications.

SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
S Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

- 2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

- 3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips, with shame, my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace ;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.
- 5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hopes, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

318 Stirling L. M. C. WESLEY.
Lift thou up the light of thy countenance.

- WHEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be
That I shall find my all in thee?
The fullness of thy promise prove,
The seal of thy eternal love?
- 2 A poor blind child, I wander here,
If haply I may feel thee near ;
O dark, dark, dark ! I still must say,
Amid the blaze of gospel-day.
 - 3 Thee, only thee I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind ;
Thou, only thou to me be given,
Of all thou hast in earth or heaven.
 - 4 Whom man forsakes, thou wilt not leave,
Ready the outcasts to receive,
Though all my sinfulness I own,
And all my faults to thee are known.
 - 5 Ah, wherefore did I ever doubt ?
Thou wilt in no wise cast me out,
A helpless soul that comes to thee,
With only sin and misery.

- 6 Lord, I am sick—my sickness cure;
I want—do thou enrich the poor;
Under thy mighty hand I stoop—
O lift the abject sinner up.
- 7 Lord, I am blind—be thou my sight;
Lord, I am weak—be thou my might;
A helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my all in thee.

319

Windham.

L. M.

J. WESLEY.

“Athirst for God.”

- I THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood,
To dwell within thy wounds—then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but thee;
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there.
- 3 How blest are they who still abide
Close-sheltered in thy bleeding side,
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.
- 4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quickening Spirit breathe? ·
Thou giv’st the power thy grace to move—
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!
- 5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring,
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?
- 6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o’erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know
Nor will we think of aught beside—
“My Lord, my Love, is crucified.”

- 7 Ah, Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stammering tongues to tell
Thy love, immense, unsearchable.
- 8 First-born of many brethren, thou,
To thee, lo, all our souls we bow;
To thee our hearts and hands we give,
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

320

Brighton.

6 8s.

C. WESLEY.

Returning to the Ark.

- JESUS, in whom the weary find
Their late, but permanent repose,
Physician of the sin-sick mind,
Relieve my wants, assuage my woes,
And let my soul on thee be cast,
Till life's fierce tyranny be past.
- 2 Loosed from my God, and far removed,
Long have I wandered to and fro,
O'er earth in endless circles roved,
Nor found whereon to rest below;
Back to my God at last I fly,
For, oh, the waters still are high.
 - 3 Selfish pursuits, and nature's maze,
The things of earth, for thee, I leave;
Put forth thy hand, thy hand of grace,
Into the ark of love receive;
Take this poor fluttering soul to rest,
And lodge it, Saviour, in thy breast.
 - 4 Fill with inviolable peace,
'Stablish and keep my settled heart;
In thee may all my wanderings cease,
From thee no more may I depart;
Thy utmost goodness called to prove,
Loved with an everlasting love!

321

Fenburn.

S. M.

BEMAN.

The Refuge.

JESUS! I come to thee,
A sinner doomed to die;
My only refuge is thy cross,
Here at thy feet I lie.

2 Can mercy reach my case,
And all my sins remove?
Break, O my God! this heart of stone,
And melt it by thy love.

3 Too long my soul has gone
Far from my God astray;
I've sported on the brink of hell,
In sin's delusive way.

4 But, Lord ! my heart is fixed,
I hope in thee alone ;
Break off the chains of sin and death,
And bind me to thy throne.

5 Thy blood can cleanse my heart,
Thy hand can wipe my tears ;
Oh ! send thy blessed Spirit down
To banish all my fears.

6 Then shall my soul arise,
From sin and Satan free;
Redeemed from hell and every foe,
I'll trust alone in thee.

322

Hebron.

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Deprecating the withdrawal of the Spirit.

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
 Though I have done thee such despite,
 Nor cast the sinner quite away,
 Nor take thy everlasting flight.

- 2 Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my guilty fears,
And vexed and urged thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years ;
- 3 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace received,
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved :
- 4 Yet, oh, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest,
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.
- 5 This only woe I deprecate,
This only plague I pray remove ;
Nor leave me in my lost estate,
Nor curse me with this want of love.
- 6 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
Upraise me with thy gracious hand,
And guide into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

323

Sincerity.

7s.

C. WESLEY.

Depth of Mercy.

DEPTH of mercy, can there be
Mercy still reserved for me ?
Can my God his wrath forbear,
Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?

- 2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face,
Would not hearken to his calls,
Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Kindled his relentings are,
Me he now delights to spare,
Cries, "How shall I give thee up ?"
Lest the lifted thunder drop.

- 4 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands;
God is love—I know, I feel
Jesus weeps and loves me still.
- 5 Jesus, answer from above,
Is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget,
Suffer me to kiss thy feet?
- 6 Now incline me to repent,
Let me now my fall lament,
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

324

Holman.

C. M.

STEELE.

Sense of Ingratitude.

- DEAR Saviour, when my thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet, ashamed, I fall,
And hide this wretched face.
- 2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?
Ah, vile, ungrateful heart!
By earth's low cares detained, betrayed
From Jesus to depart;—
- 3 From Jesus, who alone can give
True pleasure, peace, and rest:
When absent from my Lord, I live
Unsatisfied, unblest.
- 4 But he, for his own mercy's sake,
My wandering soul restores:
He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores.
- 5 Oh, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The penitential sigh,
Confirm the kind, forgiving word,
With pity in thine eye.

- 6 Then shall the mourner, at thy feet,
 Rejoice to seek thy face;
 And, grateful, own how kind, how sweet,
 Is thy forgiving grace.

325

Wilmot.

7s.

RAFFLES.

Confession and Entreaty.

SOVEREIGN Ruler, Lord of all,
 Prostrate at thy feet I fall;
 Hear, oh! hear my earnest cry,
 Frown not, lest I faint and die.

- 2 Vilest of the sons of men,—
 Chief of sinners I have been;
 Oft abused thee to thy face,
 Trampled on thy richest grace.
- 3 Justly might thy righteous dart
 Pierce this bleeding, broken heart;
 Justly might thine angry breath
 Blast me in eternal death.
- 4 But with thee there's mercy found,
 Balm to heal my every wound:
 Soothe, oh! soothe the troubled breast,
 Give the weary wanderer rest.

326

Heard.

C. M.

STENNETT.

Entreaty.

PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet
 A guilty rebel lies;
 And upward, to thy mercy-seat,
 Presumes to lift his eyes.

- 2 Let not thy justice frown me hence;
 Oh! stay the vengeful storm;
 Forbid it, that Omnipotence
 Should crush a feeble worm.

- 3 If tears of sorrow could suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should, from both my weeping eyes,
In ceaseless currents flow.
- 4 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed,
No blood, but thou hast spilt.
- 5 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive;
Then justice will approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

327 Accomac. L. M. HART.
Hardness of Heart lamented.

- O FOR a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn heart away,
And thaw with beams of love divine
This heart, this frozen heart of mine!
- 2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountains shake;
Of feeling all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
 - 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
O Lord, an adamant might melt;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.
 - 4 Thy judgments, too, which devils fear,
Amazing thought! unmov'd I hear:
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To stir this stupid heart of mine.
 - 5 Eternal Spirit! mighty God!
Apply to me the Saviour's blood;
'Tis his rich blood, and his alone,
Can move and melt this heart of stone.

328

Coventry.

C. M.

COWPER.

The Contrite Heart.

THE Lord will happiness divine
 On contrite hearts bestow;
 Then tell me, gracious God! is mine
 A contrite heart or no?

- 2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
 Insensible as steel;
 If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
 To find I cannot feel.
- 3 I sometimes think myself inclined
 To love thee, if I could;
 But often feel another mind,
 Averse to all that's good.
- 4 My best desires are faint and few,
 I fain would strive for more;
 But when I cry, "My strength renew,"
 Seem weaker than before.
- 5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,
 And love thy house of prayer;
 I therefore go where others go,
 But find no comfort there.
- 6 O make this heart rejoice or ache,
 Decide this doubt for me;
 And, if it be not broken, break—
 And heal it, if it be.

329

Shirland.

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Plea.

JESUS, my Lord, attend
 Thy feeble creature's cry,
 And show thyself the sinner's friend,
 And set me up on high.

- 2 From hell's oppressive power
My struggling soul release,
And to thy Father's grace restore,
And to thy perfect peace.
- 3 Rivers of life divine
From thee, their fountain, flow;
And all who know that love of thine,
The joy of angels know.
- 4 That thou canst here forgive,
Grant me to testify;
And, justified by faith, to live,
And in that faith to die.

330

Accomac.

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Mourning on account of Sin.

- O THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down,
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.
- 2 When shall mine eyes behold the Lamb?
The God of my salvation see?
Weary, O Lord, thou know'st I am,
Yet still I cannot come to thee.
 - 3 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.
 - 4 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
 - 5 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross, all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

6 I would, but thou must give the power,
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

7 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;
Appear, in my poor heart appear!
My God, my Saviour, come away.

331 Heber. C. M. MONTGOMERY.
Pleading the Promises.

MERCY alone can meet my case,
For mercy, Lord, I cry:
Jesus, Redeemer, show thy face
In mercy, or I die:—

2 I perish, and my doom were just;
But wilt thou leave me?—No:
I hold thee fast, my hope, my trust;
I will not let thee go.

3 Still sure to me thy promise stands,
And ever must abide;
Behold it written on thy hands,
And graven in thy side.

4 To this, this only will I cleave;
Thy word is all my plea;
That word is truth, and I believe;
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

332 Zerah. C. M. C. WESLEY.
Prisoner of Hope.

LET the redeemed give thanks and praise
To a forgiving God;
My feeble voice I cannot raise,
Till washed in Jesus' blood:—

- 2 Till, at thy coming from above,
My mountain sin depart,
And fear give place to filial love,
And peace o'erflow my heart.
- 3 Prisoner of hope, I still attend
The appearance of my Lord,
These endless doubts and fears to end,
And speak my soul restored,—
- 4 Restored by reconciling grace,
With present pardon blest;
And fitted by true holiness
For my eternal rest.
- 5 The peace which man can ne'er conceive,
The love and joy unknown,
Now, Father, to thy servant give,
And claim me for thine own.
- 6 My God, in Jesus pacified,
My God, thyself declare;
And draw me to his open side,
And plunge the sinner there.

333 Holman. C. M. NEWTON.
The Soul casting itself on Christ.

- A**PPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
 - 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
Fightings without and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him Jesus died.
- 5 Oh ! wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty rebels, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name !

334

Effingham.

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

The only Plea.

- JESUS, the sinner's friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee :
Weary of earth, myself, and sin :
Open thine arms, and take me in.
- 2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul ;
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole ;
Dark, till in me thine image shine,
And lost, I am, till thou art mine.
- 3 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for thee :
Here, then, to thee I all resign ;
Thine is the work, and only thine.
- 4 What shall I say thy grace to move ?
Lord, I am sin,—but thou art love :
I give up every plea beside,—
Lord, I am lost—but thou hast died.

335

Boylston.

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Lying at the Cross.

FATHER, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true ;
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,
My fallen soul renew.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 2 Come, then, for Jesus' sake,
And bid my heart be clean,
An end of all my troubles make,
An end of all my sin.
- 3 I cannot wash my heart,
But by believing thee,
And waiting for thy blood t' impart
The spotless purity.
- 4 While at thy cross I lie,
Jesus, the grace bestow;
Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And I am white as snow.
-

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

336

Rowley.

P. M.

C. WESLEY.

First Love.

- HOW happy are they
Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
Tongue cannot express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.
- 2 That comfort was mine
When the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb,
When my heart it believed,
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus's name.
- 3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know;
The angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

- 4 Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song :
O that all his salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died
To redeem such a rebel as me.
- 5 On the wings of his love
I was carried above
All sin and temptation and pain :
I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.
- 6 I rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat ;
My soul mounted higher,
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.
- 7 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood ;
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fullness of God.

337

Silver Street. S. M.

BEDDOME.

Faith, a precious grace.

FAITH, 'tis a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestowed ;
It boasts a high celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.

- 2 Jesus it owns as King,
And all-atoning Priest ;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

3 To him it leads the soul,
 When filled with deep distress;
 Flies to the fountain of his blood,
 And trusts his righteousness.

4 Since 'tis thy work alone,
 And that divinely free,
 Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son
 To work this faith in me.

338

Arlington.

C. M.

TURNER.

“The evidence of things not seen.”

FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
 And saves me from its snares;
 Its aid in every duty brings,
 And softens all my cares;

2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
 And lights the sacred fire
 Of love to God and heavenly things,
 And feeds the pure desire.

3 The wounded conscience knows its power
 The healing balm to give;
 That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
 And make the dying live:

4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
 Where deathless pleasures reign,
 And bids me seek my portion there,
 Nor bids me seek in vain;

5 Shows me the precious promise, sealed
 With the Redeemer's blood;
 And helps my feeble hope to rest
 Upon a faithful God.

6 There, there unshaken would I rest
 Till this vile body dies,
 And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
 At once to glory rise.

339 Howard. C. M. WATTS.
 “The substance of things hoped for.”

FAITH is the brightest evidence
 Of things beyond our sight ;
 It pierces through the veil of sense,
 And dwells in heavenly light.

- 2 It sets time past in present view,
 Brings distant prospects home,
 Of things a thousand years ago,
 Or thousands yet to come.
- 3 By faith we know the world was made
 By God's almighty word ;
 We know the heavens and earth shall fade,
 And be again restored.
- 4 Abra'm obeyed the Lord's command,
 From his own country driven ;
 By faith he sought a promised land,
 But found his rest in heaven.
- 5 Thus through life's pilgrimage we stray,
 The promise in our eye ;
 By faith we walk the narrow way
 That leads to joy on high.

340 Balerma. C. M. WATTS.
 Faith must be operative.

MISTAKEN souls ! that dream of heaven,
 And make their empty boast
 Of inward joys and sins forgiven,
 While they are slaves to lust.

- 2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
 If faith be cold and dead ;
 None but a living power unites
 To Christ, the living Head.

- 3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart,
'Tis faith that works by love,
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.
- 4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell,
By a celestial power ;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.
- 5 Faith must obey her Father's will,
As well as trust his grace ;
A pard'ning God is jealous still
For his own holiness.
- 6 When from the curse he sets us free,
He makes our nature clean ;
Nor would he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.
- 7 His Spirit purifies our frame,
And seals our peace with God ;
Jesus, and his salvation, came
By water and by blood.

341

Shoel.

L. M.

WATTS.

Faith inspires joy and courage.

- 'TIS by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night ;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies,
She makes the pearly gates appear ;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.
 - 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

- 4 So Abra'm, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God ;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

342

Rockington.

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Prayer for increase of faith.

AUTHOR of faith, eternal Word,
(Whose Spirit breathes the active flame,
Faith, like its Finisher and Lord,
To-day as yesterday the same.)

- 2 To thee our humble hearts aspire,
And ask the gift unspeakable ;
Increase in us the kindred fire,
In us the work of faith fulfil.
- 3 By faith we know thee strong to save :
(Save us, a present Saviour thou !)
Whate'er we hope, by faith we have,
Future and past subsisting now.
- 4 To him that in thy name believes
Eternal life with thee is given ;
Into himself he all receives,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.
- 5 The things unknown to feeble sense,
Unseen by reason's glimmering ray,
With strong commanding evidence,
Their heavenly origin display.
- 6 Faith lends its realizing light—
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly ;
Th' invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.

343

Asylum. 7s, 6s & 1 8.

C. WESLEY.

Determined to know nothing but Jesus.

VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
 With all of creature good;
 Only Jesus I pursue,
 Who bought me with his blood!
 All thy pleasures I forego,
 I trample on thy wealth and pride;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified!

- 2 Other knowledge I disdain,
 'Tis all but vanity;
 Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
 He tasted death for me!
 Me to save from endless woe
 The sin-atoning victim died!
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified!
- 3 Here will I set up my rest;
 My fluctuating heart
 From the haven of his breast
 Shall never more depart:
 Whither should a sinner go?
 His wounds for me stand open wide;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified!
- 4 Him to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end!
 This is all my happiness,
 On Jesus to depend;
 Daily in his grace to grow,
 And ever in his faith abide:
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified!

344 Mendom. 7s, 6s & 1 8. C. WESLEY.
Christ died to save the chief of sinners.

LET the world their virtue boast,
 Their works of righteousness ;
 I, a wretch, undone and lost,
 Am freely saved by grace :
 Other title I disclaim ;
 This, only this, is all my plea,
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me.

2 Happy they whose joys abound,
 Like Jordan's swelling stream,
 Who their heaven in Christ have found,
 And give the praise to him !
 Meanest follower of the Lamb,
 His steps I at a distance see ;
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me.

345 Heard. C. M. C. WESLEY.
Peace in believing.

JESUS, to thee I now can fly,
 On whom my help is laid ;
 Oppressed by sin, I lift my eye,
 And see the shadows fade.

2 Believing on my Lord, I find
 A sure and present aid ;
 On thee alone my constant mind
 Is every moment stayed.

3 Whate'er in me seems wise or good,
 Or strong, I here disclaim ;
 I wash my garments in the blood
 Of the atoning Lamb.

- 4 Jesus, my strength, my life, my rest,
On thee will I depend,
Till summoned to the marriage-feast,
When faith in sight shall end.

346

Dundee.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Drawing near in faith.

FATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
My Saviour and my Head,
I trust in thee, whose powerful word
Hath raised him from the dead.

- 2 Thou know'st for my offence he died,
And rose again for me,
Fully and freely justified,
That I might live to thee.

- 3 Eternal life to all mankind
Thou hast in Jesus given;
And all who seek, in him shall find
The happiness of heaven.

- 4 In hope, against all human hope,
Self-desperate, I believe;
Thy quick'ning word shall raise me up,
Thou shalt thy Spirit give.

- 5 The thing surpasses all my thought,
But faithful is my Lord;
Through unbelief I stagger not,
For God hath spoke the word.

- 6 Faith, mighty faith the promise sees,
And looks to that alone,
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, "It shall be done!"

- 7 To thee the glory of thy power
And faithfulness I give;
I shall in Christ, at that glad hour,
And Christ in me, shall live.

- 8 Obedient faith, that waits on thee,
 Thou never wilt reprove;
 But thou wilt form thy Son in me,
 And perfect me in love.

347 Liberty. 6 8s. C. WESLEY.
Wrestling Jacob—I will not let thee go.

COME, O thou Traveler unknown,
 Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
 My company before is gone,
 And I am left alone with thee:
 With thee all night I mean to stay,
 And wrestle till the break of day.

- 2 I need not tell thee who I am;
 My sin and misery declare;
 Thyself hast call'd me by my name;
 Look on thy hands, and read it there:
 But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
 Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

- 3 In vain thou strugglest to get free;
 I never will unloose my hold:
 Art thou the man that died for me?
 The secret of thy love unfold:
 Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
 Till I thy name, thy nature know.

348 Liberty. 6 8s. C. WESLEY.
When I am weak, then am I strong.

WILT thou not yet to me reveal
 Thy new, unutterable name?
 Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
 To know it now resolved I am:
 Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
 Till I thy name, thy nature know.

- 2 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
 And murmur to contend so long?
 I rise superior to my pain:
 When I am weak, then I am strong!
 And when my all of strength shall fail,
 I shall with the God-man prevail.

349

Liberty.

6 8s.

C. WESLEY.

Victorious Prayer.

- YIELD to me now, for I am weak,
 But confident in self-despair;
 Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
 Be conquer'd by my instant prayer:
 Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
 And tell me if thy name be Love.
- 2 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! thou diedst for me;
 I hear thy whisper in my heart;
 The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
 Pure, universal Love thou art;
 To me, to all, thy bowels move,—
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.
- 3 My prayer hath power with God; the grace
 Unspeakable I now receive;
 Through faith I see thee face to face;
 I see thee face to face, and live:
 In vain I have not wept and strove;
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.
- 4 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,—
 Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend;
 Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
 But stay and love me to the end:
 Thy mercies never shall remove;
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

350

Liberty.

6 8s.

C. WESLEY.

Thy name is Love.

THE Sun of righteousness on me
Hath risen with healing in his wings:
Wither'd my nature's strength, from thee
My soul its life and succor brings:
My help is all laid up above;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

- 2 Contented now, upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On thee alone for strength depend:
Nor have I power from thee to move;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.
- 3 Lame as I am, I take the prey;
Hell, earth and sin, with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And, as a bounding hart, fly home,
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

351

Henry.

C. M.

NEEDHAM.

"Joy in heaven over one sinner," &c.

HOW divine, how sweet the joy
When but one sinner turns,
And, with an humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns.

- 2 Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.
- 3 Well pleased, the Father sees, and hears
The conscious sinner's moan;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.

- 4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
 But kindle with new fire;
 "The sinner lost is found!" they sing,
 And strike the sounding lyre.

352 Lanesville. L. M. WATTS.
The Prodigal made welcome.

WHO can describe the joys that rise
 Thro' all the courts of Paradise,
 To see a prodigal return,
 To see an heir of glory born?

- 2 With joy the Father doth approve
 The fruit of his eternal love;
 The Son with joy looks down and sees
 The purchase of his agonies.

- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view
 The holy soul he formed anew,
 And saints and angels join to sing
 The growing empire of their King.

353 Gerar. S. M. C. WESLEY.
Holy Desires.

JESUS, my strength, my hope,
 On thee I cast my care,
 With humble confidence look up,
 And know thou hear'st my prayer:
 Give me on thee to wait,
 Till I can all things do,
 On thee, almighty to create,
 Almighty to renew.

- 2 I want a sober mind,
 A self-renouncing will,
 That tramples down and casts behind
 The baits of pleasing ill;

A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

- 3 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly ;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

354

Martyrdom.

C. M.

WATTS.

Flying to Jesus.

- ALL glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise,
While angels live to know thy name,
Or men to feel thy grace.
- 2 With this cold, stony heart of mine,
Jesus, to thee I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by thee.
- 3 O may the uncorrupted seed
Abide and reign within,
And thy life-giving word forbid
My new-born soul to sin.
- 4 Father, I wait before thy throne,
Call me a child of thine ;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
To form my heart divine.
- 5 There shed thy promised love abroad,
And make my comfort strong ;
Then shall I say, " My Father, God,"
With an unwavering tongue.

355

Oxford.

S. M.

WATTS.

"We shall see him as he is."

BEHOLD, what wondrous grace
 The Father has bestowed
 On sinners of a mortal race,
 To call them sons of God!

- 2 'Tis no surprising thing
 That we should be unknown;
 The Jewish world knew not their King,
 God's well-beloved Son.
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear
 How great we must be made;
 But when we see our Saviour here,
 We shall be like our Head.
- 4 A hope so much divine
 May trials well endure,
 May purge our souls from sense and sin,
 As Christ, the Lord, is pure.
- 5 If in my Father's love
 I share a filial part,
 Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
 To rest upon my heart.
- 6 We would no longer lie
 Like slaves beneath thy throne;
 Our faith shall "Abba, Father," cry,
 And thou the kindred own.

356

Shirland.

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Entire Consecration.

MOST gracious God, reveal
 Thy will concerning me;
 Whate'er I do, whate'er I feel,
 Be sanctified to thee.

- 2 The counsels of thy love
Be on my heart impressed ;
It then shall at thy bidding move,
And at thy bidding rest.
- 3 While thou my Leader art,
And mak'st me thine abode,
I find the witness in my heart
That I am born of God.
- 4 Father, thy will be done,
To thee I all resign ;
The sole disposer of thy own,
Dispose of me and mine.
- 5 At thy command I go,
Or quietly attend,
Till all my care and toil below
In rest eternal end.

357 Magdala. S. M. LUTH. COL.
 Confidence in God.

MY Father ! cheering name !
O may I call thee mine !
Give me with humble hope to claim
A portion so divine.

- 2 This can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly ;
What real harm can reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye ?
- 3 Whate'er thy will denies,
I calmly would resign ;
For thou art just, and good, and wise ;
O bend my will to thine.
- 4 Whate'er thy will ordains,
O give me strength to bear ;
Still let me know a Father reigns,
And trust a Father's care.

- 5 If anguish rend this frame,
And life almost depart,
Is not thy mercy still the same,
To cheer my drooping heart?
- 6 Thy ways are little known
To my weak, erring sight;
Yet shall my soul, believing, own
That all thy ways are right.
- 7 My Father! blissful name!
Beyond expression dear,
If thou admit my humble claim,
I bid adieu to fear.

358

Gerar.

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Witness of the Spirit.

- H**OW can a sinner know
His sins on earth forgiven?
How can my gracious Saviour show
My name inscribed in heaven?
- 2 What we have felt and seen
With confidence we tell;
And publish to the sons of men
The signs infallible.
 - 3 We who in Christ believe,
That he for us hath died,
We all his unknown peace receive,
And feel his blood applied.
 - 4 Exults our rising soul,
Disburthened of her load,
And swells unutterably full
Of glory and of God.
 - 5 His love, surpassing far
The love of all beneath,
We find within our hearts, and dare
The pointless darts of death.

- 6 Stronger than death or hell
 The sacred power we prove ;
 And, conqu'rors of the world, we dwell
 In heaven, who dwell in love.

359

Wilmington. C. M.

NEWTON.

Old things passed away.

LET carnal minds the world pursue ;
 It hath no charms for me ;
 Once I admired its trifles too,
 But grace has set me free.

- 2 Its fading charms no longer please,
 No more content afford ;
 Far from my heart be joys like these,
 Now I have known the Lord.

- 3 As by the light of op'ning day
 The stars are all concealed,
 So earthly pleasures fade away,
 When Jesus is revealed.

- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
 I bid them all depart ;
 His name, and love, and gracious voice
 Have fixed my roving heart.

- 5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
 And wholly live to thee ;
 But may I hope that thou wilt own
 A worthless worm like me !

- 6 Yes, though of sinners I am worst,
 I cannot doubt thy will,
 For if thou hadst not loved me first,
 I had refused thee still !

360

Portugal.

L. M.

CENNICK.

The way to Heaven

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
 He whom I fixed my hopes upon;
 His track I see, and I'll pursue
 The narrow way till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
 The road that leads from banishment,
 The King's highway of holiness,
 I'll go—for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
 And mourned because I found it not;
 My grief a burden long has been,
 Because I was not saved from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
 I felt its weight and guilt the more—
 Till late I heard my Saviour say,
 "Come hither, soul, I am the way."

5 Lo, glad I come! and thou, blest Lamb,
 Shalt take me to thee, whose I am;
 Nothing but sin have I to give,
 Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round
 What a dear Saviour I have found;
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
 And say, "Behold the way to God."

361

Bentley.

8s & 7s.

WINGROVE.

Jesus precious.

HAIL, my ever-blessed Jesus,
 Only thee I wish to sing:
 To my soul thy name is precious,
 Thou my prophet, priest, and king.

- 2 Oh, what mercy flows from heav'n,
Oh, what joy and happiness!
Love I much? I've much forgiv'n—
I'm a miracle of grace.
- 3 Once, with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcern'd in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour pass'd that way.
- 4 Witness, all ye hosts of heav'n,
My Redeemer's tenderness!
Love I much? I've much forgiv'n—
I'm a miracle of grace.
- 5 Shout, ye bright angelic choir;
Praise the Lamb enthron'd above;
While, astonish'd, I admire
God's free grace and boundless love.
- 6 That blessed moment I received him
Filled my soul with joy and peace;
Love I much? I've much forgiv'n
I'm a miracle of grace.

362

Lanesville.

L. M.

MEDLEY.

The loving-kindness of the Lord.

A WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise:
He justly claims a song from me,—
His loving kindness, O how free!

- 2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,—
His loving-kindness, O how great!

- 3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose;
He safely leads my soul along,—
His loving-kindness, O how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,—
His loving-kindness, O how good!
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

363

Sessions.

L. M.

ANON.

Dependence on Christ.

- MY hope, my all, my Saviour thou,
To thee my soul I humbly bow,
I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,
I find thee, Saviour, in my heart.
- 2 Be thou my strength, be thou my way;
Protect me through my life's short day;
In all my acts by wisdom guide,
And keep me, Saviour, near thy side.
 - 3 Correct, reprove, and comfort me!
As I have need, my Saviour be;
And, if I would from thee depart,
Then clasp me, Saviour, to thy heart.

- 4 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
Save me from sin and Satan's power ;
Tear every idol from thy throne,
And reign, my Saviour, reign alone.
- 5 My suffering time shall soon be o'er,
Then shall I sigh and weep no more ;
My ransom'd soul shall soar away,
To sing thy praise in endless day.

364

Heber.

C. M.

NEWTON.

Amazing grace.

- A MAZING grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me !
I once was lost, but now am found—
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd ;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believ'd.
- 3 Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come ;
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 And when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil
A life of joy and peace.

365

Uxbridge.

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Prayer for the Spirit's influences.

- JESUS, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
On whom I cast my ev'ry care,
On whom for all things I depend,
Inspire and then accept my prayer.

- 2 If I have tasted of thy grace,
The grace that sure salvation brings,
If with me now thy Spirit stays,
And, hov'ring, hides me in his wings;—
- 3 Still let him with my weakness stay,
Nor for a moment's space depart;
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep till he renews my heart.
- 4 When to the right or left I stray,
His voice behind me may I hear,
“Return, and walk in Christ thy way,
Fly back to Christ, for sin is near.”
- 5 Jesus, I fain would walk in thee,
From nature's ev'ry path retreat:
Thou art my way, my leader be,
And set upon the rock my feet.
- 6 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall;
O reach to me thy gracious hand:
Only on thee for help I call;
Only by faith in thee I stand.

366

New Sabbath. L. M.

WATTS.

Happiness of the Saints.

- L**ORD, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.
- 2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades
Their nightly minutes gently move.
 - 3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away;
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evening's ray.

- 4 How oft they look to th' heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasures grow !
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturbed upon their brow.
- 5 They scorn to seek earth's golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight.

367 Shoel. L. M. DODDRIDGE.
The wise choice.

- O HAPPY day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God !
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 O happy bond that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love !
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am the Lord's, and he is mine ;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest ;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of every good possess'd.
- 5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow, renewed, shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

368 Heard. C. M. NEWTON.

The name of Jesus sweet.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name ! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place ;
My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus ! my shepherd, husband, friend,
My prophet, priest, and king,
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath :
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

369 Siloam. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

A Name above every name.

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear ;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven might hear.

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust!
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish
In thee most richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care!
- 5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last, lab'ring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

370

Zebulon.

4 6s & 2 8s.

C. WESLEY.

Christ our Sacrifice and Intercessor.

ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

- 2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me;
Forgive him, O forgive! they cry,
Nor let the ransomed sinner die.
- 4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.
- 5 My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.
-

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

371 Woodland. C. M. C. WESLEY.
 Rest from Sin.

- L ORD, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known,
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone.
- 2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above,
Where pride and unbelief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

- 4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The sabbath of thy love.
- 5 I would be thine, thou know'st I would,
And have thee all my own;
Thee, O my all-sufficient Good,
I want, and thee alone.
- 6 Thy name to me, thy nature grant—
This, only this be given;
Nothing beside my God I want,
Nothing in earth or heaven.

372

Hermon.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Entire Sanctification.

- MY God, I know, I feel thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all I have is lost in thine,
And all renewed I am.
- 2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
And will not let thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
And all thy goodness know.
 - 3 Jesus, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.
 - 4 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow.
 - 5 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume;
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come.

6 Refining fire, go through my heart,
 Illuminate my soul;
 Scatter thy light through every part,
 And sanctify the whole.

373

Martyrdom.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Prayer for Perfect Love.

O JESUS, at thy feet we wait,
 Till thou shalt bid us rise,
 Restored to our unsinning state,
 To love's sweet Paradise.

2 Saviour from sin, we thee receive;
 From all indwelling sin
 Thy blood, we steadfastly believe,
 Shall make us thoroughly clean.

3 Since thou wouldst have us free from sin,
 And pure as those above,
 Make haste to bring thy nature in,
 And perfect us in love.

4 The counsel of thy love fulfil,
 Come quickly, gracious Lord!
 Be it according to thy will,
 According to thy word.

5 O that the perfect grace were given,
 The love diffused abroad!
 O that our hearts were all a heaven,
 For ever filled with God!

374

Naomi.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The only Plea.

FOR ever here my rest shall be,
 Close to thy bleeding side;
 This all my hope and all my plea,
 "For me the Saviour died."

- 2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me and make me thus thine own !
Wash me, and mine thou art !
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart !
- 4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

375

Devises.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Inward Purity.

- JESUS, my life, thyself apply,
The Holy Spirit breathe;
My vile affections crucify,
Conform me to thy death.
- 2 Conqu'ror of hell, and earth, and sin,
Still with the rebel strive;
Enter my soul, and work within,
And kill, and make alive.
 - 3 More of thy life, and more, I have,
As the old Adam dies;
Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,
That I with thee may rise.
 - 4 Reign in me, Lord, thy foes control;
Who would not own thy sway?
Diffuse thine image through my soul,
Shine to the perfect day.
 - 5 Scatter the last remains of sin,
And seal me thine abode;
O make me glorious all within,
A temple, built by God !

376 Wareham. C. M. C. WESLEY.
 A Pledge of Liberty.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
 And ever prays for me;
 A token of his love he gives,
 A pledge of liberty.

2 I find him lifting up my head,
 He brings salvation near;
 His presence makes me free indeed,
 And he will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be,—
 What can withstand his will?
 The counsel of his grace in me
 He surely shall fulfil!

4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word;
 I steadfastly believe
 Thou wilt return and claim me, Lord,
 And to thyself receive.

5 When God is mine, and I am his,
 Of Paradise possessed,
 I taste unutterable bliss,
 And everlasting rest.

377 Piety. C. M. C. WESLEY.
 Longing for Purity.

JESUS hath died that I might live,
 Might live to God alone;
 In him eternal life receive,
 And be in spirit one.

2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
 The gift unspeakable,
 And wait with arms of faith t' embrace,
 And all thy love to feel.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

- 3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.
- 4 Give me thyself! from every boast,
From every wish set free;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
But give thyself to me!
- 5 Thy gifts, alas, cannot suffice,
Unless thyself be given;
Thy presence makes my Paradise,
And where thou art is heaven!

378

Balerna.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

For full Salvation.

- I ASK the gift of righteousness,
The sin-subduing power,
Power to believe, and go in peace,
And never grieve thee more.
- 2 I ask the blood-bought pardon sealed,
The liberty from sin,
The grace infused, the love revealed,
The kingdom fixed within.
- 3 Thou hear'st me for salvation pray,
Thou seest my heart's desire;
Made ready in thy powerful day,
Thy fullness I require.
- 4 My vehement soul cries out oppressed,
Impatient to be freed;
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,
Till I am saved indeed.
- 5 Art thou not able to convert,
Art thou not willing too,
To change this old rebellious heart,
To conquer and renew?

- 6 Thou canst, thou wilt, I dare believe ;
 So arm me with thy power,
 That I to sin shall never cleave,
 Shall never feel it more.

379

Antioch.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Joy in the prospect of Holiness.

O JOYFUL sound of gospel grace !
 Christ shall in me appear ;
 I, even I shall see his face,
 I shall be holy here.

- 2 The glorious crown of righteousness
 To me reached out I view ;
 Conqu'ror through him, I soon shall seize
 And wear it as my due.
- 3 The promised land from Pisgah's top
 I now exult to see ;
 My hope is full, O glorious hope !
 Of immortality.
- 4 He visits now the house of clay,
 He shakes his future home ;
 O wouldst thou, Lord, on this glad day,
 Into thy temple come !
- 5 With me, I know, I feel thou art ;
 But this cannot suffice,
 Unless thou plantest in my heart
 A constant Paradise.
- 6 Come, O my God, thyself reveal,
 Fill all this mighty void ;
 Thou only canst my spirit fill—
 Come, O my God, my God.

380

Gorham.

4 8s & 2 6s.

C. WESLEY.

Hope of Perfect Love.

O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love !
It lifts me up to things above,
It bears on eagles' wings ;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below :
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest :
There dwells the Lord, our righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace
And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up,
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess ;
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,
A howling wilderness.

381

Albion.

C. M.

ANON.

Nearness to God.

O COULD I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then should my hours glide sweet away,
While leaning on his word.

2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
 Anew from day to day;
 In joys the world can never give,
 And never take away.

3 Oh, Jesus, come and rule my heart,
 And make me wholly thine,
 That I may never more depart,
 Nor grieve thy love divine.

4 Thus till my last expiring breath
 Thy goodness I'll adore;
 And when my flesh dissolves in death,
 My soul shall love thee more.

382

Give.

C. M.

ANON.

"To whom shall we go?"

TO whom, my Saviour, shall I go,
 If I depart from thee?
 My guide through all this vale of woe,
 And more than all to me.

2 The world reject thy gentle reign,
 And pay thy death with scorn;
 Oh, they could plait thy crown again,
 And sharpen every thorn.

3 But I have felt thy dying love
 Breathe gently through my heart,
 To whisper hope of joys above,—
 And can we ever part?

4 Ah, no, with thee I'll walk below,
 My journey to the grave;
 To whom, my Saviour, shall I go,
 When only thou canst save?

383

Portland.

8 8s.

C. WESLEY.

Longing for still closer communion.

THOU Shepherd of Israel, and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine ;
I long to reside where thou art :
The pasture I languish to find,
Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy bosom reclined,
And screened from the heat of the day.

- 2 'Tis there, with the Lambs of thy flock,
There only I covet to rest ;
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast :
'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart,—
Concealed in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally held in thy heart.

384

Coronation.

C. M.

WATTS.

God's presence is light in darkness.

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

- 2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun ;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers—I am his !

- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conqueror through.

385

Lanesville.

L. M.

J. WESLEY.

Entire Consecration.

- COME, Saviour, Jesus, from above,
Assist me with thy heavenly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.
- 2 O let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free,
Which pants to have no other will,
But night and day to feast on thee.
- 3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue;
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glittering snares, adieu.
- 4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine,
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak
Of any other love but thine.
- 5 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it, thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.
- 6 Nothing on earth do I desire
But thy pure love within my breast;
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

386

Alway

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

The unspeakable love of Christ.

JESUS, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
O knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there.

2 O grant that nothing in my soul
 May dwell, but thy pure love alone!
 O may thy love possess me whole,
 My joy, my treasure, and my crown.

3 Unwearied, may I this pursue,
Dauntless to this high prize aspire ;
Hourly within my soul renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire.

4 Still let thy love point out my way ;
How wondrous things thy love has wrought!
Still lead me, lest I go astray ;
Direct my word, inspire my thought.

5 In suffering, be thy love my peace,
In weakness, be thy love my power,
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Receive me in the trying hour.

387

Ames.

L. M.

FRANCIS.

Happiness in the salvation of God.

INDULGENT God! to thee I raise
 My spirit fraught with joy and praise:
 Grateful I bow before thy throne,
 My debt of mercy there to own.

2 Rivers descending, Lord ! from thee,
Perpetual glide to solace me:
Their varied virtues to rehearse,
Demands an everlasting verse.

- 3 And yet there is, beyond the rest,
One stream—the widest and the best—
Salvation! Lo, the purple flood
Rolls rich with my Redeemer's blood.
- 4 I taste—delight succeeds to woe;
I bathe—no waters cleanse me so:
Such joy and purity to share,
I would remain enraptured there,
- 5 Till death shall give this soul to know
The fullness sought in vain below—
The fullness of that boundless sea
Whence flowed the river down to me.
- 6 My soul, with such a scene in view,
Bids mortal joys a glad adieu;
Nor dreads a few chastising woes
Sent with such love—so soon to close.

388

Chester.

C. M.

TOPLADY.

“The chiefest among ten thousand.”

- COMPARED with Christ, in all beside
No comeliness I see;
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with thee.
- 2 The sense of thy expiring love
Into my soul convey:
Thyself bestow! for thee alone,
My all in all, I pray.
 - 3 Less than thyself will not suffice,
My comfort to restore:
More than thyself I cannot crave;
And thou canst give no more.
 - 4 Whate'er consists not with thy love,
O teach me to resign:
I'm rich to all the intents of bliss,
If thou, O God, art mine.

389

Holman.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

"Lovest thou me?"

DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see,
And turn each worthless idol out
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure thrill
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

5 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame?

6 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord,
But, oh, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more,

390

Laban.

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Groaning for deliverance.

WHEN shall thy love constrain,
And force me to thy breast?
When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest?

2 Ah! what avail my strife,
My wand'ring to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life,
Ah! whither should I go?

3 Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move;
It calls me still to seek thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.

4 Lord, at thy feet I fall;
I groan to be set free;
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for thee.

391 Stonefield. L. M. WATTS.
Longings of a pious soul.

GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.

3 With fainting heart and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travelers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 Should I from thee, my God, remove,
Life could no lasting bliss afford;
My joy, the sense of pardoning love,
My guard, the presence of my Lord.

5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And fill the circle of my days.

392

McKendree. 8s & 7s.

ROBINSON.

Praise for Redeeming Grace.

SAVIOUR, source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace :
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise :
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above ;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of thy redeeming love !

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I've come ;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God ;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 Oh ! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be !
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love ;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

393

Ortonville.

C. M.

ANON.

Self-dedication.

WELCOME, O Saviour ! to my heart ;
Possess thine humble throne ;
Bid every rival hence depart,
And claim me for thine own.

- 2 The world and Satan I forsake,
 To thee I all resign;
 My longing heart, O Jesus! take,
 And fill with love divine.
- 3 Oh! may I never turn aside,
 Nor from thy bosom flee;
 Let nothing here my heart divide,—
 I give it all to thee.

394 Rest. L. M. Heginbotham.
Asking Divine Consolation.

- SWEET peace of conscience, heavenly guest!
 Come, fix thy mansion in my breast,
 Dispel my doubts, my fears control,
 And heal the anguish of my soul.
- 2 Come, smiling hope! and joy sincere!
 Come, make your constant dwelling here;
 Still let your presence cheer my heart,
 Nor sin compel you to depart.
- 3 Thou God of hope and peace divine!
 Oh! make these sacred pleasures mine;
 Forgive my sins, my fears remove,
 And send the tokens of thy love.
- 4 Then should mine eyes, without a tear,
 See death with all its terrors near,
 My heart should then in death rejoice,
 And raptures tune my faltering voice.

395 Ariel. 4 8s & 2 6s. J. WESLEY.
A Pilgrim and Sojourner here.

HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot!
 How free from every anxious thought,
 From worldly hope and fear!
 Confined to neither court nor cell,
 His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
 He only sojourns here.

- 2 This happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from low design,
From every creature love!
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lightened of its load,
And seeks the things above.
- 3 The things eternal I pursue,
A happiness beyond the view
Of those that basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.
- 4 There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come!

396

Fountain.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

A Perfect Heart.

- O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that always feels the blood
So freely spilt for me.
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

397 Olmutz. S. M. C. WESLEY.
Self-consecration.

L ORD, in the strength of grace,
 With a glad heart and free,
 Myself, my residue of days,
 I consecrate to thee.

- 2 Thy ransomed servant, I
 Restore to thee thine own;
 And from this moment live or die,
 To serve my God alone.

398 Woodstock. C. M. WATTS.
Love the chief.

H APPY the heart where graces reign,
 Where love inspires the breast;
 Love is the brightest of the train,
 And perfects all the rest.

- 2 Knowledge, alas, 'tis all in vain,
 And all in vain our fear;
 Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
 If love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
 In swift obedience move;
 The devils know, and tremble too,
 But Satan cannot love.
- 4 This is the grace that lives and sings
 When faith and hope shall cease;
 'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
 In the sweet realms of bliss.
- 5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
 Or leave this dark abode,
 The wings of love bear us away
 To see our gracious God.

399

Ames.

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Ezekiel xxxvi, 31, 32.

HOLY, and true, and righteous Lord,
 I wait to prove thy perfect will;
 Be mindful of thy gracious word,
 And stamp me with thy Spirit's seal.

- 2 Open my faith's interior eye,
 Display thy glory from above;
 And all I am shall sink and die,
 Lost in astonishment and love!
- 3 Confound, o'erpower me by thy grace,
 I would be by myself abhorr'd;
 All might, all majesty, all praise,
 All glory be to Christ my Lord!
- 4 Now let me gain perfection's height,
 Now let me into nothing fall;
 As less than nothing in thy sight,
 And feel that Christ is *all* in *all*!

400

Heber.

C. M.

SWAIN.

Confidence.

FIRMLY I stand on Zion's hill,
 And view my starry crown;
 No power on earth my hope can shake,
 Nor hell can pull me down.

- 2 The lofty hills and stately towers
 That lift their heads on high,
 Shall all be leveled in the dust—
 Their very names shall die.
- 3 The vaulted heavens shall melt away,
 Built by Jehovah's hands;
 But firmer than the heavens the Rock
 Of my salvation stands.

401 Hebron. L. M. C. WESLEY.
 “In all thy ways acknowledge Him.”

GOD of my life, whose gracious power
 Through various deaths my soul hath led,
 Or turned aside the fatal hour,
 Or lifted up my sinking head ;

2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
 Thy ruling providence I see ;
 Assist me still my course to run,
 And still direct my paths to thee.

3 Whither, O whither should I fly,
 But to my loving Saviour’s breast,
 Secure within thy arms to fly,
 And safe beneath thy wings to rest ?

4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
 But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art ;
 I ever into ruin run,
 But thou art greater than my heart.

5 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
 Lead me a way I have not known ;
 Bring me where I my heaven may find,
 The heaven of loving thee alone.

6 Enlarge my heart to make thee room,
 Enter and in me ever stay ;
 The crooked then shall straight become,
 The darkness shall be lost in day.

402 Hingham. L. M. BEDDOME.
 Conformity to Christ.

JESUS, my Saviour, let me be
 More perfectly conformed to thee ;
 Implant each grace, each sin dethrone,
 And form my temper like thine own.

- 2 My foe, when hungry, let me feed,
Share in his grief, supply his need;
The haughty frown may I not fear,
But with a lowly meekness bear.
- 3 Let the envenomed heart and tongue,
The hand outstretched to do me wrong,
Excite no feelings in my breast
But such as Jesus once expressed.
- 4 To others let me always give
What I from others would receive,
Good deeds for evil ones return,
Nor, when provoked, with anger burn.
- 5 This will proclaim how bright and fair
The precepts of the Gospel are;
And God himself, the God of love,
His own resemblance will approve.

403

Sessions.

L. M.

J. WESLEY.

Longing to be like Christ.

- THOU Lamb of God, thou Prince of peace,
For thee my thirsty soul doth pine;
My longing heart implores thy grace,
O make me in thy likeness shine!
- 2 With fraudless, even, humble mind,
Thy will in all things may I see;
In love be every wish resigned,
And hallowed my whole heart to thee.
 - 3 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast;
When grief my wounded soul assails,
In lowly meekness may I rest.
 - 4 Close by thy side still may I keep,
Howe'er life's various current flow;
With steadfast eye mark every step,
And follow thee where'er thou go.

- 5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won,
Alone thou hast the wine-press trod ;
In me thy strengthening grace be shown,
O may I conquer through thy blood.
- 6 So, when on Zion thou shalt stand,
And all heaven's host adore their King,
Shall I be found at thy right hand,
And, free from pain, thy glories sing.

404

Martyrdom.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The hope of our high calling.

WHAT is our calling's glorious hope,
But inward holiness ?
For this to Jesus I look up ;
I calmly wait for this.

- 2 I wait till he shall touch me clean,—
Shall life and power impart ;
Give me the faith that casts out sin,
And purifies the heart.
- 3 This is the dear redeeming grace,
For every sinner free ;
Surely it shall on me take place,
The chief of sinners,—me.
- 4 From all iniquity, from all,
He shall my soul redeem :
In Jesus I believe, and shall
Believe myself to him.
- 5 When Jesus makes my heart his home,
My sin shall all depart ;
And, lo ! he saith, I quickly come,
To fill and rule thy heart.
- 6 Be it according to thy word ;
Redeem me from all sin ;
My heart would now receive thee, Lord ;
Come in, my Lord, come in !

405

Welton.

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Claiming the Promise.

GOD of all power, and truth, and grace,
Which shall from age to age endure;
Whose word, when heaven and earth shall
pass,
Remains, and stands for ever sure :

2 That I thy mercy may proclaim,
That all mankind thy truth may see,
Hallow thy great and glorious name,
And perfect holiness in me.

3 Give me a new, a perfect heart,
From doubt, and fear, and sorrow free ;
The mind which was in Christ impart,
And let my spirit cleave to thee.

4 O that I now, from sin released,
Thy word may to the utmost prove ;
Enter into the promised rest,—
The Canaan of thy perfect love.

406

Love Divine. 8s & 7s.

C. WESLEY.

Perfect Love.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown ;
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art ;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive ;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave :

Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above,
 Pray and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy perfect love.

- 3 Finish then thy new creation,
 Pure and spotless let us be ;
 Let us see thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored in thee,—
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

407

Ozrem.

S. M.

KENT.

It shall be well with the righteous.

WHAT cheering words are these !
 Their sweetness who can tell ?
 In time and to eternity,
 'Tis with the righteous well.

- 2 In every state secure,
 Kept by Jehovah's eye ;
 'Tis well with them while life endures,
 And well when called to die.
- 3 'Tis well when joys arise ;
 'Tis well when sorrows flow ;
 'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
 And strong temptations blow.
- 4 'Tis well when at his throne
 They wrestle, weep, and pray,
 'Tis well when at his feet they groan,
 Though grieved at his delay.
- 5 'Tis well when Jesus calls,
 " From earth and sin arise,
 Join with the hosts of ransomed souls,
 Made to salvation wise."

408 Olivet. L. M. J. F. OBERLIN.
Christian Stability.

O LORD, thy heavenly grace impart,
 And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
 Henceforth my chief desire shall be
 To dedicate myself to thee.

2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
 One thought shall fill my soul with joy;
 That silent, secret thought shall be,
 That all my hopes are fixed on thee.

3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
 Thy presence, Lord, fills every place;
 And, wheresoe'er my lot may be,
 Still shall my spirit cleave to thee.

4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
 And safe beneath thy spreading wing,
 My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
 That all I want I find in thee.

409 Melbourn. C. M. C. WESLEY.
Soul and body dedicated to the Lord.

LET him to whom we now belong,
 His sov'reign right assert;
 And take up every thankful song,
 And every loving heart.

2 He justly claims us for his own,
 Who bought us with a price:
 The Christian lives to Christ alone;
 To Christ alone he dies.

3 Jesus, thine own at last receive;
 Fulfil our hearts' desire;
 And let us to thy glory live,
 And in thy cause expire.

- 4 Our souls and bodies we resign ;
 With joy we render thee
 Our all,—no longer ours, but thine
 To all eternity.

410

Aravesta.

7s.

C. WESLEY.

God's care for his people desired.

- GOD of love, that hear'st the prayer,
 Kindly for thy people care ;
 Who on thee alone depend,
 Love us, save us to the end.
- 2 Save us in the prosperous hour,
 From the flattering tempter's power,
 From his unsuspected wiles,
 From the world's pernicious smiles.
- 3 Cut off our dependence vain
 On the help of feeble man ;
 Every arm of flesh remove,
 Stay us on thy only love.
- 4 Men of worldly, low design,
 Let not these thy people join,
 Poison our simplicity,
 Drag us from our trust in thee.
- 5 Save us from the great and wise,
 Till they sink in their own eyes,
 Tamely to thy yoke submit,
 Lay their honor at thy feet.
- 6 Never let the world break in,
 Fix a mighty gulf between :
 Keep us little and unknown,
 Prized and loved by God alone.
- 7 Let us still to thee look up,
 Thee, thy Israel's strength and hope ;
 Nothing know or seek beside
 Jesus, and him crucified.

- 8 Far above all earthly things,
Look we down on earthly kings,
Taste our glorious liberty,
Find our happiness in thee.

411

Hendon.

7s.

WINDHAM.

Christ our all.

CHRIST, of all my hopes the ground—
Christ, the spring of all my joy!
Still in thee let me be found,
Still for thee my powers employ.

- 2 Let thy love my heart inflame;
Keep thy fear before my sight;
Be thy praise my highest aim;
Be thy smile my chief delight.
- 3 Fountain of o'erflowing grace!
Freely from thy fullness give:
Till I close my earthly race,
Be it "Christ for me to live!"
- 4 Firmly trusting in thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound,
Safely I shall pass the flood,
Safely reach Inmanuel's ground.
- 5 When I touch the blessed shore,
Back the closing waves shall roll;
Death's dark stream shall never more
Part from thee my ravished soul.
- 6 Thus, oh! thus an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it "Christ to live,"
Let me know it "gain to die."

412

Auburn.

8 8s.

NEWTON.

The presence of Jesus the joy of Saints.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours
 When Jesus no longer I see;
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers
 Have all lost their sweetness to me;
 The midsummer sun shines but dim,
 The fields strive in vain to look gay;
 But when I am happy in him,
 December's as pleasant as May.

- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,
 And sweeter than music his voice;
 His presence disperses my gloom,
 And makes all within me rejoice:
 I should, were he always thus nigh,
 Have nothing to wish or to fear;
 No mortal more happy than I,
 My summer would last all the year.
- 3 Content with beholding his face,
 My all to his pleasure resigned,
 No changes of season or place
 Would make any change in my mind.
 While blessed with a sense of his love,
 A palace a toy would appear;
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.
- 4 My Lord, if indeed I am thine,
 If thou art my sun and my song,
 Say, why do I languish and pine,
 And why are my winters so long?
 O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore!
 O take me unto thee on high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more!

413 Azmon. C. M. WATTS.
God my all-sufficient portion.

MY God, my portion, and my love,
 My everlasting all,
 I've none but thee in heaven above,
 Or on this earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the skies,
 And this inferior clod!
 There's nothing here deserves my joys,
 There's nothing like my God.

3 To thee I owe my wealth, and friends,
 And health, and safe abode;
 Thanks to thy name for meaner things:
 But they are not my God.

4 Were I possessor of the earth,
 And called the stars my own,
 Without thy graces and thyself,
 I were a wretch undone.

5 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
 And grasp in all the shore;
 Grant me the visits of thy grace,
 And I desire no more.

414 Benevento. 8 7s. TOPLADY.
Bliss to know Jesus.

OBJECT of my first desire,
 Jesus, crucified for me,
 All to happiness aspire,
 Only to be found in thee;
 Thee to praise, and thee to know,
 Constitute our bliss below;
 Thee to see, and thee to love,
 Constitute our bliss above.

- 2 Lord, it is not life to live,
 If thy presence thou deny ;
 Lord, if thou thy presence give,
 'Tis no longer death to die ;
 Source and Giver of repose,
 Singly from thy smile it flows ;
 Peace and happiness are thine ;
 Mine they are, if thou art mine.
- 3 Whilst I feel thy love to me,
 Every object teems with joy ;
 Here, O may I walk with thee,
 Then into thy presence die :
 Let me but thyself possess,
 Total sum of happiness,
 Real bliss I then shall prove,
 Heaven below and heaven above.

415

Meribah.

P. M.

C. WESLEY.

Spiritual wisdom.

BE it my only wisdom here
 To serve the Lord with filial fear,
 With loving gratitude :
 Superior sense may I display,
 By shunning every evil way,
 And walking in the good.

- 2 O may I still from sin depart ;
 A wise and understanding heart,
 Jesus, to me be given !
 And let me through thy Spirit know
 To glorify my God below,
 And find my way to heaven.

416

Oxford.

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

"The violent take it by force."

O MAY thy powerful word
 Inspire a feeble worm
 To rush into thy kingdom, Lord,
 And take it as by storm !

- 2 O may we all improve
 The grace already given,
 To seize the crown of perfect love,
 And scale the mount of heaven!

417

Retreat.

L. M.

ANON.

Religion.

- O COME, thou great and gracious power,
 Accept a home within my breast;
 My spirit cheer in every hour,
 In every season give me rest.
- 2 O teach me well to know my heart,
 My folly and my sin to see;
 On earth to bear a lowly part,
 And give myself, my all to thee.
- 3 Teach me to trust a Saviour's name,
 To feel a Saviour's dying love;
 To be redeemed—be that my fame,—
 My honors let me seek above.
- 4 When pleasure cheers and friendship smiles,
 And smoothly sweeps my bark along,
 Then save me from the tempter's wiles,
 Be thou my joy, be thou my song.
- 5 And when affliction's gloomy power
 Shall shroud my soul in sad dismay,
 Rise thou, a star to cheer that hour,
 And lead me through the darkened way.
- 6 Yea, at the last, when ghastly death
 This life's short brittle thread shall break,
 Do thou attend my latest breath,
 Thy Spirit clothe me when I wake.
- 7 And when around the judgment throne
 The myriads of the earth shall meet,
 O wilt thou then my spirit own,
 And fill me with thy bliss complete?

418

Oxford.

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Great Concern.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
 A God to glorify,
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky :
 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfil—
 O may it all my powers engage
 To do my Master's will.

- 2 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in thy sight to live,
 And, oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
 A strict account to give :
 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely,
 Assured, if I my trust betray,
 I shall for ever die.

419

Underwood.

S. M.

WATTS.

God all in all.

MY God, my life, my love,
 To thee, to thee I call ;
 I cannot live if thou remove,
 For thou art all in all.

- 2 Thy shining grace can cheer
 This dungeon where I dwell ;
 'Tis Paradise when thou art here,
 If thou depart, 'tis hell.
- 3 The smilings of thy face,
 How amiable they are !
 'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
 And no where else but there.
- 4 To thee, and thee alone,
 The angels owe their bliss ;
 They sit around thy gracious throne,
 And dwell where Jesus is.

- 5 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.
- 6 Nor earth nor all the sky
Can one delight afford,
No, not one drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.
- 7 Thou art the sea of love
Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.
- 8 To thee my spirits fly
With infinite desire ;
And yet how far from thee I lie !
Oh, Jesus, raise me higher !

420

Broomsgrove. C. M.

WATTS.

Almighty Friend.

- M**Y Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore ;
Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord,
That I may love thee more.
 - 3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in thy strength,
To see the Lord my God.
 - 4 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers,
With this delightful song,
And entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

421

St. Thomas. S. M. C. WESLEY.

A clean heart and a right spirit.

THE thing my God doth hate,
 That I no more may do :
 Thy creature, Lord, again create,
 And all my soul renew ;
 My soul shall then, like thine,
 Abhor the thing unclean,
 And, sanctified by love divine,
 For ever cease from sin.

2 That blessed law of thine,
 Jesus, to me impart,
 The Spirit's law of life divine,
 O write it on my heart ;
 Implant it deep within,
 Whence it may ne'er remove,
 The law of liberty from sin,
 The perfect law of love.

3 Thy nature be my law,
 Thy spotless sanctity ;
 And sweetly every moment draw
 My happy soul to thee ;
 Soul of my soul, remain !
 Who didst for all fulfil,
 In me, O Lord, fulfil again
 Thy heavenly Father's will.

422

Boylston. S. M. C. WESLEY.

The abiding Witness.

O COME, and dwell in me,
 Spirit of power within,
 And bring the glorious liberty
 From sorrow, fear, and sin.

2 Hasten the joyful day
 Which shall my sins consume,
 When old things shall be passed away,
 And all things new become.

DUTIES AND TRIALS.

- 3 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,
According to thy will and word,
Well-pleasing in thy sight.
- 4 I ask no higher state—
Indulge me but in this,
And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss.
-

DUTIES AND TRIALS.

423 Alfreton. L. M. J. WESLEY.
 Following the Saviour.

- O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free.
- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross;
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.
- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.
- 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
- 5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

- 6 If rough and thorny be the way,
 My strength proportion to my day;
 Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
 Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

424

Hotham.

8 7s.

C. WESLEY.

The only Refuge.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high;
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last.

- 2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me:
 All my trust on thee is stayed,
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness:
 False and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within:

Thou of life the Fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee ;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

425

Welton.

L. M.

KELLY.

"Hath God not chosen the poor?"

POOR and afflicted, Lord, are thine,
 Among the great unfit to shine ;
 But tho' the world may think it strange,
 They would not with the world exchange.

2 Poor and afflicted—'tis their lot,
 They know it, and they murmur not ;
 'Twould ill become them to refuse
 The state their Master deigned to choose.

3 Poor and afflicted—yet they sing,
 For Jesus is their glorious King ;
 Through sufferings perfect now he reigns,
 And shares in all their griefs and pains.

4 Poor and afflicted—but ere long
 They join the bright celestial throng ;
 Their sufferings then will reach a close,
 And heaven afford them sweet repose.

426

Effingham.

L. M.

FAWCETT.

Comfort in affliction.

AFFLICTED saint! to Christ draw near,
 Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear ;
 His faithful word declares to thee
 That "as thy day thy strength shall be."

2 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong ;
 And if the conflict should be long,
 Thy Lord will make the tempter flee,
 For "as thy day thy strength shall be."

- 3 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name ;
In fiery trials thou shalt see
That "as thy day thy strength shall be."
- 4 When called by him to bear the cross,
Reproach, affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress and poverty,
Still "as thy day thy strength shall be."
- 5 When death at length appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue,—
He comes to set thy spirit free ;
And "as thy day thy strength shall be."

427

Tenham.

10s, 5s & 11s.

C. WESLEY.

The Pilgrimage.

COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
With vigor arise,
And press to our permanent place in the skies ;
Of heavenly birth, tho' wand'ring on earth,
This is not our place,
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.

- 2 At Jesus's call we gave up our all,
And still we forego,
For Jesus's sake, our enjoyments below ;
No longing we find for the country behind,
But onward we move,
And still we are seeking a country above—
- 3 A country of joy without any alloy,
We thither repair :
Our hearts and our treasure already are there.
We march hand in hand to Immanuel's land ;
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth, for eternity's near.

- 4 The rougher our way, the shorter our stay;
 The tempests that rise
 Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies:
 The fiercer the blast, the sooner 'tis past;
 The troubles that come,
 Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

428

Oliphant. 8s, 7s & 1 4.

OLIVERS.

Divine Guidance.

- GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
 G Pilgrim through this barren land;
 I am weak—but thou art mighty,
 Hold me with thy powerful hand:
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
 Lead me all my journey through:
 Strong Deliverer,
 Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside,
 Bear me through the swelling current,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side;
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee.

429

Wilmot.

C. M.

ANON.

Grace proportioned to Trials.

- WAIT, my soul, upon the Lord,
 W To his gracious promise flee,
 Laying hold upon this word,
 "As thy days thy strength shall be."

2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace—
“As thy days thy strength shall be.”

3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou may'st see;
This is still my sweet relief—
“As thy days thy strength shall be.”

4 Rock of ages, I'm secure,
With thy promise, full and free,
Faithful, positive, and sure;
“As thy days thy strength shall be.”

430

Hinton.

11s.

KIRKHAM.

Fear not.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled?

2 “In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand, shall thy strength
ever be.

3 “Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to
stand,
Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.

4 “When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 "When thro' fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume, thy gold to refine.

6 "The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to
shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake."

431

Park street.

L. M.

WATTS.

Cheerful courage.

A WAKE, our souls! away, our fears!
Let every trembling thought be gone!
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a straight and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God
That feeds the strength of every saint.

3 O mighty God, thy matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the ever-flowing Spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and droop and die.

5 Swift as the eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire along the heavenly road.

432

Rothwell.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Rock and Refuge.

MY spirit looks to God alone,
 My rock and refuge is his throne;
 In all my fears, in all my straits,
 My soul on his salvation waits.

- 2 Courage, my soul! while God is near,
 What enemy hast thou to fear?
 How canst thou want a sure defence,
 Whose refuge is Omnipotence?
- 3 Though thickest dangers crowd my way,
 My God can chase my fears away:
 My steadfast heart on him relies,
 And all those dangers still defies.
- 4 Though billows after billows roll,
 To overwhelm my sinking soul,
 Firm as a rock my faith shall stand,
 Upheld by his almighty hand.
- 5 In life, his presence is my aid;
 In death, 'twill guide me through the shade;
 Chase all my rising fears away,
 And turn my darkness into day.

433

Wesley.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Christian Integrity.

BLEST men, who stretch their willing hands
 Submissive to their Lord's commands,
 And yield their liberty and breath
 To him that loved their souls in death.

- 2 Lead me to suffer and to die;
 If thou, my gracious Lord, art nigh,
 One smile from thee my heart shall fire,
 And teach me, smiling, to expire.

- 3 If nature at the trial shake,
And from the cross or flames draw back,
Grace can its feeble courage raise,
And turn its trembling into praise.
- 4 While scarce I dare, with Peter, say,
"I'll boldly tread the bleeding way,"
Yet in thy steps, like John, I'd move
With humble hope and silent love.

434

Russia.

L. M.

WATTS.

God is our Refuge and Strength.

- GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love, and joy still gliding through
And watering our divine abode.
- 5 This sacred stream, thy vital word,
Thus all our raging fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against the threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his faithfulness and power.

435 Gardner. S. M. C. WESLEY.
 The whole armor of God.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
 And put your armor on,
 Strong in the strength which God supplies
 Through his beloved Son ;
 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
 And in his mighty power,
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
 Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand then in his great might,
 With all his strength endued ;
 But take, to arm you for the fight,
 The panoply of God :
 That having all things done,
 And all your conflicts past,
 Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
 And stand entire at last.

3 Leave no unguarded place,—
 No weakness of the soul ;
 Take every virtue, every grace,
 And fortify the whole :
 Indissolubly joined,
 To battle all proceed ;
 But arm yourselves with all the mind
 That was in Christ your Head.

436 Franklin Square. S. M. HEATH.
 Perseverance.

MY soul, be on thy guard ;
 Ten thousand foes arise ;
 The hosts of sin are pressing hard
 To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray ;
 The battle ne'er give o'er ;
 Renew it boldly every day,
 And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down :
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God ;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

437

Sure Retreat. L. M.

STOWELL.

The Mercy-seat.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,—
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads ;
A place than all besides more sweet,—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend :
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah ! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed ?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat ?

5 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more ;
And heaven comes down, our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

438 Fenburn. S. M. C. WESLEY.
Evening: Commending the soul to God.

THOU seest my feebleness,
 Jesus, be thou my power,—
 My help and refuge in distress,
 My fortress and my tower.

2 Give me to trust in thee;
 Be thou my sure abode:
 My horn, and rock, and buckler be,
 My Saviour and my God.

3 Myself I cannot save,
 Myself I cannot keep,—
 But strength in thee I surely have,
 Whose eyelids never sleep.

4 My soul to thee alone
 Now therefore I commend:
 Thou, Jesus, love me as thine own,
 And love me to the end.

439 Swanwick. C. M. COWPER.
Prayer for Resignation.

O LORD, my best desires fulfil,
 And help me to resign
 Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
 And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
 Whose love forbids my fears,
 Or tremble at the gracious hand
 That wipes away my tears?

3 No, let me rather freely yield
 What most I prize to thee,
 Who never hast a good withheld,
 Or wilt withhold from me.

- 4 Thy favor all my journey through
 Thou art engaged to grant ;
 What else I want, or think I do,
 'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way—
 Shall I resist them both ?
 A poor blind creature of a day,
 And crushed before the moth ?
- 6 But, ah, my inmost spirit cries,
 Still bind me to thy sway,
 Else the next cloud that veils my skies
 Drives all these thoughts away.

440

Arundel.

C. M.

GREEN.

"It is the Lord."

- IT is the Lord, enthroned in light,
 Whose claims are all divine,
 Who has an undisputed right
 To govern me and mine.
- 2 It is the Lord—should I distrust,
 Or contradict his will,
 Who cannot do but what is just,
 And must be righteous still ?
- 3 It is the Lord—who gives me all
 My wealth, my friends, my ease ;
 And of his bounties may recall
 Whatever part he please.
- 4 It is the Lord—who can sustain
 Beneath the heaviest load,
 From whom assistance I obtain
 To tread the thorny road.
- 5 It is the Lord—whose matchless skill
 Can from afflictions raise
 Blessings, eternity to fill
 With ever-growing praise.

- 6 Can I, with hopes so firmly built,
Be sullen, or repine ?
No, gracious God—take what thou wilt,
To thee I all resign.

441

Northfield.

C. M.

ANON.

“Our life is hid with Christ in God.”

- **R**EJOICE, believer in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own ;
The hope that's built upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown.
- 2 Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or fainting, shall not die !
Jesus, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.
- 4 Though now unseen by outward sense,
Faith sees him always near,
A guide, a glory, a defence ;
Then what have you to fear ?
- 5 As surely as he overcame,
And triumphed once for you ;
So surely you that love his name
Shall triumph in him too.

442

Peace.

S. M.

ANON.

“My times are in thy hand.”

MY times are in thy hand,—
O God, I wish them there ;
My life, my soul, my friends, I leave
Entirely to thy care.

- 2 My times are in thy hand,
 Whatever they may be,
 Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
 As best may seem to thee.
- 3 My times are in thy hand,
 Why should I doubt or fear?
 My Father's hand will never cause
 His child a needless tear.
- 4 My times are in thy hand,
 Jesus the crucified;
 The hand our many sins have pierced
 Is now my guard and guide.
- 5 My times are in thy hand,—
 I'll always trust in thee,
 Till I have left this weary land,
 And all thy glory see.

443

Martyrdom.

C. M.

STEELE.

Watchfulness and Prayer.

- A**LAS! what hourly dangers rise,
 What snares beset my way!
 To heaven, Oh! let me lift mine eyes,
 And hourly watch and pray.
- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
 And melt in flowing tears!
 I strive against my foes in vain,—
 I sink amid my fears.
- 3 O Lord! increase my faith and hope,
 When foes and fears prevail;
 And bear my fainting spirit up,
 Or soon my strength will fail.
- 4 Oh! keep me in thy heavenly way,
 And bid the tempter flee;
 And never, never let me stray
 From happiness and thee.

444

Hingham.

L. M.

GRIGG.

Not ashamed of Jesus.

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man ashamed of thee !
 Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine through endless days.

- 2 Ashamed of Jesus !—that dear Friend
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend ;
 No !—when I blush, be this my shame,—
 That I no more revere his Name.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus !—yes, I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away ;
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
 Till then, I boast a Saviour slain ;
 And O, may this my glory be,—
 That Christ is not ashamed of me.

445

Bancoke.

S. M.

WATTS.

Security and comfort in God.

WHEN, overwhelm'd with grief,
 My heart within me dies,
 Helpless, and far from all relief,
 To heav'n I lift mine eyes.

- 2 O lead me to the Rock
 That's high above my head,
 And make the covert of thy wings
 My shelter and my shade.
- 3 Within thy presence, Lord,
 For ever I'll abide ;
 Thou art the tower of my defence,
 The refuge where I hide.

- 4 Thou givest me the lot
 Of those that fear thy name;
 If endless life be their reward,
 I shall possess the same.

446

Disciple.

8s & 7s.

GRANT.

Taking up the Cross.

- JESUS, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave, and follow thee;
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
 Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
 Perish, every fond ambition,
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
 Yet how rich is my condition,
 God and heaven are still my own!
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me;
 They have left my Saviour too:
 Human hearts and looks deceive me—
 Thou art not, like them, untrue;
 And while thou shalt smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love, and might,
 Foes may hate, and friends disown me;
 Show thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;
 Come, disaster, scorn, and pain:
 In thy service pain is pleasure;
 With thy favor loss is gain.
 I have call'd thee Abba, Father,—
 I have set my heart on thee;
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
 All must work for good to me.
- 4 Man may trouble and distress me—
 'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
 Life with trials hard may press me,—
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.

- O! 'tis not in grief to harm me
 While thy love is left to me;
 O! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmixed with thee!
- 5 Soul, then know thy full salvation,
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
 Joy to find in every station
 Something still to do or bear.
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee!
 Think what Father's smiles are thine!
 Think that Jesus died to win thee!
 Child of heaven, canst thou repine?
- 6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer;
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

447

Naomi.

C. M.

STEELE.

A refuge from the storm.

- DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
 On thee, when sorrows rise,
 On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
 My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
 For thou alone canst heal;
 Thy word can bring a sweet relief
 For every pain I feel.
- 3 But O! when gloomy doubts prevail,
 I fear to call thee mine;
 The springs of comfort seem to fail,
 And all my hopes decline.

- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
 Thou art my only trust;
 And still my soul would cleave to thee,
 Though prostrate in the dust.

448 Henry. C. M. BATHURST.

For victorious faith.

- 0 FOR a faith that will not shrink,
 Though press'd by every foe,
 That will not tremble on the brink
 Of any earthly woe;—
- 2 That will not murmur or complain
 Beneath the chast'ning rod,
 But, in the hour of grief or pain,
 Will lean upon its God;—
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
 When tempests rage without;
 That when in danger knows no fear,
 In darkness feels no doubt;—
- 4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
 Nor heeds its scornful smile;
 That seas of trouble cannot drown,
 Or Satan's arts beguile;—
- 5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
 Till life's last hour is fled,
 And with a pure and heavenly ray
 Illumes a dying bed.
- 6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
 And then, whate'er may come,
 We'll taste, e'en here, the hallow'd bliss
 Of an eternal home.

449

Unam.

8s, 7s & 4.

FAWCETT.

Hope encouraged.

O MY soul! what means this sadness?
 Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
 Let thy grief be turned to gladness;
 Bid thy restless fear begone;
 Look to Jesus,
 And rejoice in his dear name.

2 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
 Though thy heart is stained with sin,
 Jesus lives, he'll ne'er forget thee,
 He will make thee pure within;
 He is faithful
 To perform his gracious word.

3 Though distresses now attend thee,
 And thou tread'st the thorny road,
 His right hand shall still defend thee;
 Soon he'll bring thee home to God;
 Thou shalt praise him,—
 Praise the great Redeemer's name.

4 O that I could now adore him,
 Like the heavenly host above,
 Who for ever bow before him,
 And unceasing sing his love!
 Happy spirits!
 When shall I your chorus join?

450

Alma.

8s & 7s. MRS. E. C. JUDSON

Resignation.

STRICKEN, smitten, and afflicted,
 Saviour, to thy cross I cling;
 Thou hast every blow directed,
 Thou alone canst healing bring.

- 2 Try me till no dross remaineth,
And whate'er the trial be,
While thy gentle arm sustaineth,
Closer will I cling to thee.
- 3 Cheerfully the stern rod kissing,
I will hush each murmuring cry;
Every doubt and fear dismissing,
Passive in thine arms will lie.
- 4 And when through deep seas of sorrow
I have gained the heavenly shore,
Bliss from every wave I'll borrow,
And for each will love thee more.

451

Lanesboro'.

C. M.

MRS. COOPER.

Contentment.

- MY span of life will soon be done,
The passing moments say;
As length'ning shadows o'er the mead
Proclaim the close of day.
- 2 O that my heart might dwell aloof
From all created things,
And learn that wisdom from above,
Whence true contentment springs!
- 3 Courage, my soul! thy bitter cross,
In every trial here,
Shall bear thee to thy heaven above,
But shall not enter there.
- 4 The sighing ones that humbly seek
In sorrowing paths below,
Shall in eternity rejoice,
Where endless comforts flow.
- 5 Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er
Of sublunary care,
And life's dull vanities no more
This anxious breast ensnare.

- 6 Courage, my soul, on God rely,
 Deliv'rance soon will come ;
 A thousand ways has Providence
 To bring believers home.

452

Wilmington. C. M.

WATTS.

Courage.

- A M I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb,
 And shall I fear to own his cause,
 Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
 On flowery beds of ease,
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sail'd through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
 Must I not stem the flood?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign ;
 Increase my courage, Lord ;
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
 Shall conquer, though they die ;
 They see the triumph from afar,
 By faith they bring it nigh.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thy armies shine
 In robes of victory through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.

453

Heard.

C. M.

ANON.

The Cross and the Crown.

MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
 And all the world go free?
 No; there's a cross for every one,
 And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
 Who once went sorrowing here!
 But now they taste unmingled love,
 And joy without a fear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
 Till death shall set me free;
 And then go home my crown to wear;
 For there's a crown for me.

454

Gorham.

4 8s & 2 6s.

C. WESLEY.

Comfort one another.

COME on, my partners in distress,
 My comrades through the wilderness,
 Who still your bodies feel;
 Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
 And look beyond this vale of tears
 To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space
 Look forward to that heavenly place,
 The saint's secure abode;
 On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,
 And force your passage to the skies,
 And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
 We shall before his face appear,
 And by his side sit down;
 To patient faith the prize is sure,
 And all that to the end endure
 The cross, shall wear the crown.

- 4 Thrice-blessed bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up,
It brings to life the dead:
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last
Triumphant with our Head.
- 5 That great mysterious Deity
We soon with open face shall see;
The beatific sight
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

455

Alway.

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

"Although the fig tree shall not blossom."

- A WAY, my unbelieving fear!
Fear shall in me no more have place;
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face:
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no,
I never will give up my shield.
- 2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The withering fig trees droop and die,
The fields elude the tiller's toil,
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race,
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.
- 3 Barren although my soul remain,
And not one bud of grace appear,
No fruit of all my toil and pain,
But sin and only sin is here;—

Although my gifts and comforts lost,
My blooming hopes cut off, I see,
Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
And glory that he died for me.

- 4 In hope believing against hope,
Jesus, my Lord, my God, I claim;
Jesus, my strength, shall lift me up,
Salvation is in Jesus' name;
To me he soon shall bring it nigh,
My soul shall then outstrip the wind:
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.

456

Lyons.

P. M.

NEWTON.

"I have put my trust in the Lord God."

BE-GONE, unbelief!
My Saviour is near;
And for my relief
Will surely appear:
By prayer let me wrestle,
And he will perform;
With Christ in the vessel,
I smile at the storm.

- 2 Determin'd to save,
He watch'd o'er my path,
When, Satan's blind slave,
I sported with death:
And can he have taught me
To trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me
To put me to shame?

- 3 Why should I complain
Of want or distress,
Temptation or pain?
He told me no less:

The heirs of salvation,
I know from his word,
Through much tribulation,
Must follow their Lord.

4 Though dark be my way,
Since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey,
'Tis his to provide:
His way was much rougher,
And darker than mine;
Did Jesus thus suffer,
And shall I repine?

5 His love in time past,
Forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink:
Though painful at present,
'Twill cease before long,
And then, O how pleasant
The conqueror's song!

457

St. Martin's.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The race set before us.

A WAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
A bright, immortal crown.

2 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

- 4 Blest Saviour! introduced by thee,
Have we our race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
We'll lay our laurels down.

458 Tice. S. M. ANON.
"Be thou faithful unto death."

OUR Captain leads us on,
He beckons from the skies;
He reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize.

- 2 "Be faithful unto death,
Partake my victory,
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
And thou shalt reign with me."

- 3 'Tis thus the righteous Lord
To every soldier saith:
Eternal life is the reward
Of all victorious faith.

- 4 Who conquer in his might
The victor's meed receive;
They claim a kingdom in his right,
Which God shall freely give.

459 Lanesville. L. M. ANON.
The Christian Soldier.

STAND up, my soul! shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus thy great Captain's gone.

- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

- 3 Then, let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.
 - 4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.
-

UNFAITHFULNESS MOURNED.

460 Balerna. C. M. COWPER.
 A closer walk.

- O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I sought the Lord?
Where is that soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame;
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

461 Orford. L. M. KELLY.
The loss of first love mourned.

- O WHERE is now that glowing love
 That marked our union with the Lord?
 Our hearts were fixed on things above,
 Nor could the world a joy afford.
- 2 Where is the zeal that led us then
 To make our Saviour's glory known,
 That freed us from the fear of men,
 And kept our eye on him alone?
- 3 Where are the happy seasons spent
 In fellowship with him we loved,
 The sacred joy, the sweet content,
 The blessedness that then we proved?
- 4 Behold, again we turn to thee,
 O cast us not away, though vile;
 No peace we have, no joy we see,
 O Lord, our God, but in thy smile.

462 Rothwell. L. M. KELLY.
A call to arms.

- O ISRAEL, to thy tents repair,—
 Why thus secure on hostile ground?
 Thy Lord commands thee to beware,
 For many foes thy camp surround.
- 2 The trumpet gives a martial strain,
 O Israel, gird thee for the fight;
 Arise, the combat to maintain,
 Arise, and put thy foes to flight.

- 3 O sleep not thou, as others do—
Awake, be vigilant, be brave;
The coward and the sluggard too
Must wear the fetters of the slave.
- 4 A nobler lot is cast for thee,
A crown awaits thee in the skies;
With such a hope, shall Israel flee,
And yield, through weariness, the prize?
- 5 No—let a careless world repose
And slumber on through life's short day,
While Israel to the conflict goes,
And bears the glorious prize away.

463

Sessions.

L. M.

ANON.

Declension mourned.

- L**ORD, in these dark and dismal days,
We mourn the hidings of thy face;
Proud enemies our path surround,
To level Zion with the ground.
- 2 Her sons, her worship, they deride,
And hiss thy word with tongues of pride,
And cry, to mock our humble prayer,
“Where is your God, ye Christians, where?”
 - 3 Errors, and sins, and follies grow,
Thy saints bow down in deepest woe;
Their love decays, their zeal is o’er,
And thousands walk with Christ no more.
 - 4 To happier days our bosoms turn,
Those days but teach us how to mourn;
The God who bade his mercy flow,
In wrath withdraws his blessings now.
 - 5 The blessings from thy truth withdrawn,
Its quickening, saving influence gone,
Unwarned, unwakened sinners hear
Nor see their awful danger near.

- 6 Yet still thy name is ever blest,
On thee our hope shall safely rest;
Zion her Saviour soon shall see,
Arrayed to set her Israel free.
- 7 Then shall thy saints exult and sing
The matchless glories of their King,
Nations before his altar bend,
And peace from realm to realm extend.

464

Heber.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The backslider restored.

- O WHY did I my Saviour leave,
So soon unfaithful prove?
How could I thy good Spirit grieve,
And sin against thy love?
- 2 I forced thee first to disappear,
I turned thy face aside;
Ah, Lord! if thou hadst still been here,
Thy servant had not died.
- 3 But, O, how soon thy wrath is o'er,
And pardoning love takes place!
Assist me, Saviour, to adore
The riches of thy grace!
- 4 O could I lose myself in thee,
Thy depth of mercy prove,
Thou vast, unfathomable Sea
Of unexhausted love!
- 5 My humble soul, when thou art near,
In dust and ashes lies;
How shall a sinful worm appear,
Or meet thy purer eyes?
- 6 I loathe myself when God I see,
And into nothing fall;
Content if thou exalted be,
And Christ be all in all.

465

Cambridge. C. M.

WATTS.

Lamenting spiritual sloth.

MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
 Awake, my sluggish soul:
 Nothing hath half thy work to do,
 Yet nothing's half so dull.

- 2 Go to the ants! for one poor grain
 See how they toil and strive;
 Yet we who have a heaven t' obtain,
 How negligent we live!—
- 3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
 And stars their courses move;
 We, for whose guard the angel bands
 Come flying from above:—
- 4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
 And labored for our good;
 How careless to secure that crown
 He purchased with his blood.
- 5 Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,
 And never act our parts?
 Come, holy Dove, from the heavenly hill,
 And warm our frozen hearts!
- 6 Give us with active warmth to move,
 With vigorous souls to rise;
 With hands of faith, and wings of love,
 To fly and take the prize.

466

Howard.

C. M.

ANON.

Prayer for renewal by the Holy Spirit.

MY hope, my portion, and my God,
 How little art thou known
 By all the judgments of thy rod,
 And blessings of thy throne!

UNFAITHFULNESS MOURNED.

- 2 How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!
- 3 Great God! thy gracious aid impart,
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
That I may learn thy grace.
- 4 Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

467 Give. C. M. C. WESLEY.
The vanity of mere formality.

- LONG have I seemed to serve thee, Lord,
With unavailing pain;
Fasted, and prayed, and read thy word,
And heard it preached in vain.
- 2 Oft did I with the assembly join,
And near thy altar drew;
A form of godliness was mine,—
The power I never knew.
- 3 I rested in the outward law,
Nor knew its deep design;
The length and breadth I never saw,
And height, of love divine.
- 4 To please thee, thus at length I see,
Vainly I hoped and strove;
For what are outward things to thee,
Unless they spring from love?
- 5 I see the perfect law requires
Truth in the inward parts;
Our full consent, our whole desires,
Our undivided hearts.

6 But I of means have made my boast;
Of means an idol made;
The spirit in the letter lost,—
The substance in the shade.

7 Where am I now, or what my hope?
What can my weakness do?
Jesus, to thee my soul looks up;
'Tis thou must make it new.

468 Edinboro'. S. M C. WESLEY.
 The warning voice of Jesus.

GRACIOUS Redeemer, shake
G This slumber from my soul!
Say to me now, Awake, awake!
And Christ shall make thee whole.

2 Lay to thy mighty hand;
Alarm me in this hour;
And make me fully understand
The thunder of thy power.

3 Give me on thee to call,
Always to watch and pray,
Lest I into temptation fall,
And cast my shield away.

4 For each assault prepared
And ready may I be;
For ever standing on my guard,
And looking up to thee.

5 O do thou always warn
My soul of evil near;
When to the right or left I turn
Thy voice still let me hear,—

6 Come back! this is the way;
Come back, and walk therein!
O may I hearken and obey,
And shun the paths of sin.

469

Albion.

C. M.

NEWTON.

Mourning departed joys.

SWEET was the time when first I felt
 The Saviour's pardoning blood
 Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
 And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
 His praises tuned my tongue;
 And when the evening shades prevailed,
 His love was all my song.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
 And saw his glory shine;
 And when I read his holy word,
 I called each promise mine.

4 But now, when evening shade prevails,
 My soul in darkness mourns,
 And when the morn the light reveals,
 No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail;
 O make my soul thy care;
 I know thy mercy cannot fail;
 Let me that mercy share.

470

Barby.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Mourning under darkness

O THAT I were as heretofore,
 When warm in my first love:
 I only lived my God t' adore,
 And seek the things above!

2 Upon my head his candle shone,
 And, lavish of his grace,
 With cords of love he drew me on,
 And half unveiled his face.

- 3 Far, far above all earthly things,
Triumphantly I rode;
I soared to heaven on eagles' wings,
And found and talked with God.
- 4 Where am I now, from what a height
Of happiness cast down;
The glory swallowed up in night,
And faded is the crown.
- 5 O God, thou art my home, my rest,
For which I sigh in pain!
How shall I 'scape into thy breast,
My Eden, how regain!

471 Margate. S. M. C. WESLEY.
 Steadfast reliance upon the promises.

- A WAY, my needless fears,
And doubts, no longer mine;
A ray of heavenly light appears,
A messenger divine.
- 2 Thrice comfortable hope,
That calms my troubled breast;
My Father's hand prepares the cup,
And what he wills is best.
 - 3 If what I wish is good,
And suits the will divine,
By earth and hell in vain withstood,
I know it shall be mine.
 - 4 Still let them counsel take
To frustrate his decree;
They cannot keep a blessing back,
By heaven designed for me.
 - 5 Here then I doubt no more,
But in his pleasure rest;
Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and power,
Engage to make me blest.

472 Arlington. C. M. SWAIN.
 The complaint under darkness.

REJOICE in God, the word commands,
 And fain would I obey;
 Yet still my spirit, lingering, stands,
 While doubts impede my way.

2 How can my soul exult for joy,
 Which feels this load of sin?
 And how can praise my tongue employ,
 While darkness reigns within?

3 If falling tears and rising sighs
 In triumph share a part,
 Then, Lord, behold these streaming eyes,
 And search this bleeding heart!

4 The power, the sweetness of thy voice,
 Alone my heart can move;
 Make me in Christ my Lord rejoice,
 And melt my soul to love.

473 Wilmington. C. M. STEELE.
 Pardoning Love.

HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
 Has wandered from the Lord;
 How oft my roving thoughts depart,
 Forgetful of his word!

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return;"
 Dear Lord, and may I come?
 My vile ingratitude I mourn;
 O take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
 And bid my crimes remove?
 And shall a pardoned rebel live,
 To speak thy wondrous love?

- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.
- 5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

474 Oxford. S. M. NEWTON.
Rejoicing in Christ's restoring love.

- O SPEAK that word again,
It cheers my drooping heart;
How sweetly doth it soothe my pain,
And bid my fears depart!
- 2 And dost thou deign to own
A worm so vile as I?
And may I still approach thy throne,
And Abba, Father, cry?
- 3 My Saviour, by his word,
Hath turned my night to day,
And all those heavenly joys restored
Which I had sinned away.
- 4 I wonder and adore;
The grace is all divine:
Lord, keep me, that I sin no more
Against such love as thine.

475 Vesper. C. M. WATTS.
Grateful acknowledgment.

- I LOVE the Lord: he heard my cries,
And pitied every groan;
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.

- 2 I love the Lord : he bowed his ear,
 And chased my grief away ;
 O let my heart no more despair,
 While I have breath to pray.
- 3 The Lord beheld me sore distressed ;
 He bade my pains remove ;
 Return, my soul, to God thy rest,
 For thou hast known his love.

476 Duke street. L. M. COWPER.
Return of Joy.

- WHEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,
 And smiling day once more appears,
 Then, my Redeemer ! then I find
 The folly of my doubts and fears.
- 2 I chide my unbelieving heart ;
 And blush that I should ever be
 Thus prone to act so base a part,
 Or harbor one hard thought of thee !
- 3 O let me then at length be taught,
 What I am still so slow to learn,
 That God is love, and changes not,
 Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat !
 But when my faith is sharply tried,
 I find myself a learner yet,—
 Unskillful, weak, and apt to slide.
- 5 But, O, my Lord, one look from thee
 Subdues the disobedient will ;
 Drives doubt and discontent away,
 And thy rebellious child is still.
- 6 Thou art as ready to forgive
 As I am ready to repine ;
 Thou, therefore, all the praise receive ;
 Be shame, and self-abhorrence, mine.

477 Ames. L. M. MONTGOMERY.
 God, my glory and my shield.

THE tempter to my soul hath said,
 There is no help in God for thee;
 Lord, lift thou up thy servant's head:
 My glory, shield, and solace be.

2 Thus to the Lord I raised my cry;
 He heard me from his holy hill;
 At his command the waves rolled by;
 He beckoned, and the winds were still.

3 I laid me down and slept,—I woke;
 Thou, Lord, my spirit didst sustain;
 Bright from the east the morning broke,—
 Thy comforts rose on me again.

4 I will not fear, though armed throngs
 Surround my steps in all their wrath;
 Salvation to the Lord belongs;
 His presence guards his people's path.

478 Edgeware. C. M. C. WESLEY.
 Longing to be filled with the life of love.

JESUS, the all-restoring Word,
 My fallen spirit's hope,
 After thy loving likeness, Lord,
 Ah, when shall I wake up?

2 Thou, O my God, thou only art
 The life, the truth, the way;
 Quicken my soul, instruct my heart,
 My sinking footsteps stay.

3 Of all thou hast in earth below,
 In heaven above, to give,
 Give me thy only love to know,
 In thee to walk and live.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 4 Fill me with all the life of love ;
 In mystic union join
 Me to thyself, and let me prove
 The fellowship divine.
- 5 Open the intercourse between
 My longing soul and thee,
 Never to be broke off again
 To all eternity.
-

XII. MEANS OF GRACE.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

479 Old Hundred L. M. WATTS.
 God the Sovereign.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy :
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
 He can create, and he destroy.

- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And when, like wand'ring sheep we strayed,
 He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people—we his care—
 Our souls and all our mortal frame :
What lasting honors shall we rear,
 Almighty Maker, to thy name ?
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

- 5 Wide as the world is thy command ;
 Vast as eternity thy love ;
 Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

480 Antioch. C. M. C. WESLEY.
Praise for Redemption.

- O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
 My great Redeemer's praise,
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of his grace !
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
 Assist me to proclaim,
 To spread through all the earth abroad
 The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus ! the name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease ;
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
 He sets the prisoner free,
 His blood can make the foulest clean,
 His blood availed for me.
- 5 He speaks, and listening to his voice,
 New life the dead receive ;
 The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
 The humble poor believe.
- 6 Hear him, ye deaf—his praise, ye dumb,
 Your loosened tongues employ ;
 Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
 And leap, ye lame, for joy.
- 7 Look unto him, ye nations—own
 Your God, ye fallen race ;
 Look, and be saved through faith alone—
 Be justified by grace.

- 8 See all your sins on Jesus laid—
 The Lamb of God was slain ;
 His soul was once an offering made
 For every soul of man.

481 Sprague. S. M. MONTGOMERY.
Magnify the Lord.

STAND up, and bless the Lord,
 O Ye people of his choice ;
 Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
 With heart, and soul, and voice.

- 2 Though high above all praise,
 Above all blessing high,
 Who would not fear his holy name,
 And laud, and magnify ?

- 3 O for the living flame,
 From his own altar brought,
 To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
 And wing to heaven our thought.

- 4 There, with benign regard,
 Our hymns he deigns to hear ;
 Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
 The spirit feels him near.

- 5 God is our strength and song,
 And his salvation ours ;
 Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
 With all our ransomed powers.

- 6 Stand up and bless the Lord,
 The Lord your God adore ;
 Stand up and bless his glorious name,
 Henceforth for evermore.

482

Laban.

S. M.

HAMMOND.

Praise to Christ.

A WAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above,
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue;
Sing till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspire our song.

4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, th' eternal King.

5 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

6 Soon shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

483

Dundee.

C. M.

HOSKINS.

Assembling.

IN thy great name, O Lord, we come,
To worship at thy feet;
O pour thy Holy Spirit down
On all who now shall meet.

- 2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,
To hear the Saviour's voice ;
Thy face and favor, Lord, we seek,
Now make our hearts rejoice.
- 3 Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear,
And understand thy word,
To feel thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.
- 4 Here let thy power and grace be felt,
Thy love and mercy known ;
Our icy hearts, O Jesus, melt,
And break this flinty stone.
- 5 Let sinners, Lord, thy goodness prove,
And saints rejoice in thee ;
Let rebels be subdued by love,
And to the Saviour flee.
- 6 This house with grace and glory fill,
This congregation bless ;
Thy great salvation now reveal,
Thy glorious righteousness.

484

Devises.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

An "open door" to preach the word.

JESUS, thou dear redeeming Lord,
Thy blessing we implore ;
Open the door to preach thy word,
The great effectual door.

- 2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
From sin and Satan's power,
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.
- 3 Lover of souls, thou know'st to prize
What thou hast bought so dear ;
Come, then, and in thy people's eyes
With all thy wounds appear.

4 Appear as when of old confest
The suffering Son of God,
And let us see thee in thy vest
But newly dipt in blood.

5 The hardness of our hearts remove,
Thou who for sin hast died ;
Show us the tokens of thy love,
Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.

485 Orland. L. M. MONTGOMERY.
Blessings desired.

COMMAND thy blessing from above,
O God, on all assembled here ;
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.

2 Command thy blessing, Jesus, Lord ;
May we thy true disciples be ;
Speak to each heart the mighty word,
Say to the weakest, " Follow me."

3 Command thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of truth, and fill the place
With humbling and with healing power,
With killing and with quickening grace.

4 O then, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
One true eternal God confessed,
Whom thou hast joined may none divide
None dare to curse whom thou hast blessed.

5 With thee and these for ever found,
May all the souls who here unite,
With harps and songs thy throne surround,
Rest in thy love, and reign in light.

486 Paradise. L. M. FAWCETT.
God's presence invoked.

THY presence, gracious God, afford,
 T Prepare us to receive thy word ;
 Now let thy voice engage our ear,
 And faith be mixed with what we hear.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
 And fix our hearts and hopes above ;
 With food divine may we be fed,
 And satisfied with living bread.

3 To us the sacred word apply
 With sovereign power and energy,
 And may we, in thy faith and fear,
 Reduce to practice what we hear.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal,
 Teach us to know and do thy will ;
 Thy saving power and love display,
 And guide us to the realms of day.

487 Boston. 7s. BARBAULD.
Providential favors.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
 T For the love that crowns our days ;
 Bounteous Source of every joy,
 Let thy praise our tongues employ.

2 For the blessings of the field,
 For the stores the garden yield,
 For the vine's exalted juice,
 For the generous olive's use ;

3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
 Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
 Suns that temperate warmth diffuse ;

- 4 All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores :
- 5 These to thee, my God, we owe,
Source from whence all blessings flow ;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

488

Sicilian.

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

Songs of Praise.

- SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of peace was born,
Songs of praise arose when he
Captive led captivity.
 - 3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day ;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
 - 4 And will man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
No—the church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.
 - 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
 - 6 Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

489

Bath Chapel. C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Heaven begun on earth.

HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
 And saved by grace alone;
 Walking in all his ways, they find
 Their heaven on earth begun.

- 2 The church, triumphant in thy love,
 Their mighty joys we know;
 They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
 And we in hymns below.
- 3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
 And bow before thy throne;
 We in the kingdom of thy grace—
 The kingdoms are but one.
- 4 The holy to the holiest leads,
 From thence our spirits rise,
 And he that in thy statutes treads
 Shall meet thee in the skies.

490

Warwick.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

"I stand at the door and knock."

COME, let us who in Christ believe,
 Our common Saviour praise,
 To him with joyful voices give
 The glory of his grace.

- 2 He now stands knocking at the door
 Of every sinner's heart;
 The worst need keep him out no more,
 Or force him to depart.
- 3 Through grace we hearken to thy voice,
 Yield to be saved from sin,
 In sure and certain hope rejoice
 That thou wilt enter in.

- 4 Come quickly in, thou heavenly guest,
Nor ever hence remove,
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

491 Talmar. 8s & 7s. ANON.
Praise the Lord.

PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore him;
Praise him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of night.

- 2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

- 3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious,
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

- 4 Praise the Lord of our salvation,
Hosts on high his power proclaim;
Heaven, and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name.

492 Alfreton. L. M. MONTGOMERY.
"Praise ye the Lord."

SERVANTS of God, in joyful lays
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His glorious name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

- 2 Blest be that name, supremely blest,
From the sun's rising to its rest;
Above the heavens his power is known,
Through all the earth his goodness shown.

- 3 Who is like God ? so great, so high,
He bows himself to view the sky ;
And yet, with condescending grace,
Looks down upon the human race.
- 4 He hears the uncomplaining moan
Of those who sit and weep alone ;
He lifts the mourner from the dust,
And saves the poor in him that trust.
- 5 Servants of God, in joyful lays
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise ;
His saving name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

493

Sicilian.

7s.

LANGFORD.

Redeeming Love.

- NOW begin the heavenly theme ;
Sing aloud in Jesus' name :
Ye who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.
 - 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears ;
Banish all your gloomy fears ;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Canceled by redeeming love.
 - 4 Welcome all by sin oppress'd,
Welcome to his sacred rest ;
Nothing brought him from above,—
Nothing but redeeming love.
 - 5 Hither, then, your music bring ;
Strike aloud each cheerful string ;
Mortals, join the host above,—
Join to praise redeeming love.

494

Ames.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Praise to God for redemption.

ALL glorious God, what hymns of praise
 Shall our transported voices raise !
 What ardent love and zeal are due,
 While heaven stands open to our view !

- 2 Once we were fallen, O how low !
 Just on the brink of endless woe,
 When Jesus, (from the realms above,
 Borne on the wings of boundless love,)
- 3 Scattered the shades of death and night,
 And spread around his heavenly light ;
 By him what wondrous grace is shown
 To souls impoverish'd and undone.
- 4 He shows beyond these mortal shores,
 A bright inheritance as ours ;
 Where saints in light our coming wait,
 To share their holy, happy state.

495

Welton.

L. M.

STEELE.

Christ, the only Refuge.

THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
 My refuge, my almighty Friend !
 And can my soul from thee depart,
 On whom alone my hopes depend ?

- 2 Whither, ah ! whither shall I go,
 A wretched wanderer from my Lord ?
 Can this dark world of sin and woe
 One glimpse of happiness afford ?
- 3 Eternal life thy words impart,
 On these my fainting spirit lives ;
 Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
 Than all the round of nature gives.

- 4 Let earth's alluring joys combine ;
 While thou art near, in vain they call ;
 One smile—one blissful smile of thine—
 My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.
- 5 Low at thy feet my soul would lie,—
 Here safety dwells, and peace divine ;
 Still let me live beneath thine eye,
 For life—eternal life—is thine.

496

Cambridge. C. M.

WATTS.

Works of nature and grace.

- REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,
 This work belongs to you ;
 Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
 How holy, just, and true.
- 2 His mercy and his righteousness
 Let heaven and earth proclaim ;
 His works of nature and of grace
 Reveal his wondrous name.
- 3 His word, with energy divine,
 Those heavenly arches spread,
 Bade starry hosts around them shine,
 And light the heavens pervade.
- 4 He taught the swelling waves to flow
 To their appointed deep—
 Bade raging seas their limits know,
 And still their station keep.
- 5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
 With fear before him stand ;
 He spake, and nature took its birth,
 And rests on his command.
- 6 He scorns the angry nations' rage,
 And breaks their vain designs ;
 His counsel stands through every age,
 And in full glory shines.

497 Azmon. C. M. NEWTON.
"The fruit of the Spirit is joy."

JOY is a fruit that will not grow
 In nature's barren soil;
 All we can boast, till Christ we know,
 Is vanity and toil.

2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
 And made his glories known,
 There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
 Are found—and there alone.

3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith—
 A sense of pardoning love—
 A hope that triumphs over death—
 Give joys like those above.

4 To take a glimpse within the veil,
 To know that God is mine—
 Are springs of joy that never fail,
 Unspeakable, divine!

5 These are the joys which satisfy,
 And sanctify the mind;
 Which make the spirit mount on high,
 And leave the world behind.

498 Ariel. C. P. M. MEDLEY.
The Excellency of Christ.

O COULD I speak the matchless worth,—
 O could I sound the glories forth,
 Which in my Saviour shine;
 I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
 And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
 In notes almost divine.

- 2 I'd sing the characters he bears,
 And all the forms of love he wears,
 Exalted on his throne;
 In loftiest songs of sweetest praise
 I would, to everlasting days,
 Make all his glories known.
- 3 Soon the delightful day will come,
 When my dear Lord will bring me home,
 And I shall see his face;
 Then, with my Saviour, brother, friend,
 A blest eternity I'll spend—
 Triumphant in his grace.

499

Dundee.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

The song of the sanctuary.

- SING we the song of those who stand
 Around the eternal throne,
 Of every kindred, clime, and land,
 A multitude unknown.
- 2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here;
 To-day the young, the old,
 Our Saviour and his flock appear,
 One Shepherd and one fold.
- 3 Toil, trial, suffering still await
 On earth the pilgrim throng;
 Yet learn we in our low estate
 The church triumphant's song.
- 4 Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,—
 Cry the redeemed above,—
 Blessing and honor to obtain,
 And everlasting love.
- 5 Worthy the Lamb!—on earth we sing—
 Who died our souls to save;
 Henceforth, O death, where is thy sting?
 Thy victory, O grave?

- 6 Then hallelujah ! power and praise
To God in Christ be given ;
May all who now this anthem raise
Renew the strain in heaven.

500 New Sabbath. L. M. WATTS.
Universal Praise.

FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
- 3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring ;
In songs of praise divinely sing ;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.
- 4 In every land begin the song :
To every land the strains belong ;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

501 Park street. L. M. WATTS.
Praise Creator, Preserver and Redeemer.

PRAISE ye the Lord—'tis good to raise
Your hearts and voices in his praise ;
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

- 2 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames
He counts their number, calls their names ;
His wisdom's vast and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

- 3 Sing to the Lamb—exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds around the sky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
- 4 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
He clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.
- 5 His saints are lovely in his sight,
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
He looks, and loves his image there.

502

Parvus.

L. M.

WATTS.

Spiritual Worship.

- JESUS, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept thy well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.
- 2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee,
Like the blest hour when from above
We first received the pledge of love.
 - 3 The gladness of that happy day
O may it ever, ever stay!
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold.
 - 4 Each following minute, as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.

503 Coronation. C. M. WATTS.
The Joyful Sound.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
 What pleasure to our ears!
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb,
 To thee the praise belongs;
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues.

504 Newcourt. 6 8s. WATTS.
I will sing unto the Lord.

I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God; he made the sky,
 And earth, and seas, with all their train;
 His truth for ever stands secure:
 He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor,
 And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind,
 The Lord supports the fainting mind,
 He sends the laboring conscience peace;
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the prisoner sweet release.

- 4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

505

Boston.

7s.

HAMMOND.

Opening Worship.

- LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh, do not our suit disdain,
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go
Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 4 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down, lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope.
- 5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee, a gracious God and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

506

Auburn.

8 8s.

HART.

Past and Future.

- THIS, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as great as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end:

'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

507 Warwick. C. M. PRATT'S COL.
Opening Worship.

BEHOLD us, Lord, with humble fear
Approach thy temple gate,
Though most unworthy to draw near,
Or in thy courts to wait.

2 But trusting in thy boundless grace,
To all so freely given,
We worship in thy holy place,
And lift our souls to heaven.

3 Lead us in all thy righteous ways,
Nor let our footsteps slide;
Make straight thy path before our face,
Our guardian still and guide.

4 No more to sin, Lord, let us yield,
Defended from above,
And kept, and covered with the shield
Of thy almighty love.

508 Hebron. L. M. C. WESLEY.
Opening Worship.

O THOU, whom all thy saints adore,
We now with all thy saints agree,
And bow our inmost souls before
Thy glorious, awful majesty.

2 The king of nations we proclaim,
Who would not our great Sovereign fear?
We long to experience all thy name,
And now we come to meet thee here.

- 3 We come, great God, to seek thy face,
And for thy loving kindness wait;
And, oh, how dreadful is this place!
'Tis God's own house, 'tis heaven's gate.
- 4 Tremble our hearts to feel thee nigh,
To thee our trembling hearts aspire;
And, lo, we see descend from high,
The pillar and the flame of fire.
- 5 Still let it on the assembly stay,
And all the house with glory fill,
To Canaan's bounds point out the way,
And lead us to thy holy hill.
- 6 There let us all with Jesus stand,
And join the general church above,
And take our seats at thy right hand,
And sing thine everlasting love.
- 7 Come, Lord—our souls are on the wing,
Now on thy great white throne appear,
And let mine eyes behold my King,
And let me see my Saviour there.

509

Rothwell.

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

"Awake, Arm of the Lord."

- A**RM of the Lord, awake, awake,
Thine own immortal strength put on;
With terror cloth'd, hell's kingdom shake,
And cast thy foes with fury down.
- 2 As in the ancient days, appear;
The sacred annals speak thy fame;
Be now omnipotently near,
To endless ages still the same.
- 3 Thy arm, Lord, is not shortened now,
It wants not now the power to save;
Still present with thy people, thou
Bear'st them thro' life's disparted wave.

- 4 By death and hell pursued in vain,
To thee the ransomed seed shall come ;
Shouting, their heavenly Zion gain,
And pass through death, triumphant, home.
- 5 The pain of life shall there be o'er,
The anguish and distracting care ;
There sighing grief shall weep no more,
And sin shall never enter there.
- 6 Where pure, essential joy is found,
The Lord's redeemed their heads shall raise,
With everlasting gladness crowned,
And filled with love, and lost in praise.

510 Effingham. L. M. C. WESLEY.
Blessings implored.

- O** THOU, our Husband, Brother, Friend,
Behold a cloud of incense rise ;
The prayers of saints to heaven ascend,
Grateful, accepted sacrifice.
- 2 Regard our prayers for Zion's peace,
Shed in our hearts thy love abroad,
Thy gifts abundantly increase,
Enlarge and fill us all with God.
 - 3 Before thy sheep, great Shepherd, go,
And guide into thy perfect will ;
Cause us thy hallowed name to know,
The work of faith in us fulfil.
 - 4 Help us to make our calling sure ;
O let us all be saints indeed,
And pure as thou thyself art pure,
Conformed in all things to our Head.
 - 5 Take the dear purchase of thy blood—
Thy blood shall wash us white as snow ;
Present us sanctified to God,
And perfected in love below.

- 6 That blood which cleanses from all sin,
That efficacious blood apply,
And wash and make us wholly clean,
And change and throughly sanctify.
- 7 From all iniquity redeem,
Cleanse by the water and the word,
And free from every spot of blame,
And make the servant as his Lord.

511

Rockingham. L. M.

WATTS.

Opening Worship.

- A WAY from every mortal care,
Away from earth our souls retreat,
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait and worship near thy seat.
- 2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace,
We bow before thee and adore;
We view the glories of thy face,
And learn the wonders of thy power.
- 3 Whilst here our various wants we mourn,
United prayers ascend on high,
And faith expects a sure return
Of blessings in variety.
- 4 Father, my soul would here abide,
Or, if my feet must hence depart,
Still keep me, Father, near thy side,
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

512

Clarke.

6 8s.

C. WESLEY.

"Here we have no continuing city."

LEADER of faithful souls, and Guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, e'en us abide,
Who would on thee alone rely,
On thee alone our spirits stay
While held in life's uneven way.

- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
 This, earth, we know, is not our place,
 But hasten through this vale of woe,
 And, restless to behold thy face,
 Swift to our heavenly country move,
 Our everlasting home above.
- 3 We've no abiding city here,
 But seek a city out of sight ;
 Thither our steady course we steer,
 Aspiring to the plains of light,
 Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
 Whose Founder is the living God.
- 4 Patient the appointed race to run,
 This weary world we cast behind ;
 From strength to strength we travel on,
 The new Jerusalem to find :
 Our labor this, our only aim,
 To find the New Jerusalem.
- 5 Through thee, who all our sins hast borne,
 Freely and graciously forgiven,
 With songs to Zion we return,
 Contending for our native heaven,
 That palace of our glorious King—
 We find it nearer while we sing.
- 6 Raised by the breath of love divine,
 We urge our way with strength renew'd ;
 The church of the first-born to join,
 We travel to the mount of God ;
 With joy upon our heads arise,
 And meet our Captain in the skies.

513 Plymouth Dock. 6 8s. MONTGOMERY.
Divine guidance, protection and supplies.

THUS far on life's perplexing path,
 Thus far thou, Lord, our steps hast led,
 Snatched from the world's pursuing wrath,

Unharm'd, tho' floods hung o'er our head ;
 Like ransom'd Israel on the shore,
 Here then we pause, look back, adore.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
 Like all our fathers in their day,
 We to the land of promise go,
 Lord, by thine own appointed way ;
 Still guide, illumine, cheer our flight,
 In cloud by day, in fire by night.

3 Safety thy presence is, and rest,
 While—as the eagle o'er her brood
 Flutters her pinions, stirs the nest,
 Covers, defends, provides them food,
 Bears on her wings, instructs to fly,—
 Thy love prepares us for the sky.

4 Protect us through the wilderness,
 From fiery serpent, plague, and foe ;
 With bread from heaven thy people bless,
 And living streams where'er we go ;
 Nor let our rebel hearts repine,
 Or follow any voice but thine.

5 Thy holy law to us proclaim,
 But not from Sinai's top alone ;
 Hid in the rock-cleft be thy name,
 Thy power, and all thy goodness shown ;
 And may we never bow the knee,
 Or worship any god but thee.

6 When we have numbered all our years,
 And stand at length on Jordan's brink,
 Though the flesh fail with mortal fears,
 O let not then the spirit sink,
 But strong in faith, and hope, and love,
 Plunge through the stream to rise above.

514

Arundel.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Lift up your hearts.

LIFT up your hearts to things above,
Ye followers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise his love,
And glorify his name.

2 To Jesus' name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end;
Rejoice, rejoice! the Lord is King,
The King is now our friend.

3 We for his sake count all things loss,
On earthly good look down,
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown.

4 O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works t' approve,
By holy, vivifying hope,
And the sweet task of love.

5 Let all who for the promise wait,
The Holy Ghost receive,
And, raised to our unsinning state,
With God in Eden live,—

6 Live till the Lord in glory come,
And wait his heaven to share;
He now is fitting up your home—
Go on, we'll meet you there.

515

Peterboro'.

C. M.

ANON.

Praise for mercy in trouble.

WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

- 2 Among the saints that fill thy house
 My offering shall be paid ;
 There shall my zeal perform the vows
 My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How happy all thy servants are !
 How great thy grace to me !
 My life, which thou hast made thy care,
 Lord, I devote to thee.

516 Edgware. C. M. C. WESLEY.
 God's blessing implored.

- THOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes
 Our inmost thoughts perceive,
 Accept the grateful sacrifice
 Which now to thee we give.
- 2 We bow before thy gracious throne,
 And think ourselves sincere ;
 But show us, Lord, is every one
 Thy real worshiper ?
- 3 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
 Nor feels his want of thee ?
 A stranger to the blood which bought
 His pardon on the tree ?
- 4 Convince him now of unbelief,
 His desperate state explain ;
 And fill his heart with sacred grief,
 And penitential pain.
- 5 Speak with that voice which wakes the dead,
 And bid the sleeper rise ;
 And bid his guilty conscience dread
 The death that never dies.
- 6 Extort the cry, " What must be done
 To save a wretch like me ?
 How shall a trembling sinner shun
 That endless misery ?

7 "I must this instant now begin
Out of my sleep to wake,
And turn to God, and every sin
Continually forsake.

8 "I must for faith incessant cry,
And wrestle, Lord, with thee;
I must be born again, or die
To all eternity."

517

Otto.

8s & 7s.

ROBINSON.

Sweet the moments.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend!
Life and health and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying friend.
Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy flowing in his blood;
Precious drops! my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before the cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
In my Saviour's dying eye.
Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Here I see my sins forgiven,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death;
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all needs to Jesus go;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more fully know.

518 Howard. C. M. NEEDHAM.
Faith encouraged by ancient Examples.

RISE, O my soul ! pursue the path
 By ancient worthies trod ;
 Aspiring, view those holy men,
 Who lived and walked with God.

2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
 And in example live ;
 Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds,
 Still fresh instruction give.

3 'Twas through the Lamb's most precious blood
 They conquered every foe ;
 And to his power and matchless grace
 Their crowns of life they owe.

4 Lord ! may I ever keep in view
 The patterns thou hast given,
 And ne'er forsake the blessed road
 That led them safe to heaven.

519 Migdol. L. M. WATTS.
The Beatitudes.

BLESS'D are the humble souls that see
 Their emptiness and poverty :
 Treasures of grace to them are given,
 And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2 Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
 Who mourn for sin with inward smart :
 The blood of Christ divinely flows,
 A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Bless'd are the souls that long for grace,
 Hunger and thirst for righteousness :
 They shall be well supplied, and fed,
 With living streams, and living bread.

- 4 Bless'd are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin :
With endless pleasure they shall see
The God of spotless purity.
- 5 Bless'd are the sufferers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake ;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.
- 6 These are the men, the holy race,
Who seek the God of Jacob's face ;
These shall enjoy the blissful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light.

520

Albany.

6 8s.

C. WESLEY.

Holy, holy, holy Lord God of Sabaoth.

- INFINITE God, to thee we raise
Our hearts in solemn songs of praise ;
By all thy works on earth adored,
We worship thee, the common Lord ;
The everlasting Father own,
And bow our souls before thy throne.
- 2 Thee all the choir of angels sing,
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings ;
Cherubs proclaim thy praise aloud,
And seraphs shout the triune God,
And Holy, holy, holy, cry,
Thy glory fills both earth and sky.
 - 3 Father of endless majesty,
All might and love we render thee ;
Thy true and only Son adore,
The same in dignity and power ;
And God the Holy Ghost declare,
The saints' eternal Comforter.

521 Barby. C. M. WATTS.
 Mount Zion.

NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
 The tempest, fire and smoke;
 Not to the thunder of that word
 Which God on Sinai spoke:

2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
 The city of our God,
 Where milder words declare his will,
 And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable host
 Of angels, cloth'd in light!
 Behold the spirits of the just
 Whose faith is turn'd to sight!

4 Behold the blest assembly there,
 Whose names are writ in heav'n!
 And God, the judge of all, declare
 Their num'rous sins forgiv'n.

5 In such society as this
 My weary soul would rest!
 The man that dwells where Jesus is,
 Must be for ever blest.

522 Coronation. C. M. WATTS.
 "Worthy of ceaseless praise," &c.

PRAISE ye the Lord, ye immortal choirs
 That fill the worlds above;
 Praise him who form'd you of his fires,
 And feeds you with his love.

2 Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,
 The floor of his abode;
 Or veil in shades your thousand eyes
 Before your brighter God.

- 3 Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrow'd rays.
- 4 Thunder and hail, and fire and storms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak his awful hand.
- 5 Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar ;
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore.
- 6 Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals, catch the sound ;
Echo the glories of your King
Through all the nations round.

523

Martyrdom.

C. M.

ANON.

Celestial Wisdom.

- O** HAPPY is the man who hears
Religion's warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.
- 2 For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold ;
More precious are her bright rewards
Than gems or stores of gold.
 - 3 Her right hand offers to the just
Immortal, happy days ;
Her left imperishable wealth
And heavenly crowns displays.
 - 4 And as her holy labors rise,
So her rewards increase :
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

524

Shoel.

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Wisdom better than riches.

HAPPY the man that finds the grace,
 The blessing of God's chosen race,
 The wisdom coming from above,
 The faith that sweetly works by love.

- 2 Happy, beyond description, he
 Who knows "the Saviour died for me,"
 The gift unspeakable obtains,
 And heavenly understanding gains.
- 3 Wisdom divine! who tells the price
 Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
 Wisdom to silver we prefer,
 And gold is dross compared to her.
- 4 Her hands are filled with length of days,
 True riches, and immortal praise—
 Riches of Christ, on all bestowed,
 And honor that descends from God.
- 5 To purest joys she all invites,
 Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her flowery paths are peace.
- 6 Happy the man who wisdom gains,
 Thrice happy who his guest retains;
 He owns, and shall for ever own,
 Wisdom and Christ and heaven are one.

525

Wilmington.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The water of life.

FOUNTAIN of life, to all below
 Let thy salvation roll;
 Water, replenish, and o'erflow,
 Every believing soul.

- 2 Into that happy number, Lord,
Us weary sinners take ;
Jesus fulfil thy gracious word,
For thine own mercy's sake.
- 3 Turn back our nature's rapid tide
And we shall flow to thee,
While down the stream of time we glide
To our eternity.
- 4 The well of life to us thou art,
Of joy the swelling flood ;
Wafted by thee, with willing heart,
We swift return to God.
- 5 We soon shall reach the boundless sea,
Into thy fullness fall ;
Be lost and swallow'd up in thee,
Our God, our all in all.

526 Henry. C. M. GIBBONS.
 Goodness of God.

- THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess,
Thy goodness we adore ;—
A spring whose blessings never fail,
A sea without a shore.
- 2 Sun, moon, and stars, thy love declare
In every golden ray ;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love brings back the day.
 - 3 Thy bounty every season crowns
With all the bliss it yields,
With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strengthening grain the fields.
 - 4 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen ;
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

- 5 There pardon, peace, and holy joy,
 Through Jesus' name are given;
 He on the cross was lifted high,
 That we might reign in heaven.

527

Portugal.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Lord our keeper.

- UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
 The eternal hills beyond the skies;
 Thence all her help my soul derives,
 There my Almighty Refuge lives.
- 2 He lives—the everlasting God
 That built the world, that spread the flood;
 The heavens, with all their host, he made,
 And the dark regions of the dead.
- 3 He guides our feet, he guards our way;
 His morning smiles adorn the day:
 He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
 The silent hours while Israel sleeps.
- 4 Israel, a name divinely blest,
 May rise secure, securely rest;
 Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
 Admit no slumber nor surprise.
- 5 No sun shall smite thy head by day,
 Nor the pale moon, with sickly ray,
 Shall blast thy couch; no baleful star
 Dart his malignant fire so far.
- 6 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
 Still thou shalt go, and still return,
 Safe in the Lord; his heavenly care
 Defends thy life from every snare.
- 7 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,
 Shall but fulfil their best desire—
 From sins and sorrows set them free
 And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

528 Ashwell. L. M. PRATT'S COL.
The Church encouraged.

WHY, on the bending willows hung,
 Israel, still sleep thy tuneful strings,
 Still mute remains thy sullen tongue,
 And Zion's song denies to sing?

2 Awake! thy sweetest raptures raise,
 Let harp and voice unite their strains;
 Thy promised King his sceptre sways,
 Jesus, thine own Messiah, reigns.

3 No taunting foes the song require,
 No strangers mock thy captive chain;
 But friends provoke the silent lyre,
 And brethren ask the holy strain.

4 Nor fear thy Salem's hills to wrong,
 If other lands thy triumph share;
 A heavenly city claims thy song,
 A brighter Salem rises there.

5 By foreign streams no longer roam,
 Nor weeping think of Jordan's flood;
 In every clime behold a home,
 In every temple see thy God.

529 Silver Street. S. M. DODDRIDGE.
Divine Grace.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
 Harmonious to the ear;
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
 To save rebellious man,
 And all the steps that grace display
 Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
 To tread the heavenly road,
 And new supplies each hour I meet,
 While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
 Through everlasting days;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.

530

Alfreton.

L. M.

WATTS.

God praised for his wonders.

BLESS, O my soul, the living God,
 Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
 Let all the powers within me join
 In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
 His favors claim thy highest praise;
 Let not the wonders he hath wrought
 Be lost in silence, and forgot.

3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
 To die for crimes which thou hast done;
 He owns the ransom—and forgives
 The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let every land his power confess,
 Let all the earth adore his grace:
 My heart and tongue with rapture join
 In work and worship so divine.

531

Lanesboro'.

C. M.

STEELE.

Invocation.

COME, O thou King of all thy saints,
 Our humble tribute own,
 While with our praises and complaints
 We bow before thy throne.

- 2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!
- 3 But, ah, the song, how faint it flows!
How languid our desire!
How cold the sacred passion glows,
Till thou the heart inspire!
- 4 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.
- 5 Then shall our hearts, enraptured, say,
Come, great Redeemer, come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day
That calls thy children home.

532

Welton.

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Praise for Redemption.

- FATHER, whose everlasting love
Thy only Son for sinners gave,
Whose grace to all did freely move,
And sent him down the world to save,—
- 2 Help us thy mercy to extol,
Immense, unfathomed, unconfined;
To praise the Lamb who died for all,
The general Saviour of mankind.
 - 3 Thy undistinguishing regard
Was cast on Adam's fallen race;
For all thou hast in Christ prepared
Sufficient, sovereign, saving grace.
 - 4 The world he suffered to redeem:
For all he hath atonement made;
For those that will not come to him,
The ransom of his life was paid.

5 Why then, thou universal Love,
Should any of thy grace despair?
To all, to all thy bowels move;
But straitened in our own we are.

6 Arise, O God! maintain thy cause!
The fullness of the gentiles call:
Lift up the standard of the cross,
And all shall own Christ died for all.

533

Bangor.

C. M.

ANON.

God the only object of worship.

O GOD, our strength, to thee our song
With grateful hearts we raise;
To thee, and thee alone, belong
All worship, love, and praise.

2 In trouble's dark and stormy hour,
Thine ear hath heard our prayer;
And graciously thine arm of power
Hath saved us from despair.

3 And thou, O ever gracious Lord,
Wilt keep thy promise still,
If, meekly heark'ning to thy word,
We seek to do thy will.

4 Led by the light thy grace imparts,
Ne'er may we bow the knee
To idols, which our wayward hearts
Set up instead of thee.

5 So shall thy choicest gifts, O Lord,
Thy faithful people bless;
For them shall earth its stores afford,
And heaven its happiness.

534

Holman.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Infinite Love.

INFINITE, unexhausted Love,
 (Jesus and love are one,)
 If still to me thy bowels move,
 They are restrained to none:
 What shall I do my God to love,
 My loving God to praise,
 The length and breadth and height to prove,
 And depth of sovereign grace?

- 2 Thy sovereign grace to all extends,
 Immense and unconfined;
 From age to age it never ends,
 It reaches all mankind:
 Throughout the world its breadth is known
 Wide as infinity—
 So wide it never passed by one,
 Or it had passed by me.
- 3 My trespass was grown up to heaven;
 But far above the skies,
 Through Christ abundantly forgiven,
 I see thy mercies rise:
 The depth of all-redeeming love
 What angel tongue can tell?
 O may I to the utmost prove
 The gift unspeakable!

535

Alway.

L. M.

J. WESLEY.

The Lord our Righteousness.

JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
 My beauty are, my glorious dress;
 'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
 With joy shall I lift up my head.

- 2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
 For who aught to my charge shall lay?
 Fully absolved, through these, I am
 From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

- 3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, e'en me t' atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.
- 4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which at the mercy-seat of God
For ever doth for sinners plead,
For me, e'en for my soul, was shed.
- 5 Lord, I believe, were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.
- 6 When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then this shall be all my plea—
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

536

Stonefield.

L. M.

Rowe.

“What is man !”

LORD, what is man, that he should prove
The object of thy boundless love?
Say, why should he so largely share
Thy favor and thy tender care?

- 2 While these my lips draw vital breath,
Or till I close my eyes in death,
I'll ne'er forget thy wondrous love,
Nor thoughtless of thy kindness prove.
- 3 Beneath thy shadowing wings' defence
I'll place my only confidence;
In every danger and distress,
To thee will I my prayer address.
- 4 Should all my hopes on earth be lost,
In thee I'll make my constant boast;
I'll spread the glories of thy name,
And thy unbounded love proclaim.

537 Nehemiah. C. M. DODDRIDGE.
"The ransomed of the Lord shall return."

SING, all ye ransomed of the Lord,
 Your great Deliverer sing;
 Pilgrims for Zion's city bound,
 Be joyful in your King.

2 See the fair way his hand hath made,
 How peaceful and how plain;
 The simplest trav'ler shall not err,
 Nor seek the road in vain.

3 No ravening lion shall destroy,
 Nor lurking serpent wound;
 Safety, support, and heavenly joy,
 Through all the way are found.

4 A hand divine shall lead you on
 Along the blissful road,
 Till to the sacred mount you rise,
 And city of your God.

5 There garlands of immortal joy
 Shall bloom on every head;
 While pain, and sorrow, and distress,
 Like shadows, all are fled.

6 Proceed in your Redeemer's strength,
 Pursue his footsteps still,
 And let the prospect cheer your eyes,
 While you ascend the hill.

538 Newry. L. M. STEELE.
Confidence in the living God.

THE God of my salvation lives,
 My nobler life he will sustain;
 His word immortal vigor gives,
 Nor shall my glorious hopes be vain.

- 2 Thy presence, Lord, can cheer my heart,
 Though every earthly comfort die ;
 Thy smile can bid my pains depart,
 And raise my sacred pleasures high.
- 3 O let me hear thy blissful voice,
 Inspiring life and joy divine ;
 The barren desert shall rejoice ;
 'Tis Paradise if thou art mine.

539

China.

C. M.

STEELE.

Unsearchable riches of Christ.

THE Saviour ! O what endless charms
 Dwell in the blissful sound !
 Its influence every fear disarms,
 And spreads sweet peace around.

- 2 Here pardon, life and joy divine,
 In rich effusion flow,
 For guilty rebels lost in sin,
 And doomed to endless woe.
- 3 O the rich depths of love divine,
 Of bliss, a boundless store !
 Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine ;
 I cannot wish for more.
- 4 On thee alone my hope relies,
 Beneath thy cross I fall ;
 My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
 My Saviour, and my all.

540

Bath Chapel. C. M.

WATTS.

God our Preserver.

LET others boast how strong they be,
 Nor death nor danger fear ;
 But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
 What feeble things we are.

- 2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay ;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.
- 3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone ;
Strange ! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.
- 4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God that built us first ;
Salvation to the Almighty name
That reared us from the dust.
- 5 While we have breath, or use our tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore ;
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.

541

Mear.

C. M.

FAWCETT.

"What shall it profit a man," &c.

RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below ;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know.

- 2 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom ;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
Or for an early tomb.
- 3 O, may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne ;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.
- 4 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be joined with godly fear ;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

542 Islington. L. M. WATTS.
Glory and Grace in Christ.

NOW to the Lord a noble song !
 Awake, my soul ! awake, my tongue !
 Hosanna to th' eternal name,
 And all his boundless love proclaim !

- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,—
 The brightest image of his grace !
 God, in the person of his Son,
 Has all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 Grace !—'tis a sweet, a charming theme ;
 My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name :
 Ye angels ! dwell upon the sound ;
 Ye heavens ! reflect it to the ground.
- 4 O ! may I reach that happy place,
 Where he unveils his lovely face ;
 Where all his beauties you behold,
 And sing his name to harps of gold.

543 Unam. 8s, 7s & 1 4. RIPPON.
Dismissal.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
 Let us each, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace ;
 O refresh us,
 Traveling through this wilderness.

- 2 Thanks we give and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound ;
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found.

- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
 May we, ready,
 Rise and reign in endless day.

544 Alma. 8s & 7s. WES. COL.
Dismissal.

L ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Bid us now depart in peace;
 Still on heavenly manna feeding,
 Let our faith and love increase;
 Fill each breast with consolation,
 Up to thee our hearts we raise;
 When we reach yon blissful station,
 Then we'll give thee nobler praise.

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

545 Chester. C. M. C. WESLEY.
Opening the exercises.

- A LL praise to our redeeming Lord,
 Who joins us by his grace,
 And bids us, each to each restored,
 Together seek his face.
- 2 He bids us build each other up;
 And, gathered into one,
 To our high calling's glorious hope
 We hand in hand go on.
- 3 The gift which he on one bestows,
 We all delight to prove,
 The grace through every vessel flows
 In purest streams of love.

4 E'en now we think and speak the same,
And cordially agree,
United all through Jesus' name,
In perfect harmony.

5 We all partake the joy of one,
The common peace we feel,—
A peace to sensual minds unknown,
A joy unspeakable.

6 And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What height of rapture shall we know
When round his throne we meet?

546

Forrest.

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

For the lambs of the flock.

AUTHOR of faith, we seek thy face,
For all who feel thy work begun :
Confirm, and strengthen them in grace,
And bring thy feeblest children on.

2 Thou seest their wants, thou know'st their
names,
Be mindful of thy youngest care ;
Be tender of the new-born lambs,
And gently in thy bosom bear.

3 The lion roaring for his prey,
With ravening wolves on every side,
Watch over them to tear and slay,
If found one moment from their Guide.

4 In safety lead thy little flock !
From hell, the world, and sin secure ;
And set their feet upon the rock,
And make in thee their goings sure.

547 Rochester. C. M. C. WESLEY.
Safety in the Fold.

- JESUS, great Shepherd of the sheep,
 To thee for help we fly;
 Thy little flock in safety keep,
 For, oh, the wolf is nigh.
- 2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
 To scatter, tear, and slay;
 He seizes every straggling soul
 As his own lawful prey.
- 3 Us into thy protection take,
 And gather with thy arm;
 Unless the fold we first forsake,
 The wolf can never harm.
- 4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
 While by our Shepherd's side;
 The sheep he never can devour,
 Unless he first divide.
- 5 O do not suffer him to part
 The souls that here agree,
 But make us of one mind and heart,
 And keep us one in thee.
- 6 Together let us sweetly live,
 Together let us die,
 And each a starry crown receive,
 And reign above the sky.

548 Swanwick. C. M. C. WESLEY.
"See how these Christians love."

GIVER of concord, Prince of peace,
 G Meek, lamb-like Son of God,
 Bid our unruly passions cease,
 By thy atoning blood.

- 2 Rebuke our rage, our passions chide,
Our stubborn wills control;
Beat down our wrath, root out our pride,
And calm each troubled soul.
- 3 Subdue in us the carnal mind,
Its enmity destroy;
With cords of love our spirits bind,
And melt us into joy.
- 4 Us into closest union draw,
And in our inward parts
Let kindness sweetly write her law,
And love command our hearts.
- 5 Saviour, look down with pitying eyes,
Our jarring wills control;
Let cordial, kind affections rise,
And harmonize the soul.
- 6 O let us find the ancient way
Our wondering foes to move,
And force the heathen world to say,
"See how these Christians love!"

549

Piety.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

For grace to edify one another.

TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart:
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart.

- 2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless,
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.
- 3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

- 4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.
- 5 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.
- 6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride,
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

550

Baid.

S. M.

FAWCETT.

Closing the exercises.

- BLESS'D be the tie that binds
Our hearts in christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers:
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one—
Our comforts and our cares.
 - 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
 - 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
 - 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free ;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

551

Gerar.

S. M.

WATTS.

Rejoicing in God.

- COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known :
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God ;
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The God that rules on high,
And all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas,—
- 4 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love ;
He will send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.
- 5 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin ;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 6 Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.
- 7 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

- 8 The hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.
- 9 Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry;
 We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
 To fairer worlds on high.

552

Pleyel.

7s.

CENNICK.

The happy pilgrimage.

- CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
 As we journey let us sing,
 Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 We are traveling home to God,
 In the way our fathers trod;
 They are happy now, and we
 Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O ye banished seed, be glad,
 Christ our advocate is made,
 Us to save, our flesh assumes,
 Brother to our souls becomes.
- 4 Fear not, brethren—joyful stand
 On the borders of our land;
 Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
 Bids us undismayed go on.
- 5 Lord, obediently we'll go,
 Gladly leaving all below;
 Only thou our leader be,
 And we still will follow thee.

553 Boylston. S. M. C. WESLEY.
 For the manifestation of the Saviour.

JESUS, we look to thee,
 Thy promised presence claim;
 Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
 Assembled in thy name:
 Thy name salvation is,
 Which here we come to prove;
 Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
 And everlasting love.

2 Not in the name of pride
 Or selfishness we meet;
 From nature's path we turn aside,
 And worldly thoughts forget:
 We meet, the grace to take
 Which thou hast freely given;
 We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
 That we may meet in heaven.

3 Present we know thou art,
 But, oh, thyself reveal;
 Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
 The mighty comfort feel:
 O may thy quickening voice
 The death of sin remove,
 And bid our inmost souls rejoice
 In hope of perfect love.

554 Coventry. C. M. C. WESLEY.
 The blessing claimed.

SEE, Jesus, thy disciples see,
 The promised blessing give;
 Met in thy name, we look to thee,
 Expecting to receive.

2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
 Who in thy name are joined;
 We wait, according to thy word,
 Thee in the midst to find.

- 3 With us thou art assembled here,
But, oh, thyself reveal;
Son of the living God, appear,
Let us thy presence feel.
- 4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live;
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
"The Holy Ghost receive."
- 5 Whom now we seek, O may we meet,
Jesus, the crucified;
Show us thy bleeding hands and feet,
Thou who for us hast died.
- 6 Cause us the record to receive,
Speak and the tokens show:
"O be not faithless, but believe
In me, who died for you."

555

Lyons.

10s & 11s.

C. WESLEY.

Meeting in His name.

- A** PPOINTED by thee, we meet in thy name,
And meekly agree to follow the Lamb,
To trace thy example, the world to disdain,
And constantly trample on pleasure and pain.
- 2 Rejoicing in hope, we humbly go on,
And daily take up the pledge of our crown;
In doing and bearing the will of our Lord,
We still are preparing to meet our reward.
 - 3 O Jesus, appear—no longer delay
To sanctify here, and bear us away;
The end of our meeting on earth let us see,
Triumphantly sitting in glory with thee.

556

Olney.

S. M.

WATTS.

Delights of Christian Fellowship.

BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please,
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

557

Golden Hill.

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

"Thank God and take courage."

AND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give
For his redeeming grace:
Preserved by power divine
To full salvation, here
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

2 What troubles have we seen,
What conflicts have we passed,
Fightings without and fears within,
Since we assembled last!
But out of all the Lord
Has brought us by his love,
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

- 3 Then let us make our boast
 Of his redeeming power,
 Which saves us to the uttermost,
 Till we can sin no more;
 Let us take up the cross,
 Till we the crown obtain,
 And gladly reckon all things lost,
 So we may Jesus gain.

558

Chimes.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

United to Christ and each other.

- JESUS, united by thy grace,
 And each to each endeared,
 With confidence we seek thy face,
 And know our prayer is heard.
- 2 Still let us own our common Lord,
 And bear thine easy yoke,
 A band of love, a three-fold cord,
 Which never can be broke.
- 3 Make us into one spirit drink,
 Baptize into thy name,
 And let us always kindly think,
 And sweetly speak the same.
- 4 To thee, inseparably joined,
 Let all our spirits cleave;
 O may we all the loving mind
 That was in thee receive.
- 5 This is the bond of perfectness,
 The spotless charity;
 O let us, still we pray, possess
 The mind that was in thee.
- 6 Grant this, and then from all below
 Insensibly remove;
 Our souls their change shall scarcely know,
 Made perfect first in love.

559 Cambridge. C. M. C. WESLEY.
"Speak to our hearts."

TALK with us, Lord—thyself reveal,
 While here o'er earth we rove;
 Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
 The kindling of thy love.

- 2 With thee conversing, we forget
 All time, and toil, and care;
 Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
 If thou, my God, art here.
- 3 Here, then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
 And bid my heart rejoice;
 My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
 And echo to thy voice.
- 4 Thou callest me to seek thy face—
 'Tis all I wish to seek,
 To attend the whispers of thy grace,
 And hear thee inly speak.
- 5 Let this my every hour employ,
 Till I thy glory see,
 Enter into my Master's joy,
 And find my heaven in thee.

560 Give. C. M. SWAIN.
Brotherly Love.

HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight
 When those who love the Lord
 In one another's peace delight,
 And so fulfil his word.

- 2 O may we feel each brother's sigh,
 And with him bear a part;
 May sorrow flow from eye to eye,
 And joy from heart to heart.

- 3 Free us from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes fix above ;
May each his brother's failing hide,
And show a brother's love.
- 4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow,
And union sweet, and fond esteem,
In every action glow.
- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above,
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

561 Mendon. L. M. MONTGOMERY.
Pardon and Sanctification.

- JESUS, our best beloved Friend,
Draw out our souls in pure desire ;
Jesus, in love to us descend,
Baptize us with thy Spirit's fire.
- 2 On thy redeeming name we call,
Poor and unworthy though we be ;
Pardon and sanctify us all,
Let each thy full salvation see.
 - 3 Our souls and bodies we resign,
To fear and follow thy commands ;
O take our hearts, our hearts are thine,—
Accept the service of our hands.
 - 4 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
May we thy blessed will obey,
Toil in thy vineyard here, and bear
The heat and burden of the day.
 - 5 Yet, Lord, for us a resting place
In heaven, at thy right hand, prepare ;
And till we see thee face to face,
Be all our conversation there.

562

Eltham.

8 7s.

C. WESLEY.

Love Feast.

COME, and let us sweetly join
 Christ to praise in hymns divine;
 Give we all, with one accord,
 Glory to our common Lord;
 Hands, and hearts, and voices raise,
 Sing as in the ancient days;
 Antedate the joys above,
 Celebrate the feast of love.

- 2 Strive we, in affection strive,
 Let the purer flame revive,
 Such as in the martyrs glowed,
 Dying champions for their God;
 We, like them, may live and love,
 Called we are their joys to prove,
 Saved with them from future wrath,
 Partners of like precious faith.
- 3 Sing we then in Jesus' name,
 Now as yesterday the same,
 One in every time and place,
 Full for all of truth and grace:
 We for Christ, our Master, stand
 Lights in a benighted land;
 We our dying Lord confess,
 We are Jesus' witnesses.
- 4 Witnesses that Christ hath died,
 We with him are crucified;
 Christ hath burst the bands of death,
 We his quickening Spirit breathe;
 Christ is now gone up on high,
 Thither all our wishes fly;
 Sits at God's right hand above,
 There with him we reign in love.

563

Iddo.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The solemn Covenant.

- COME, let us use the grace divine,
 And all, with one accord,
 In a perpetual covenant join
 Ourselves to Christ, the Lord,—
- 2 Give up ourselves thro' Jesus' power,
 His name to glorify,
 And promise, in this sacred hour,
 For God to live and die.
- 3 The covenant we this moment make
 Be ever kept in mind ;
 We will no more our God forsake,
 Or cast his words behind.
- 4 We never will throw off his fear
 Who hears our solemn vow ;
 And if thou art well pleased to hear,
 Come down and meet us now.
- 5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Let all our hearts receive ;
 Present with the celestial host,
 The peaceful answer give.
- 6 To each the covenant blood apply
 Which takes our sins away,
 And register our names on high,
 And keep us to that day.

564

Brewer.

L. M.

NEWTON.

Christian welcome.

KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake
 A hearty welcome here receive ;
 May we together now partake
 The joys which he alone can give.

- 2 May he by whose kind care we meet
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 3 Forgotten be each worldly theme
When Christians meet together thus;
We only wish to speak of him
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.
- 4 We'll talk of all he did and said
And suffered for us here below;
The path he marked for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.
- 5 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
Then hasten on the glorious day
When we shall meet to part no more.

565 Hope. S. M. ANON.
 Morning Prayer Meeting.

HOW sweet the melting lay
That breaks upon the ear,
When, at the hour of rising day,
Christians unite in prayer.

- 2 The breezes waft their cries
Up to Jehovah's throne;
He listens to their bursting sighs,
And sends his blessings down.
- 3 So Jesus rose to pray
Before the morning light;
Once on the chilling mound did stay,
And wrestle all the night.
- 4 Glory to God on high,
Who sends his blessings down,
To rescue souls condemned to die,
And make his people one.

566 Kentucky. S. M. C. WESLEY.
Opening the Exercises.

THE praying spirit breathe,
 The watching power impart;
 From all entanglements beneath
 Call off my anxious heart;
 My feeble mind sustain,
 By worldly thoughts opprest;
 Appear, and bid me turn again
 To my eternal rest.

2 Swift to my rescue come,
 Thine own this moment seize;
 Gather my wandering spirit home,
 And keep in perfect peace:
 Suffered no more to rove
 O'er all the earth abroad,
 Arrest the prisoner of thy love,
 And shut me up in God.

567 Islington. L. M. ANON.
Love Feast.

LOVE is the theme of saints above;
 Love be the theme of saints below;
 Love is of God, for God is love;
 With love let every bosom glow.

2 Love to the Spirit of all grace,
 Love to the Scriptures of all truth;
 Love to our whole apostate race,
 Love to the aged, love to youth.

3 Love to each other;—soul and mind,
 And heart and hand with full accord,
 In one sweet covenant combined
 To live and die unto the Lord.

- 4 Christ's little flock we then shall feed,
 The lambs we in our arms shall bear;
 Reclaim the lost, the feeble lead,
 And watch o'er all in faith and prayer.

568 Uxbridge. L. M. KELLY.
 Speaking and Singing of Christ.

- WHY should believers, when they meet,
 Not speak of Christ, the King they
 own?
 Who gives them hope that they shall sit
 With him for ever on his throne.
- 2 Is any other name so great
 As his who bore the sinner's load?
 Is any subject half so sweet,
 So various, as the love of God?
- 3 'Tis this that charms reluctant man,
 That makes his opposition cease;
 Beholding love's amazing plan,
 He drops his arms and sues for peace.
- 4 'Twas so with us; we once were foes,
 Were foes to him who gave us breath;
 But he whose mercy freely flows,
 Has saved us from eternal death.
- 5 We look with hope to that great day
 When Jesus will with clouds appear;
 A sight of him will well repay
 Our labors and our sorrows here.
- 6 Of him then let us speak and sing,
 Whose glory we expect to share;
 In heaven we shall behold our king,
 And yield a nobler tribute there.

569 Quito. L. M. ANON.
 Parting.

COME, Christian brethren! ere we part
 Join every voice and every heart,
 One solemn hymn to God we raise,
 One final song of grateful praise.

- 2 Christians, we here may meet no more,
 But there is yet a happier shore ;
 And there, released from toil and pain,
 Dear brethren, we shall meet again.
-

DOMESTIC WORSHIP.

570 Newry. L. M. ANON.
 Morning.

BLESS'D are our eyes that see the light
 Of this another new-born day,
 Bless'd are our ears that hear thy word,
 Our lips, to read and praise and pray.

- 2 Thou Sun of righteousness, arise,
 Dispel the darkness from our sky,
 Illuminate the path of life,
 That leads to thine abode on high.
- 3 To thee, supremely good and wise,
 Our sacrifice we humbly bring,
 O may thy Spirit be our guide
 And with it may we pray and sing.
- 4 Thy glory be our constant aim
 When we go out, when we come in,
 Whate'er we say, whate'er we do,
 May we be ever kept from sin.

571

Orland.

L. M.

BISHOP KEN.

Morning.

A WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
 Thy daily stage of duty run ;
 Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.

- 2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
 And with the angels bear thy part ;
 Who all night long unwearied sing
 High praise to the eternal King.
- 3 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
 And hast refresh'd me while I slept ;
 Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
 I may of endless life partake.
- 4 Direct, control, suggest this day
 All I design, or do, or say,
 That all my powers, with all their might,
 In thy sole glory may unite.
- 5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
 Praise him, all creatures here below ;
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

572

Margate.

S. M.

J. WESLEY.

Morning.

WE lift our hearts to thee,
 O Day-Star from on high !
 The sun itself is but thy shade,
 Yet cheers both earth and sky.

- 2 O let thy orient beams
 The night of sin disperse,
 The mists of error and of vice
 Which shade the universe.

- 3 How beauteous nature now ;
How dark and sad before !
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.
- 4 O may no gloomy crime
Pollute the rising day ;
Or Jesus' blood, like evening dew,
Wash all its stains away !
- 5 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past,
And live this short revolving day
As if it were our last.
- 6 To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit,—One in Three,—
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall for ever be.

573

Irish.

C. M.

WATTS.

Morning.

- ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes ;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,—
Wide as the heavens on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.
 - 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise ;
My sins might rouse his wrath to flame,
But yet his wrath delays.
 - 4 O God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light !
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

574

Warwick.

C. M.

WATTS.

Sabbath morning.

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
 My voice ascending high;
 To thee will I direct my prayer,
 To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
 To plead for all his saints,
 Presenting at his Father's throne
 Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
 The wicked shall not stand;
 Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
 Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
 To taste thy mercies there;
 I will frequent thy holy court,
 And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
 In ways of righteousness,
 Make every path of duty straight,
 And plain before my face.

575

New Sabbath. L. M.

WATTS.

Morning or Evening.

MY God, how endless is thy love!
 Thy gifts are every evening new;
 And morning mercies from above
 Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
 Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
 Thy sovereign word restores the light,
 And quickens all my drowsy powers.

- 3 I yield myself to thy command;
 To thee devote my nights and days;
 Perpetual blessings from thy hand
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

576 Newry. C. M. WATTS.
A Morning Hymn.

- GOD of the morning, at thy voice
 G The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
 And like a giant doth rejoice
 To run his journey through the skies.
- 2 O, like the sun may I fulfil
 Th' appointed duties of the day;
 With ready mind and active will
 March on, and keep my heavenly way.
- 3 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
 Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
 Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure;
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise.
- 4 Give me thy counsels for my guide,
 And then receive me to thy bliss;
 All my desires and hopes beside
 Are faint and cold compared with this.

577 Winter. C. M. C. WESLEY.
Morning : Thankfulness and trust.

- GIVER and Guardian of our sleep,
 G To praise thy name we wake:
 Still, Lord, thy helpless servants keep,
 For thine own mercy's sake.
- 2 The blessings of another day
 We thankfully receive;
 O may we only thee obey,
 And to thy glory live.

- 3 Upon us lay thy mighty hand ;
 Our words and thoughts restrain ;
 And bow our souls to thy command,
 Nor let our faith be vain.
- 4 Pris'ners of hope, we wait the hour
 Which shall salvation bring,
 When all we are shall own thy power,
 And call our Jesus, King.

578

Woodland.

C. M.

KIPPIS

Morning and Evening Praise.

- ON thee, each morning, O my God,
 My waking thoughts attend,
 In whom are founded all my hopes,
 In whom my wishes end.
- 2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
 Thy boundless love surveys,
 And, fired with grateful zeal, prepares
 The sacrifice of praise.
- 3 When evening slumbers press my eyes,
 With thy protection blest,
 In peace and safety I commit
 My weary limbs to rest.
- 4 My spirit, in thy hands secure,
 Fears no approaching ill ;
 For, whether waking or asleep,
 Thou, Lord, art with me still.
- 5 Then will I daily to the world
 Thy wondrous acts proclaim,
 Whilst all with me shall praise and sing,
 And bless thy sacred name.
- 6 At morn, at noon, at night, I'll still
 The pleasing work pursue,
 And thee alone will praise, to whom
 All praise is ever due.

579 Heber. C. M. NEWTON.
 Private Devotion.

0 THAT I knew the secret place
 Where I might find my God!
 I'd spread my wants before his face,
 And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
 What sorrows I sustain;
 How grace decays, and comfort dies,
 And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take
 To wrestle with my God—
 I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
 I'd plead my Saviour's blood.

4 My God will pity my complaints,
 And drive my foes away;
 He knows the meaning of his saints,
 When they in sorrow pray.

5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
 And banish every fear;
 He calls thee to his throne of grace,
 To spread thy sorrows there.

580 Gainsboro'. C. M. KELLY.
 Morning Hymn.

THROUGH all the dangers of the night
 Preserved, O Lord! by thee,
 Again we hail the cheerful light,
 Again we bow the knee.

2 Preserve us, Lord! throughout the day,
 And guide us by thy arm;
 For they are safe, and only they,
 Whom thou dost keep from harm.

3 Let all our words, and all our ways,
 Declare that we are thine,
 That so the light of truth and grace
 Before the world may shine.

4 Let us ne'er turn away from thee;
 Dear Saviour, hold us fast,
 Till, with immortal eyes, we see
 Thy glorious face at last.

581

Cookham. 7s. ANON.

"In the Spirit on the Lord's day."

NOW the shades of night are gone,
 Now the morning light is come;
 Lord, may we be thine to-day;
 Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,
 Banish doubt and clear our sight;
 In thy service, Lord, to-day,
 May we labor, watch, and pray.

3 Keep our haughty passions bound,
 Save us from our foes around;
 Going out, and coming in,
 Keep us safe from every sin.

4 When our work of life is past,
 O receive us then at last;
 Night and sin will be no more
 When we reach the heavenly shore.

582

Sark. 7s. TATE AND BRADY.

Morning Thanks.

THOU that dost my life prolong!
 Kindly aid my morning song;
 Thankful, from my couch I rise,
 To the God that rules the skies.

- 2 Thou didst hear my evening cry ;
Thy preserving hand was nigh ;
Peaceful slumbers thou hast shed,
Grateful to my weary head.
- 3 Thou hast kept me through the night,—
'Twas thy hand restored the light ;
Lord ! thy mercies still are new,
Plenteous as the morning dew.
- 4 Still my feet are prone to stray,—
Oh ! preserve me through the day ;
Dangers every where abound,
Sins and snares beset me round.
- 5 Gently, with the dawning ray,
On my soul thy beams display ;
Sweeter than the smiling morn,
Let thy cheering light return.

583

Oldham.

C. M.

ANON.

Morning Hymn.

THE morning breaks ; my voice I raise
To thee, great God, above ;
Accept my prayer, my feeble praise,
In kindness and in love.

- 2 Forgive the crimes that I have done ;
My follies I deplore ;
And since another day's begun,
O may I love thee more.
- 3 Preserve me from all ill, I pray,
And guide me with thine eye,
And grant through every hour I may
On grace divine rely.
- 4 Keep me from sinful thoughts, O Lord,
And make my heart sincere ;
Make me to read thy holy word
With reverence and fear.

DOMESTIC WORSHIP.

- 5 Then shall I be prepared below
For my eternal home;
Where pleasures like a river flow,
And sorrows never come.

584

Watchman.

S. M.

ANON.

Morning Mercies.

- A WAKE! my heart, awake!
Thy gracious God to praise;
Who condescends such care to take,
And lengthen out my days.
- 2 While some have passed the night
In restlessness and pain;
I rise in health, to see the light,
And seek the Lord again.
- 3 This day will many die!
This hour what numbers go!
What if my soul be called to fly,
And I that change should know?
- 4 Lord, come, and be my guide
Through this uncertain space;
Keep me for ever near thy side,
And grant a child thy grace.

585

Devises.

C. M.

ANON.

A Daily Prayer.

- O LORD, my God, to thee I cry,
To thee I lift my heart;
O hear me from thy throne on high,
To me thy grace impart.
- 2 When early morning lights the sky,
Let me before thee fall:
O, may I find thy presence nigh,
My Priest, my King, my All.

- 3 When mid-day's beams descend on me,
 O guide my footsteps then,
 Lest I be drawn from truth and thee
 By worldly-minded men.
- 4 And when the shadows of the night
 Are darkening all the land,
 Securely trusting in thy might,
 Let me lie on thy hand.
- 5 O Lord, my God, while here I live,
 Till I am called away,
 Let day by day my actions prove
 My love to thee, I pray.

586

Arundel.

C. M.

STEELE.

Morning.

- LORD of my life, O may thy praise
 Employ my noblest powers,
 Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
 And fills the circling hours.
- 2 Preserved by thy almighty arm,
 I passed the shades of night,
 Serene and safe from every harm,
 And see returning light.
- 3 While many spent the night in sighs,
 And restless pains and woes,
 In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
 And undisturbed repose.
- 4 When sleep, death's semblance, o'er me
 And I unconscious lay, [spread,
 Thy watchful care was round my bed
 To guard my feeble clay.
- 5 O let the same almighty care
 My waking hours attend,
 From every danger, every snare,
 My heedless steps defend.

DOMESTIC WORSHIP.

- 6 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days ;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

587

Shirland. S. M. PROT. EPIS. COL.

Evening.

- THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear ;
O may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near.
- 2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest ;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possess'd.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night
Secure from all our fears ;
May angels guard us, while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.
- 4 And when we early rise,
And view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.
- 5 And when our days are past
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love !

588

Mear. C. M. C. WESLEY.

Evening.

ALL praise to Him who dwells in bliss,
Who made both day and night ;
Whose throne is darkness in th' abyss
Of uncreated light.

- 2 Each thought and deed his piercing eyes
With strictest search survey;
The deepest shades no more disguise
Than the full blaze of day.
- 3 Whom thou dost guard, O King of kings,
No evil shall molest:
Under the shadow of thy wings
Shall they securely rest.
- 4 Thy angels shall around their beds
Their constant stations keep:
Thy faith and truth shall shield their heads
For thou dost never sleep.
- 5 May we, with calm and sweet repose,
And heavenly thoughts, refresh'd,
Our eyelids with the morn uncloze,
And bless thee, ever bless'd.

589

Rockingham.

L. M.

WATTS.

Evening.

THUS far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days,
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home:
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

- 4 Thus when the night of death shall come,
 My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
 And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
 With sweet salvation in the sound.

590

Ebor.

C. M.

J. MASON.

Evening.

NOW from the altar of our hearts
 Let warmest thanks arise ;
 Assist us, Lord, to offer up
 Our evening sacrifice.

- 2 This day God was our sun and shield,
 Our keeper and our guide ;
 His care was on our weakness shown,
 His mercies multiplied.
- 3 Minutes and mercies, multiplied,
 Have made up all this day ;
 Minutes came quick, but mercies were
 More fleet and free than they.
- 4 New time, new favors, and new joys,
 Do a new song require ;
 Till we shall praise thee as we would,
 Accept our hearts' desire.

591

Windham.

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Evening.

HOW do thy mercies close me round !
 For ever be thy name adored ;
 I blush in all things to abound ;
 The servant is above his Lord !

- 2 Inured to poverty and pain,
 A suff'ring life my Master led ;
 The Son of God, the Son of man,
 He had not where to lay his head.

3 But, lo! a place he hath prepar'd
For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Yea, he himself becomes my guard;
He smooths my bed and gives me sleep.

4 Jesus protects; my fears, begone;
What can the Rock of ages move!
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thy everlasting arms of love!

592 Bath Chapel. C. M. WATTS.
Evening.

L ORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am for ever thine:
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice,
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith, my hope, relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus, with my thoughts composed to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

593 Mear. C. M. WATTS.
God's Goodness acknowledged.

D READ Sovereign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the offering of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepared.

3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around;
But, oh, how few returns of love
Hath my Redeemer found!

4 What have I done for him who died
To save my guilty soul?
Alas! my sins are multiplied,
Fast as my minutes roll.

5 Yet, with this guilty heart of mine,
Lord, to thy cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by thee.

594

Kozeluck.

7s.

PROT. EPIS. COL.

Communion with God.

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.

2 Soon for us the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

595

Sicilian.

8s & 7s.

EDMESTON.

Closing.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrows past us fly,
 Angel guards from thee surround us;
 We are safe if thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from thee;
 Thou art he who, never weary,
 Watches where thy people be.
- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb,
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in light and deathless bloom.

596

Guardian.

L. M.

BISHOP KEN.

Evening.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
 G For all the blessings of the light,
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
 Under thy own almighty wings.

- 2 Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed;
 Teach me to die, that so I may
 Rise glorious at the judgment day.
- 3 O let my soul on thee repose,
 And with sweet sleep my eyelids close,
 Sleep that shall me more vigorous make,
 To serve my God when I awake.

597

St. George.

C. M.

LON. MAG.

An Evening Hymn.

INDULGENT Father, by whose care
 I I've passed another day,
 Let me this night thy mercy share,
 And teach me how to pray.

- 2 Show me my sins, and how to mourn
My guilt before thy face;
Direct me, Lord, to Christ alone,
And save me by thy grace.
- 3 Speak to my conscience, speak my peace
Through his atoning blood;
And grant me, Lord, a full release
From sin's oppressive load.
- 4 Show me my wants, and let me crave
Nothing but what is right;
Help me by faith on thee to live,
Then change my faith to sight.
- 5 Guide me through life's uncertain path,
Nor let me from thee stray;
Preserve my fleeting, mortal breath,
Through each revolving day.
- 6 Let each returning night declare
The tokens of thy love;
And every hour thy grace prepare
My soul for joys above.
- 7 And when on earth I close my eyes,
To sleep in death's embrace,
Let me to heaven and glory rise,
To enjoy thy smiling face.

598

Rothwell.

L. M.

STEELE.

Evening Reflections.

GREAT God, to thee my evening song,
With humble gratitude, I raise;
Oh, let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

- 2 My days, unclouded as they pass,
And every gently-rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus: His dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance, at thy throne.

5 Let this blest hope my eyelids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

599

Rochester.

C. M.

H. K. WHITE.

Evening.

O LORD, another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.

2 And wilt thou lend a listening ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt! for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

3 And Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,
As we before thee pray;
For thou didst bless the infant train,
And are we less than they?

4 O, let thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace.

P R A Y E R .

600

Luton.

L. M.

HART.

“Man should pray always.”

PRAYER is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray,
They learn to pray when first they live.

- 2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay,
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
In every case still watch and pray.
- 3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak ;
Tho' thought be broken, language lame,
Pray if thou canst, or canst not speak ;
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.
- 4 Depend on him—thou canst not fail,
Make all thy wants and wishes known ;
Fear not, his merits must prevail,
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

601

Arlington.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

What is Prayer?

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed ;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear ;
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"
- 6 The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind,
While with the Father, and the Son,
Sweet fellowship they find.
- 7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads,
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For mourners intercedes.
- 8 O thou by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

602

Peterboro'.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

For grace to pray aright.

- L**ORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear;
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.
- 2 We perish if we cease from prayer;
O grant us power to pray;
And when to meet thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way.
 - 3 Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin,
In weakness, want, and woe,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Lord, whither shall we go?

- 4 God of all grace, we come to thee
With broken, contrite hearts;
Give what thine eye delights to see—
Truth in the inward parts.
- 5 Give deep humility, the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong, desiring confidence
To hear thy voice and live;
- 6 Faith in the only sacrifice
That can for sin atone,
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes
On Christ, on Christ alone;
- 7 Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee though thou slay.
- 8 Give these, and then thy will be done;
Thus strengthened with all might,
We, by thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

603

Winter

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

For various blessings.

WHAT shall we ask of God in prayer?
Whatever good we want,
Whatever man may seek to share,
Or God in wisdom grant.

- 2 Father of all our mercies, thou
In whom we move and live,
Hear us in heaven, thy dwelling, now,
And answer and forgive.
- 3 When bound with sin and trespasses,
From wrath we fain would flee;
Lord, cancel our unrighteousness,
And set the captives free.

- 4 When harassed by ten thousand foes,
Our helplessness we feel :
O give the weary soul repose,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 5 When dire temptations gather round,
And threaten or allure,
By storm or calm, in thee be found
A refuge strong and sure.
- 6 When age advances, may we grow
In faith, and hope, and love,
And walk in holiness below
To holiness above.
- 7 When earthly joys and cares depart,
Desire and envy cease,
Be thou the portion of our heart,
In thee may we have peace.
- 8 When flames these elements destroy,
And worlds in judgment stand,
May we lift up our heads with joy,
And meet at thy right hand.

604

Swanwick.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

For Wisdom.

- A**LMIGHTY God, in humble prayer
To thee our souls we lift ;
Do thou our waiting minds prepare,
For thy most needful gift.
- 2 We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow ;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below.
 - 3 We ask not honors, which an hour
May bring and take away ;
We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power,
Lest we should go astray.

- 4 We ask for wisdom—Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live;
A wise and understanding heart
To all before thee give.
- 5 For we, like children, born in sin,
Know not, till thou hast taught,
How to go out, or how come in,
By word, or deed, or thought.
- 6 The young remember thee in youth,
Before the evil days;
The old be guided by thy truth,
In wisdom's pleasant ways.

605

Woodland.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Opening the Exercises.

- SHEPHERD divine, our wants relieve
In this our evil day;
To all thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.
- 2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer!
 - 3 The Spirit of interceding grace,
Give us in faith to claim;
To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.
 - 4 Till thou thy perfect love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,
I will not let thee go:—
 - 5 I will not let thee go, unless
Thou tell thy name to me,
With all thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like thee.

- 6 Then let me, on the mountain top,
Behold thy open face;
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in endless praise.

606 Portugal. L. M. COWPER.
Opening the Exercises.

WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there?

- 2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Have you no words? Ah! think again:
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

607 Hope. S. M. C. WESLEY.
The well-fought day.

PRAY, without ceasing, pray,
Your Captain gives the word:
His summons cheerfully obey,
And call upon the Lord;

To God your every want
 In instant prayer display ;
 Pray always ; pray, and never faint ;
 Pray, without ceasing, pray.

2 In fellowship—alone—
 To God with faith draw near ;
 Approach his courts, besiege his throne
 With all the power of prayer :
 His mercy now implore,
 And now show forth his praise ;
 In shouts, or silent awe, adore
 His miracles of grace.

3 From strength to strength go on ;
 Wrestle, and fight, and pray ;
 Tread all the powers of darkness down,
 And win the well-fought day :
 Still let the Spirit cry,
 In all his soldiers,—Come,
 Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
 And take the conqu'rors home.

608 Alexandria. C. M. JUDSON.
The Lord's Prayer.

OUR Father, God, who art in heaven,
 All hallowed be thy name ;
 Thy kingdom come ; thy will be done
 In heaven and earth the same.

2 Give us this day our daily bread ;
 And as we those forgive
 Who sin against us, so may we
 Forgiving grace receive.

3 Into temptation lead us not ;
 From evil set us free ;
 And thine the kingdom, thine the power,
 And glory, ever be.

609

Ebor.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Heavenly Aspirations.

BEING of beings, God of love,
To thee our hearts we raise;
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Thine, wholly thine, we pant to be,
Our sacrifice receive;
Made, and preserved, and saved by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

3 Heavenward our every wish aspires
For all thy mercy's store;
The sole return thy love requires
Is that we ask for more.

4 For more we ask—we open then
Our hearts to embrace thy will;
Turn, and beget us, Lord, again,
With all thy fullness fill.

5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad;
So shall we ever live and move,
And be with Christ in God.

610

Brattle street. C. M.

MRS. WILLIAMS.

Habitual Devotion.

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That hour will rest on thee.

611 Bancoke. S. M. NEWTON.
 Coming boldly to the throne of grace.

BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls us near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

- 2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round we see,
Provides, for those who come to God,
An all-prevailing plea.
- 3 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
We ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.
- 4 Teach us to live by faith,
Conform our will to thine;
Let us victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

- 5 If thou these blessings give,
 And wilt our portion be,
 All worldly joys we'll cheerful leave,
 And find our heaven in thee.

612 Peace. S. M. C. WESLEY.
 For Perfect Submission.

- I WANT a heart to pray,
 To pray, and never cease ;
 Never to murmur at thy stay,
 Or wish my sufferings less.
 This blessing, above all,—
 Always to pray,—I want ;
 Out of the deep on thee to call,
 And never, never faint.
- 2 I want a true regard,
 A single, steady aim,
 Unmoved by threatening or reward,
 To thee and thy great name ;
 A jealous, just concern
 For thine immortal praise ;
 A pure desire that all may learn
 And glorify thy grace.
- 3 I rest upon thy word,—
 The promise is for me ;
 My succor and salvation, Lord,
 Shall surely come from thee :
 But let me still abide,
 Nor from my hope remove,
 Till thou my patient spirit guide
 Into thy perfect love.

613 Azmon. C. M. C. WESLEY.
 For a Tender Conscience.

- I WANT a principle within,
 Of jealous, godly fear ;
 A sensibility of sin,—
 A pain to feel it near ;

I want the first approach to feel
Of pride, or fond desire;
To catch the wandering of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

2 From thee that I no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience, give.
Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make;
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

3 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
And let me weep my life away
For having grieved thy love.
O may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul,
And drive me to the blood again
Which makes the wounded whole.

614

Asylum.

5 7 & 3 6.

C. WESLEY.

Psalm cxxi.

TO the hills I lift mine eyes,
The everlasting hills;
Streaming thence in fresh supplies,
My soul the Spirit feels:
Will he not his help afford?
Help, while yet I ask, is given:
God comes down—the God and Lord
That made both earth and heaven.

2 Faithful soul, pray always; pray,
And still in God confide;
He thy feeble steps shall stay,
Nor suffer thee to slide;

Lean on thy Redeemer's breast ;
 He thy quiet spirit keeps ;
 Rest in him, securely rest ;
 Thy Watchman never sleeps.

3 Neither sin, nor earth, nor hell,
 Thy Keeper can surprise ;
 Careless slumbers cannot steal
 On his all-seeing eyes ;
 He is Israel's sure defence ;
 Israel all his care shall prove,
 Kept by watchful Providence,
 And ever-waking Love.

4 See the Lord, thy Keeper, stand
 Omnipotently near ;
 Lo ! he holds thee by thy hand,
 And banishes thy fear ;
 Shadows with his wings thy head,
 Guards from all impending harms :
 Round thee and beneath are spread
 The everlasting arms.

5 Christ shall bless thy going out,
 Shall bless thy coming in ;
 Kindly compass thee about,
 Till thou art saved from sin ;
 Like thy spotless Master, thou,
 Filled with wisdom, love and power ;
 Holy, pure, and perfect,—now,
 Henceforth, and evermore.

615 Paradise. C. M. C. WESLEY.
"Purge me, and I shall be clean."

MY God, my God, to thee I cry,
 Thee only would I know ;
 Thy purifying blood apply,
 And wash me white as snow.

- 2 Touch me, and make the leper clean ;
Purge my iniquity ;
Unless thou wash my soul from sin,
I have no part in thee.
- 3 But art thou not already mine ?
Answer, if mine thou art !
Whisper within, thou Love Divine,
And cheer my drooping heart.
- 4 Behold, for me the Victim bleeds,
His wounds are open wide ;
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me justified.

616

Woodland.

C. M.

BROWN.

Evening.

- I LOVE to steal awhile away,
From every cumb'ring care ;
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear ;
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.
 - 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.
 - 4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven :
The prospect does my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.
 - 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

617 Eve. 7s. NEWTON.
"In full assurance of faith."

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
 Jesus loves to answer prayer;
 He himself has bid thee pray,
 Rise and ask without delay.
 Thou art coming to a King,
 Large petitions with thee bring,
 For his grace and power are such,
 None can ever ask too much.

2 With my burden I begin,
 Lord, remove this load of sin;
 Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
 Set my conscience free from guilt.
 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
 Take possession of my breast,
 There thy blood-bought right maintain,
 And without a rival reign.

3 While I am a pilgrim here,
 Let thy love my spirit cheer;
 As my guide, my guard, my friend,
 Lead me to my journey's end.
 Show me what I have to do,
 Every hour my strength renew;
 Let me live a life of faith,
 Let me die thy people's death.

XIII. DEATH.

618 Give. C. M. YOUNG.
Bereavement.

OUR hearts are fastened to this world
 By strong and endless ties,
 And every sorrow cuts a string,
 And urges us to rise.

- 2 When God would kindly set us free,
And earth's enchantment end,
He takes the most effectual means,
And robs us of a friend.
- 3 Since vain all here, all future vast,
Embrace the lot assigned ;
Heaven wounds to heal—its frowns are friends,
Its strokes severe, most kind.
- 4 To final good the worst events
Through secret channels run,
Finish for saints their destined course,
As 'twas for saints begun.
- 5 O for that summit of my wish
Whilst here I draw my breath,
That promise of eternal life,
A glorious smile in death.

619 Aylesbury. S. M. C. WESLEY.
What comes after death?

- AND am I born to die?
A To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown—
A land of deepest shade,
Unpierced by human thought,
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot?
- 2 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be;
Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave shall rise,
And see the Judge with glory crowned,
And see the flaming skies.

- 3 How shall I leave my tomb?
 With triumph or regret?
 A fearful or a joyful doom,
 A curse or blessing meet?
 Will angel-bands convey
 Their brother to the bar?
 Or devils drag my soul away,
 To meet its sentence there?
- 4 Who can resolve the doubt
 That tears my anxious breast?
 Shall I be with the damned cast out,
 Or numbered with the blest?
 I must from God be driven,
 Or with my Saviour dwell;
 Must come at his command to heaven,
 Or else depart to hell.
- 5 O thou that wouldst not have
 One wretched sinner die,
 Who diedst thyself my soul to save
 From endless misery,
 Show me the way to shun
 Thy dreadful wrath severe,
 That when thou comest on thy throne
 I may with joy appear.

620

Cole's Hill.

C. M.

WATTS.

Human Frailty.

- THEE we adore, eternal Name,
 And humbly own to thee
 How feeble is our mortal frame,
 What dying worms we be!
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still
 As days and months increase;
 And every beating pulse we tell
 Leaves but the number less.

DEATH.

- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're traveling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground
To push us to the tomb,
And fierce diseases wait around
To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Great God, on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things—
Th' eternal states of all the dead,
Upon life's feeble strings!
- 6 Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

621

China.

C. M.

VILLAGE HYMNS.

Death of a faithful Minister.

- FAR from affliction, toil and care,
The happy soul is fled;
The breathless clay shall slumber here,
Among the silent dead.
- 2 The Gospel was his joy and song,
E'en to his latest breath;
The truth he had proclaimed so long,
Was his support in death.
 - 3 Now he resides where Jesus is,
Above this dusky sphere;
His soul was ripened for that bliss
While yet he sojourned here.

- 4 The church's loss we all deplore,
And shed the falling tear;
Since we shall see his face no more,
Till Jesus shall appear.
- 5 But we are hasting to the tomb,
O may we ready stand;
Then, blessed Lord, receive us home,
To dwell at thy right hand.

622 Islington. L. M. S. WESLEY, JR.
The grass withereth—the flower fadeth.

THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

- 2 Nipp'd by the wind's untimely blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.
- 3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows;
Fairer than spring the colors shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.
- 4 Or worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.
- 5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine,
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.
- 6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains;
Perish the grass and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

623

Hedding. 4 8s & 2 6s.

C. WESLEY.

“No room for mirth or trifling here.”

AND am I only born to die?
 And must I suddenly comply
 With nature's stern decree?
 What after death for me remains?
 Celestial joys or hellish pains,
 To all eternity!

2 How then ought I on earth to live,
 While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
 And props the house of clay!
 My sole concern, my single care,
 To watch and tremble and prepare
 Against that fatal day.

3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
 For worldly hope or worldly fear,
 If life so soon is gone,
 If now the Judge is at the door,
 And all mankind must stand before
 The inexorable throne!

4 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
 But how I may escape the death
 That never, never dies!
 How make mine own election sure,
 And when I fail on earth, secure
 A mansion in the skies.

5 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray,
 Be thou my guide, be thou my way
 To glorious happiness!
 Ah! write the pardon on my heart!
 And whensoever I hence depart,
 Let me depart in peace!

624 Savannah. 8 8s. C. WESLEY.
A Brother happy.

REJOICE for a brother deceased ;
 Our loss is his infinite gain ;
 A soul out of prison released,
 And freed from its bodily pain,—
 With songs let us follow his flight,
 And mount with his spirit above,—
 Escaped to the mansions of light,
 And lodged in the Eden of love.

2 Our brother the haven hath gained,
 Outflying the tempest and wind,
 His rest he hath sooner obtained,
 And left his companions behind,
 Still tossed on a sea of distress,
 Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
 Where all is assurance and peace,
 And sorrow and sin are no more.

3 There all the ship's company meet,
 Who sailed with the Saviour beneath ;
 With shouting each other they greet,
 And triumph o'er sorrow and death :
 The voyage of life's at an end,
 The mortal affliction is past :
 The age that in heaven they spend
 For ever and ever shall last.

625 Defleury. 8 8s. C. WESLEY.
A Sister in Heaven.

HOSANNAH to Jesus on high !
 Another has entered his rest ;
 Another has 'scaped to the sky,
 And lodged in Immanuel's breast.
 The soul of our sister is gone,
 To heighten the triumph above,
 Exalted to Jesus's throne,
 And clasped in the arms of his love.

- 2 What fullness of rapture is there,
 While Jesus his glory displays,
 And purples the heavenly air,
 And scatters the odors of grace!
 He looks—and his servants in light
 The blessings ineffable meet;
 He smiles—and they faint at the sight,
 And fall overwhelmed at his feet.
- 3 How happy the angels that fall
 Transported at Jesus's name:
 The saints whom he soonest shall call,
 To share in the feast of the Lamb!
 No longer imprisoned in clay,
 Who next from his dungeon shall fly?
 Who first shall be summoned away?
 My merciful Lord, is it I?
- 4 O, Jesus, if this be thy will,
 That suddenly I should depart,
 Thy counsel of mercy reveal,
 And whisper the call in my heart:
 O give me a signal to know
 If soon thou wouldst have me remove,
 And leave the dull body below,
 And fly to the regions above.

626

Peirce

8 8s.

C. WESLEY.

At rest and happy.

HOW blest is our brother, bereft
 Of all that could burden his mind!
 How easy the soul that has left
 This wearisome body behind!
 This earth is affected no more
 With sickness, or shaken with pain;
 The war in the members is o'er,
 And never shall vex him again.

- 2 No anger, henceforward, nor shame,
 Shall redden this innocent clay :
 Extinct is the animal flame,
 And passion is vanished away.
 This languishing head is at rest ;
 Its thinking and aching are o'er ;
 This quiet, immovable breast
 Is heaved by affliction no more.
- 3 The lids he so seldom could close,
 By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
 Now sealed in their mortal repose,
 Have strangely forgotten to weep ;
 The fountains can yield no supplies ;
 These hollows from water are free ;
 The tears are all wiped from these eyes,
 And evil they never shall see.

627

Sessions.

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

A peaceful death expected and prayed for.

SHRINKING from the cold hand of death,
 I soon shall gather up my feet ;
 Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,
 And die,—my fathers' God to meet.

- 2 Numbered among thy people, I
 Expect with joy thy face to see ;
 Because thou didst for sinners die,
 Jesus, in death remember me !
- 3 O that, without a lingering groan,
 I may the welcome word receive ;
 My body with my charge lay down,
 And cease at once to work and live.
- 4 Walk with me through the dreadful shade,
 And, certified that thou art mine,
 My spirit, calm and undismayed,
 I shall into thy hands resign.

- 5 No anxious doubt, no guilty gloom,
 Shall damp when Jesus' presence cheers :
 My Light, my Life, my God is come,
 And glory in his face appears.

628

Bangor.

C. M.

WATTS.

A voice from the grave.

HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound ;
 My ears, attend the cry :—
 Ye living men, come view the ground
 Where you must shortly lie.

- 2 Princes, this clay must be your bed,
 In spite of all your towers ;
 The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
 Shall lie as low as ours.
- 3 Great God ! is this our certain doom,
 And are we still secure ?
 Still walking downward to the tomb,
 And yet prepared no more.
- 4 Grant us the power of quick'ning grace,
 To fit our souls to fly ;
 Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
 We'll rise above the sky.

629

Windham.

L. M.

WATTS.

Christ's presence makes death easy.

WHY should we start, and fear to die ?
 What timorous worms we mortals are !
 Death is the gate to endless joy,
 And yet we dread to enter there.

- 2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
 Fright our approaching souls away ;
 And we shrink back again to life,
 Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O would my Lord his servant meet,
 My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
 Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
 Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,
 While on his breast I lean my head,
 And breathe my life out sweetly there.

630 Alexandria. C. M. STENNETT.
Death of Children.

THY life I read, my gracious Lord,
 With transport all divine;
 Thine image trace in every word,
 Thy love in every line.

2 Methinks I see a thousand charms
 Spread o'er thy lovely face,
 While infants in thy tender arms
 Receive the smiling grace.

3 I take these little lambs, said he,
 And lay them in my breast;
 Protection they shall find in me,
 In me be ever blest.

4 Death may the bands of life unloose,
 But not dissolve my love;
 Millions of infant souls compose
 The family above.

5 His words the happy parents hear,
 And shout, with joys divine,—
 O Saviour, all we have and are
 Shall be for ever thine.

631

Retreat.

L. M.

BATHURST.

The Christian's parting hour.

HOW sweet the hour of closing day,
 When all is peaceful and serene,
 And when the sun, with cloudless ray,
 Sheds mellow lustre o'er the scene!

- 2 Such is the Christian's parting hour,
 So peacefully he sinks to rest;
 When faith, endued from heaven with power,
 Sustains and cheers his languid breast.
- 3 Mark but that radiance of his eye,
 That smile upon his wasted cheek;
 They tell us of his glory nigh,
 In language that no tongue can speak.
- 4 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
 The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
 And angels are attending near,
 To bear him to their bright abode.
- 5 Who would not wish to die like those
 Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless?
 To sink into that soft repose,
 Then wake to perfect happiness?

632

Boylston

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Friends separated for a season.

FRIEND after friend departs :
 Who hath not lost a friend?
 There is no union here of hearts
 That finds not here an end.

- 2 Beyond the flight of time,
 Beyond this vale of death,
 There surely is some blessed clime
 Where life is not a breath.

- 3 There is a world above,
 Where parting is unknown;
 A whole eternity of love,
 Formed for the good alone.
- 4 Thus star by star declines,
 Till all are passed away,
 As morning high and higher shines,
 To pure and perfect day.

633

Fernhill.

8 7s.

C. WESLEY.

Blessedness of those who die in the Lord.

HARK! a voice divides the sky:
 Happy are the faithful dead!
 In the Lord who sweetly die,
 They from all their toils are freed;
 Them the Spirit hath declared
 Blest, unutterably blest;
 Jesus is their great reward,
 Jesus is their endless rest.

- 2 Followed by their works they go,
 Where their Head is gone before;
 Reconciled by grace below,
 Grace hath opened mercy's door;
 Justified through faith alone,
 Here they knew their sins forgiven;
 Here they lay their burden down,
 Hallowed, and made meet for heaven.

634

Fenburn.

S. M.

CHUR. PSAL.

Let me die the death of the righteous.

O FOR the death of those
 Who slumber in the Lord!
 O be like theirs my last repose,
 Like theirs my last reward.

DEATH.

- 2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope, may lie
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.
- 3 Their ransomed spirits soar
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.
- 4 O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord !
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

635

Naomi.

C. M.

CONDER'S COL.

Death gain to the faithful.

WHY should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls his own,
And bids them leave a world of woe
For an immortal crown ?

- 2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given ?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.
- 3 Their toils are past. their work is done,
And they are fully blest ;
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.
- 4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow :
God has recalled his own ;
But let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say, Thy will be done.

636

Accomac.

L. M.

BARBAULD.

The end of that man is peace.

HOW blest the righteous when he dies!
 When sinks a weary soul to rest,
 How mildly beam the closing eyes!
 How gently heaves the expiring breast!

- 2 So fades a summer cloud away;
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
 So gently shuts the eye of day;
 So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,—
 A calm which life nor death destroys;
 And naught disturbs that peace profound
 Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
 Where lights and shades alternate dwell!
 How bright the unchanging morn appears!
 Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!
- 5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
 Light from its load the spirit flies,
 While heaven and earth combine to say,
 How blest the righteous when he dies!

637

China.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The death of a Pastor.

TO thee, O God, when creatures fail,
 Thy flock, deserted, flies;
 And on the eternal Shepherd's care
 Our steadfast hope relies.

- 2 When o'er thy faithful servant's dust
 Thy saints assembled mourn,
 In speedy tokens of thy grace,
 O Zion's God, return!

- 3 The powers of nature all are thine,
 And thine the aids of grace;
 Thine arm has borne thy churches up
 Through each succeeding race.
- 4 Exert thy sacred influence here,
 And here thy suppliants bless;
 And change to strains of cheerful praise
 Our accents of distress.

638

Gardner.

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

The crowning hour.

- SERVANT of God, well done!
 The glorious warfare's past;
 The battle's fought, the race is won,
 And thou art crowned at last;—
- 2 Of all thy heart's desire
 Triumphantly possessed;
 Lodged by the ministerial choir
 In thy Redeemer's breast.
- 3 In condescending love,
 Thy ceaseless prayer he heard,
 And bade thee suddenly remove
 To thy complete reward.
- 4 With saints enthroned on high,
 Thou dost thy Lord proclaim,
 And still to God salvation cry,—
 Salvation to the Lamb!
- 5 O happy, happy soul!
 In ecstasies of praise,
 Long as eternal ages roll
 Thou seest thy Saviour's face.
- 6 Redeemed from earth and pain,
 Ah! when shall we ascend,
 And all in Jesus' presence reign
 With our translated friend?

639 Alma. 8s & 7s. C. WESLEY.
The days of thy mourning are ended.

HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
 All thy mourning days below;
 Go, by angel guards attended,
 To the sight of Jesus go!

2 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
 Lo! the Saviour stands above,
 Shows the purchase of his merit,
 Reaches out the crown of love.

3 Struggle through thy latest passion
 To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
 To his uttermost salvation,
 To his everlasting rest.

4 For the joy he sets before thee,
 Bear a momentary pain;
 Die, to live the life of glory,
 Suffer with thy Lord to reign.

640 Hebron. L. M. WATTS.
The grave shall restore its trust.

UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
 Take this new treasure to thy trust;
 And give these sacred relics room
 To slumber in the silent dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
 Invade thy bounds: no mortal woes
 Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
 While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept;—God's dying Son
 Passed thro' the grave, and bless'd the bed;
 Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
 The morning break, and pierce the shade.

- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn;
 Attend, O earth! his sovereign word;
 Restore thy trust,—a glorious form,—
 Called to ascend and meet the Lord.

641

Pleyel.

8 7s.

C. WESLEY.

Present with the Lord.

LO! the prisoner is released,
 Lightened of his fleshly load,
 Where the weary are at rest,
 He is gathered into God!
 Lo! the pain of life is past,
 All his warfare now is o'er;
 Death and hell behind are cast;
 Grief and suffering are no more.

- 2 Join we then, with one accord,
 In the new and joyful song:
 Absent from our loving Lord
 We shall not continue long;
 We shall quit the house of clay,
 We a better lot shall share,
 We shall see the realms of day,
 Meet our happy brother there.

642

Judah.

L. M.

DWIGHT.

Day dawns on the night of the grave.

SHALL man, O God of light and life,
 For ever moulder in the grave?
 Canst thou forget thy glorious work,
 Thy promise, and thy power, to save?

- 2 In those dark, silent realms of night
 Shall peace and hope no more arise?
 No future morning light the tomb,
 Nor day-star gild the darksome skies?

- 3 Cease—cease, ye vain, desponding fears:
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness sprang,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heaven with praise and wonder rang.
- 4 Faith sees the bright, eternal doors
Unfold, to make his children way;
They shall be clothed with endless life,
And shine in everlasting day.
- 5 The trump shall sound—the dead shall wake;
From the cold tomb the slumberers spring;
Through heaven, with joy their myriads rise,
And hail their Saviour and their King.

643

Chester.

C. M.

WATTS.

Funeral of a Christian.

- WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our Love.
 - 3 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying head?
 - 4 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising day.

- 5 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
 And bid our kindred rise;
 Awake, ye nations under ground;
 Ye saints, ascend the skies!

644 Hermon. C. M. H. K. WHITE.
Journeying through death to life.

THRO' sorrow's night and danger's path,
 Amid the deepening gloom,
 We, soldiers of a heavenly King,
 Are marching to the tomb.

- 2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
 And all our powers decay,
 Our cold remains in solitude
 Shall sleep the years away.
- 3 Our labors done, securely laid
 In this our last retreat,
 Unheeded o'er our silent dust
 The storms of life shall beat.
- 4 Yet not thus lifeless, in the grave,
 The vital spark shall lie;
 For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise,
 To seek its kindred sky.
- 5 These ashes, too,—this little dust,—
 Our Father's care shall keep,
 Until the final trump shall break
 The long and dreary sleep.
- 6 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
 Shall shed its mildest rays,
 And our long-silent dust shall rise,
 With shouts of endless praise!

645 Dikeman. S. M. WATTS.
 Sown a natural, raised a spiritual body.

AND must this body die—
 A This well-wrought frame decay?
 And must these active limbs of mine
 Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
 Shall but refine this flesh,
 Till my triumphant spirit comes
 To put it on afresh.

3 God my Redeemer lives,
 And ever from the skies
 Looks down, and watches all my dust,
 Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glorious grace
 Shall these vile bodies shine,
 And every shape, and every face,
 Be heavenly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe,
 Lord, to thy dying love:
 O may we bless thy grace below,
 And sing thy grace above!

6 Saviour, accept the praise
 Of these our humble songs,
 Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
 With our immortal tongues.

646 Anthem. P. M. POPE.
 The dying Christian.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
 Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
 O, the pain, the bliss of dying!
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.

- 2 Hark! they whisper! angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath,
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?
- 3 The world recedes, it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave, where is thy victory!
O death, where is thy sting!

647

Oldham.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Present suffering future glory.

- AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high,
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
That only bliss for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast.
- 2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:
I suffer on my three score years,
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.
- 3 O what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravished eyes,
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise!

I see a world of spirits bright,
 Who taste the pleasures there !
 They all are robed in spotless white,
 And conquering palms they bear.

- 4 O what are all my sufferings here,
 If, Lord, thou count me meet
 With that enraptured host t' appear,
 And worship at thy feet !
 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
 Take life or friends away ;
 But let me find them all again
 In that eternal day.

648

Hendon.

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

The Summons.

“ SPIRIT, leave thy house of clay ;
 Lingering dust, resign thy breath ;
 Spirit, cast thy chains away ;
 Dust, be thou dissolved in death : ”
 Thus the mighty Saviour speaks,
 While the faithful Christian dies :
 Thus the bonds of life he breaks,
 And the ransomed captive flies.

- 2 “ Prisoner, long detained below,
 Prisoner, now with freedom blest,
 Welcome from a world of woe ;
 Welcome to a land of rest : ”
 Thus the choir of angels sing,
 As they bear the soul on high,
 While with hallelujahs ring
 All the regions of the sky.
- 3 Grave, the guardian of our dust,
 Grave, the treasury of the skies,
 Every atom of thy trust
 Rests in hope again to rise :

Hark! the judgment-trumpet calls—
 "Soul, rebuild thy house of clay;
 Immortality thy walls,
 And eternity thy day."

649 Henry. C. M. WATTS.
"Blessed are the dead," &c.

HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
 For all the pious dead;
 Sweet is the savor of their names,
 And soft their dying bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are blest;
 How calm their slumbers are!
 From sufferings and from woes released,
 And freed from every snare.

3 Till that illustrious morning come,
 When all thy saints shall rise,
 And, decked in full immortal bloom,
 Attend thee to the skies:

4 Their tongues, great Prince of life, shall join
 With their recovered breath,
 And all the immortal host ascribe
 Their victory to thy death.

650 Rest. L. M. MACKAY.
Asleep in Jesus.

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
 From which none ever wakes to weep—
 A calm and undisturbed repose,
 Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O, how sweet
 To be for such a slumber meet!
 With holy confidence to sing
 That Death has lost his venom'd sting!

- 3 Asleep in Jesus ! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus ! O, for me
May such a blissful refuge be :
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.
- 5 Asleep in Jesus ! time nor space
Affects this precious hiding-place :
On Indian plains or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.
- 6 Asleep in Jesus ! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be ;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

651 Hermon. C. M. HEBER.
 Dwelling among the tombs.

- B**ENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given :
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven !
- 2 Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay :
And ere another day is gone
Ourselves may be as they.
- 3 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower ;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour !
- 4 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.

- 5 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly to the tomb;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?
- 6 Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know:
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!
- 7 Turn, Christian, turn! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given:
The forms which underneath thee lie,
Shall live for hell or heaven!
-

XIV. PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.

652

Coronation.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Foretaste of Heaven.

- HOW happy every child of grace
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven,
A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, oh, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.
- 2 O what a blessed hope is ours,
While here on earth we stay!
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day;
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

- 3 O would he more of heaven bestow?
 And when the vessels break,
 Then shall our ransomed spirits go
 To grasp the God we seek;
 In rapturous awe on him to gaze
 Who bought the sight for me,
 And shout and wonder at his grace
 To all eternity.

653

Gerar.

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

"A house not made with hands."

- WE know, by faith we know,
 If this vile house of clay,
 This tabernacle, sink below
 In ruinous decay,
 We have a house above,
 Not made with mortal hands,
 And firm as our Redeemer's love
 That heavenly fabric stands;
- 2 It stands securely high,
 Indissolubly sure;
 Our glorious mansion in the sky
 Shall evermore endure:
 O were we entered there,
 To perfect heaven restored!
 O were we all caught up to share
 The triumph of our Lord!
- 3 For this in faith we call,
 For this we weep and pray:
 O might the tabernacle fall!
 O might we 'scape away!
 Full of immortal hope,
 We urge the restless strife,
 And hasten to be swallowed up
 Of everlasting life.

654 Eltham. 8 7s. MONTGOMERY.
 “*Who are these in white raiment ?*”

WHO are these in bright array,
 This innumerable throng,
 Round the altar night and day,
 Tuning their triumphant song ?
 “Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
 Blessing, honor, glory, power,
 Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
 New dominion every hour.”

2 These through fiery trials trod,
 These from great affliction came ;
 Now, before the throne of God,
 Sealed with his eternal name,
 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor-palms in every hand,
 Through their great Redeemer’s might
 More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed ;
 Them the Lamb amidst the throne
 Shall to living fountains lead :
 Joy and gladness banish sighs,
 Perfect love dispels their fears,
 And for ever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away their tears.

655 Woodland. C. M. WATTS.
The Better Land.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign,
 Eternal day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-withering flowers ;—
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.

- 5 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
- 6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand,
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
- 7 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end
When I thy joy shall see.

658 Albany. 6 8s. ANON.
Magnificence of Heaven.

- SINCE o'er thy footstool here below
Such beauteous gems are thrown,
O what magnificence must glow,
My God, around thy throne!
So brilliant here these drops of light,
There the full ocean rolls—how bright!
- 2 If night's blue curtain of the sky,
With thousand stars inwrought,—
Hung like some royal canopy,
With glittering diamonds fraught,—
Be, Lord, thy temple's outer veil,
What glory round the shrine must dwell!
- 3 The dazzling sun at noontide hour,
Forth from his flaming vase,
Flinging o'er earth his golden shower,
Till vale and mountain blaze,
But shows, O Lord, one beam of thine—
What then the day where thou dost shine?

- 4 Ah, how shall these dim eyes endure
 That noon of living rays?
 Or how my spirit, so impure,
 Upon thy brightness gaze?
 Anoint, O Lord, anoint my sight,
 And robe me for that world of light.

659

Portland

8 8s.

C. WESLEY.

The Heavenly Jerusalem.

- A WAY with our sorrow and fear!
 We soon shall recover our home,
 The city of saints shall appear,
 The day of eternity come;
 From earth we shall quickly remove,
 And mount to our native abode,
 The house of our Father above,
 The palace of angels and God.
- 2 Our mourning is all at an end,
 When raised by the life-giving word,
 We see the new city descend,
 Adorned as a bride for her Lord,
 The city so holy and clean,
 No sorrow can breathe in the air;
 No gloom of affliction or sin,
 No shadow of evil is there!
- 3 By faith we already behold
 That lovely Jerusalem here;
 Her walls are of jasper and gold,
 As crystal her buildings are clear,
 Immovably founded in grace,
 She stands as she ever has stood,
 And brightly her Builder displays,
 And flames with the glory of God.
- 4 No need of the sun in that day,
 Which never is followed by night,
 Where Jesus's beauties display
 A pure and a permanent light;

The Lamb is their light and their sun,
And lo! by reflection they shine,
With Jesus ineffably one,
And bright in effulgence divine!

- 5 The saints in his presence receive
Their great and eternal reward—
In Jesus, in heaven they live,
They reign in the smile of their Lord:
The flame of angelical love
Is kindled at Jesus's face,
And all the enjoyment above
Consists in the rapturous gaze.

660 Ortonville. C. M. C. WESLEY.
 The living and the dead one family.

COME, let us join our friends above
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise.

- 2 Let saints below his praises sing
With those to glory gone,
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one.
- 3 One family we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
- 4 One army of the living God,
To his commands we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 5 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

- 6 Dear Saviour, be our constant guide;
 Then, when the word is given,
 Bid the cold waves of death divide,
 And land us safe in heaven.

661

Chopin.

C. M.

ANON.

Celestial Prospects.

- SWEET glories rush upon my sight,
 And charm my wondering eyes;
 The regions of immortal light,
 The beauties of the skies.
- 2 All hail! ye fair celestial shores!
 Ye lands of endless day!
 Swift on my view your prospect pours,
 And drives my griefs away.
- 3 There's a delightful clearness now,
 My clouds of doubt are gone,
 Fled is my former darkness too,
 My fears are all withdrawn.
- 4 Short is the passage—short the space
 Between my home and me;
 There! there behold the radiant place!
 How near the mansions be!
- 5 Immortal wonders, boundless things,
 In those dear worlds appear;
 Prepare me, Lord, to stretch my wings,
 And in those glories share.

662

Stockwell.

8s & 7s.

ANON.

The Further Shore.

- PARTING soul! the floods await thee,
 And the billows round thee roar;
 Yet rejoice,—the holy city
 Stands on yon celestial shore.

664

Lanesboro'. C. M.

WATTS.

The Saints in Glory.

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
G Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears ;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came ;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,—
Their triumph to his death.

4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod ;
His zeal inspired their breast ;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given ;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

665

Give.

C. M.

ANON.

The Goodly Prospect.

SWEET rivers of redeeming love
Lie just before mine eye,
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd to those rivers fly,
I'd rise superior to my pain,
With joy outstrip the wind ;
Would cross cold Jordan's stormy main,
And leave the world behind.

2 I view the monster death, and smile,
 Now he has lost his sting;
 Though Satan rages all the while,
 I still in triumph sing;
 By faith I see the radiant throne,
 The crown of life for me,
 By faith I claim it as my own,
 And wait my Lord to see.

3 In a few toilsome years, at most,
 My sorrows will be o'er,
 Then shall I join the heavenly host
 On Canaan's happy shore,
 My raptured soul with joy shall drink
 Of love's unbounded sea,
 And only live to speak and think
 Of him who died for me.

666

Peaceful Rest. 86,886.

TAPPAN.

The Land of Rest.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
 To mourning wanderers given;
 There is a joy for souls distressed,
 A balm for every wounded breast,—
 'Tis found above, in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls
 By sin and sorrow driven,
 When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
 Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
 To brighter prospects given,
 And views the tempest passing by,
 The evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene in heaven.

- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given ;
 There rays divine disperse the gloom ;
 Beyond the confines of the tomb
 Appears the dawn of heaven.

667

Park street. L. M.

STEELE.

The Worship of Heaven.

- O FOR a sweet, inspiring ray,
 To animate our feeble strains,
 From the bright realms of endless day,
 The blissful realms where Jesus reigns.
- 2 There, low before his glorious throne,
 Adoring saints and angels fall ;
 And, with delightful worship, own
 His smile their bliss, their heaven, their all.
- 3 Immortal glories crown his head,
 While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
 And love, and joy, and triumph spread
 Through all the assemblies of the skies.
- 4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
 To boundless rapture, while they gaze :
 Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
 Resound his everlasting praise.
- 5 There all the followers of the Lamb
 Shall join at last the heavenly choir :
 Oh ! may the joy-inspiring theme
 Awake our faith and warm desire.
- 6 Dear Saviour ! let thy Spirit seal
 Our interest in that blissful place,
 Till death remove this mortal veil,
 And we behold thy lovely face.

668 Orland. L. M. PIERSON'S COL.
The Redeemed in Heaven.

LO! round the throne a glorious band,
 The saints in countless myriads stand;
 Of every tongue redeemed to God,
 Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

2 Through tribulation great they came;
 They bore the cross, despised the shame;
 But now from all their labors rest,
 In God's eternal glory blest.

3 They see the Saviour face to face;
 They sing the triumph of his grace;
 And day and night, with ceaseless praise,
 To him their loud hosannas raise.

4 O, may we tread the sacred road
 That holy saints and martyrs trod;
 Wage to the end the glorious strife,
 And win, like them, a crown of life.

669 John's street. P. M. OLIVERS.
Heavenward bound.

THE God of Abraham praise,
 Whose all-sufficient grace
 Shall guide me all my happy days,
 In all his ways.
 He calls a worm his friend,
 He calls himself my God;
 And he shall save me to the end,
 Through Jesus' blood.

2 Though nature's strength decay,
 And earth and hell withstand,
 To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
 At God's command.

The watery deep I pass,
 With Jesus in my view ;
 And through the howling wilderness
 My way pursue.

3 The goodly land I see,
 With peace and plenty blest ;
 The land of sacred liberty,
 And endless rest.
 There milk and honey flow,
 And oil and wine abound ;
 And trees of life for ever grow
 With mercy crowned.

4 Before the great Three One
 They all exulting stand,
 And tell the wonders he hath done
 Through all their land.
 The listening spheres attend,
 And swell the growing fame,
 And sing, in songs which never end,
 The wondrous name.

5 Before the Saviour's face
 The ransomed nations bow ;
 O'erwhelmed with his almighty grace,
 For ever new ;
 He shows his prints of love—
 They kindle to a flame ;
 And sound through all the worlds above
 The slaughtered Lamb.

670

Laban.

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

The bliss of Heaven.

O WHAT a mighty change
 Shall Jesus' sufferers know,
 While o'er the happy plains they range,
 Incapable of woe !

No ill-requited love
 Shall there our spirits wound ;
 No base ingratitude above,
 No sin in heaven is found.

2 There all our griefs are spent,
 There all our sorrows end ;
 We cannot there the fall lament
 Of a departed friend,
 A brother dead to God,
 By sin, alas, undone ;
 No father there, in passion loud,
 Cries, " O my son, my son !"

3 No slightest touch of pain,
 Nor sorrow's least alloy,
 Can violate our rest, or stain
 Our purity of joy :
 In that eternal day
 No clouds or tempests rise ;
 There gushing tears are wiped away
 For ever from our eyes.

671

St. Martin's. C. M.

STEELE.

Heaven anticipated.

COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
 Inspire each lifeless tongue,
 And let the joys of heaven impart
 Their influence to our song.

2 Then, to the shining realms of bliss,
 The wings of faith shall soar,
 And all the charms of Paradise
 Our raptured thoughts explore.

3 There shall the followers of the Lamb
 Join in immortal songs ;
 And endless honors to his name
 Employ their tuneful tongues.

- 4 Lord ! tune our hearts to praise and love,
 Our feeble notes inspire,
 Till, in the blissful courts above,
 We join the heavenly choir.

672

Wilmot

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

The Victory of the Saints.

PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
 Crowns which never fade away,
 Gird and deck the saints in light ;
 Priests, and kings, and conquerors, they.

- 2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms
 To the Lamb amidst the throne,
 And proclaim, in joyful psalms,
 Victory through his cross alone.

- 3 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
 Crying, as they strike the chords,
 " Take the kingdom ; it is thine,
 King of kings and Lord of lords."

- 4 Round the altar priests confess,
 With their robes made white as snow,
 'Twas their Saviour's righteousness,
 And his blood, which made them so.

- 5 Who were these ? on earth they dwelt,
 Sinners once of Adam's race ;
 Guilt, and fear, and suffering, felt,
 But were saved by sovereign grace.

- 6 They were mortal, too, like us ;
 And when we, like them, shall die,
 May our souls, translated thus,
 Triumph, reign, and shine on high.

673 Cambridge. C. M. WATTS.
Heavenly Rest.

WHEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I'll bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And fiery darts be hurled,
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 Let storms of sorrow fall,
 So I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

674 Albion. C. M. DR. NELSON.
A better world in prospect.

'T WAS told me, in my early day,
 That pleasant waters flow
 Gently beside life's peaceful way:
 I have not found it so.

2 I thought there grew on earthly ground
 Some buds without decay;
 But not a single flower I've found
 That does not fade away.

3 I wish to see a fairer world;
 I've heard of one on high,
 Where every tear, by one kind hand,
 Is wiped from every eye.

- 4 'Tis said the King of that bright place
Still welcomes travelers there;
Oh, come and let us seek his grace,
And in his glory share.

675 Auburn. 8s. COWPER.
Longing to be with Christ.

TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
Oh! bear me, ye cherubim! up,
And waft me away to his throne.

- 2 My Saviour! whom absent I love;
Whom, not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power;—

- 3 Dissolve thou these bonds that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
Ah! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

- 4 When that happy era begins,
Arrayed in thy glories I'll shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline.

676 Wesley. L. M. ANON.
The Better Land.

THERE is a land mine eye hath seen,
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glory fraught;—

- 2 A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.

7 Oh ! when my latest breath
 Shall rend the veil in twain,
 By death I shall escape from death,
 And life eternal gain.

8 "Knowing as I am known!"
 How shall I love that word—
 And oft repeat before the throne,
 "For ever with the Lord!"

678 Give. C. M. TOPLADY.

Sweet Anticipations.

WHEN languor and disease invade
 This trembling house of clay,
 'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
 And long to fly away.

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
 The whispers of thy love;
 Sweet to look upward to the place
 Where Jesus pleads above.

3 Sweet to look back and see my name
 In life's fair book set down;
 Sweet to look forward and behold
 Eternal joys my own.

4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
 My sins on Jesus laid;
 Sweet to remember that his blood
 My debt of suffering paid.

5 If such the sweetness of the streams,
 What must the fountain be,
 Where saints and angels draw their bliss
 Immediately from thee!

679 Amsterdam. 5 7s & 3 6s. SEAGRAVE.
Pressing onward to the skies.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace;
 Rise, from transitory things,
 Towards heaven, thy native place:
 Sun and moon and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course;
 Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
 Both speed them to their source.
 So the soul that's born of God
 Pants to view his glorious face,
 Upward tends to his abode
 To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, my soul, O cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the prize:
 Soon thy Saviour will return
 To take thee to the skies:
 There is everlasting peace,
 Rest, enduring rest, in heaven:
 There will sorrows ever cease,
 And crowns of joy be given.

XV. RESURRECTION AND JUDGMENT.

680 Walsal. C. M. ADDISON.
The Judgment anticipated.

WHEN, rising from the bed of death,
 O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
 I see my Maker face to face,
 Oh! how shall I appear?

RESURRECTION AND JUDGMENT.

- 2 If now, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks
And trembles at the thought.
- 3 When thou, O Lord! shalt stand disclosed,
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
Oh! how shall I appear?
- 4 Then see my sorrows, gracious Lord!
Let mercy set me free,
While, in the confidence of prayer,
My heart takes hold of thee.
- 5 For never shall my soul despair
Thy mercy to procure,
Since thy beloved Son has died
To make that mercy sure.

681

Underwood.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Judgment Day.

- AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise,
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?
- 2 And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound,
And through the numerous guilty throng
Spread black despair around:
 - 3 "Depart from me, accursed,
To everlasting flame,
For rebel-angels first prepared,
Where mercy never came."
 - 4 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face,
Astonished, shrink away?

- 5 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!
- 6 Ye sinners, seek his grace
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.
- 7 So shall that curse remove
By which the Saviour bled,
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

682 Aylesbury. S. M. C. WESLEY.
Preparation for Judgment.

- THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear,
Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray;
- 2 To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,
The immortal Son of man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.
- 3 To damp our earthly joys,
To increase our gracious fears,
For ever let the archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears

The solemn midnight cry,
 "Ye dead, the Judge is come;
 Arise and meet him in the sky,
 And meet your instant doom!"

- 4 O may we thus be found
 Obedient to his word;
 Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
 And looking for the Lord!
 O may we thus insure
 A lot among the blest,
 And watch a moment—to secure
 An everlasting rest!

683

Mendom. 7 6s & 1 8. C. WESLEY.

Triumph in Immortality.

STAND, the omnipotent decree,
 Jehovah's will be done!
 Nature's end we wait to see,
 And hear her final groan.
 Let this earth dissolve, and blend
 In death the wicked and the just,
 Let those pond'rous orbs descend,
 And grind us into dust.

- 2 Rests secure the righteous man!
 At his Redeemer's beck,
 Sure to emerge and rise again,
 And mount above the wreck;
 Lo! the heavenly Spirit towers
 Like flame o'er nature's funeral pyre,
 Triumphs in immortal powers,
 And claps his wings of fire!
- 3 Nothing hath the just to lose,
 By worlds on worlds destroyed;
 Far beneath his feet he views,
 With smiles, the flaming void;

RESURRECTION AND JUDGMENT.

Sees the universe renewed,
The grand millennial reign begun ;
Shouts, with all the sons of God,
Around the eternal throne !

- 4 Resting in this glorious hope,
To be at last restored,
Yield we now our bodies up
To earthquake, plague, or sword ;
Listening for the call divine,
The latest trumpet of the seven,
Soon our soul and dust shall join,
And both fly up to heaven.

684 Hamden. 8s, 7s & 1 4. C. WESLEY.
The day of your redemption draweth near.

LIFT your heads, ye friends of Jesus,
Partners in his suffering here ;
Christ, to all believers precious,
Lord of lords, shall soon appear :
Mark the tokens
Of his heavenly kingdom near.

- 2 Close behind the tribulation
Of the last tremendous days,
See the flaming revelation,
See the universal blaze !
Earth and heaven
Melt before the Judge's face !
- 3 Sun and moon are both confounded,
Darkened into endless night,
When, with angel hosts surrounded,
In his Father's glory bright
Beams the Saviour,
Shines the everlasting Light.

RESURRECTION AND JUDGMENT.

- 4 See the stars from heaven falling,
Hark on earth the doleful cry,
Men on rocks and mountains calling,
While the frowning Judge draws nigh,
“Hide us, hide us,
Rocks and mountains, from his eye!”
- 5 With what different exclamation
Shall the saints his banner see!
By the tokens of his passion,
By the marks received for me,
All discern him,
All with shouts cry out, “’Tis He!”
- 6 Yes, the prize shall then be given,
We his open face shall see;
Love, the earnest of our heaven,
Love our full reward shall be;
Love shall crown us
Kings, through all eternity.

685 Lanesville. L. M. C. WESLEY.
The Judge descending.

HE comes! he comes! the Judge severe!
The seventh trumpet speaks him near!
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll:
How welcome to the faithful soul!

- 2 From heaven angelic voices sound;
See the almighty Jesus crowned!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face.
- 3 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord!

RESURRECTION AND JUDGMENT.

- 4 Shout, all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High ;
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.

686 Unam. 8s, 7s & 1 4. OLIVERS.
"Behold, he cometh with clouds."

LO, he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain ;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train :
Hallelujah !

God appears on earth to reign.

- 2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty ;
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

- 3 The dear tokens of his passion
Still his dazzling body bears—
Cause of endless exultation
To his ransomed worshipers,
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars !

- 4 Yea, amen—let all adore thee,
High on thy eternal throne :
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for thine own :
Jah ! Jehovah !
Everlasting God, come down !

687 Islington. L. M. HEBER.
The Lord coming to Judgment.

THE Lord shall come ! the earth shall quake,
The mountains to their centre shake ;
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars shall pale their feeble light.

- 2 The Lord shall come! but not the same
As once in loneliness he came,
A silent Lamb before his foes,
A weary man, and full of woes.
- 3 The Lord shall come! a dreadful form,
With rainbow wreath and robes of storm;
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Appointed Judge of all mankind.
- 4 Can this be he, who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
Oppressed by power, and mocked by pride,
The Nazarene—the Crucified?
- 5 While sinners in despair shall call,
“Rocks, hide us!” mountains, on us fall!
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing, “The Lord is come!”

688

Winchester.

L. M.

W. SCOTT.

The dreadful Day.

- THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day—
- 2 When, shriv'ling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
And, louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead?
 - 3 Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ; the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

689 Bangor. C. M. WATTS.

The dreadful sentence.

THAT awful day will surely come,
The appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Jesus, thou source of all my joys,
Thou ruler of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the word,—Depart!

3 The thunder of that awful word
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

4 What, to be banish'd from my Lord,
And yet forbid to die;
To linger in eternal pain,
And death for ever fly?

5 O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love.

690 Judah. L. M. WATTS.

"I shall behold thy face in righteousness."

WHAT sinners value I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere—
When shall I wake and find me there?

- 3 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
 I shall be near, and like my God!
 And sin and grief no more control
 The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 4 My flesh will slumber in the ground
 Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
 Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
 And in my Saviour's image rise.

691 Heard. C. M. ANON.
 A lively Hope.

- SWEET to rejoice in lively hope
 That, when my change shall come,
 Angels will hover round my bed,
 And waft my spirit home.
- 2 There shall my disembodied soul
 View Jesus and adore;
 Be with his likeness satisfied,
 And grieve and sin no more.
- 3 Soon, too, my slumbering dust shall hear
 The trumpet's quickening sound,
 And by my Saviour's power rebuilt,
 At his right hand be found.
- 4 If such the views which grace unfolds,
 Weak as it is below,
 What rapture must the church above
 In Jesus' presence know!

692 China. C. M. C. WESLEY.
 Secrets of the heart made known.

AND must I be to judgment brought,
 And answer in that day
 For every vain and idle thought,
 And every word I say?

- 2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.
- 3 How careful then ought I to live,
With what religious fear,
Who such a strict account must give
For my behaviour here.
- 4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,
To all I speak or do.
- 5 If now thou standest at the door,
O let me feel thee near;
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear.

693

Brest.

8s, 7s & 14.

NEWTON.

Judgment.

DAY of Judgment! day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than ten thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!

How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

- 2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine;
You, who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour!
Own me in that day for thine.

- 3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner!
What will then become of thee?

- 4 But to those who have confessed,
 Loved, and served the Lord below,
 He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
 See the kingdom I bestow!
 You for ever
 Shall my love and glory know.

694

Meribah. 4 8s & 2 6s.

RIPPOH.

The Saint at Christ's right hand.

WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
 To take thy ransomed people home,
 Shall I among them stand?
 Shall such a worthless worm as I,
 Who sometimes am afraid to die,
 Be found at thy right hand?

- 2 Blest Saviour! grant it by thy grace;
 Be thou my only hiding place,
 In this the accepted day;
 Thy pardoning voice, O, let me hear,
 To still my unbelieving fear,—
 Nor let me fall, I pray.

- 3 Among thy saints let me be found,
 Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,
 To see thy smiling face;
 Then, filled with rapture, shall I sing,
 While heaven's resounding mansions ring
 With shouts of sovereign grace.

- 4 Now to the great and sacred Three,
 The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
 Eternal praises given,
 Through all the worlds where God is known,
 By all the angels near the throne,
 And all the saints in heaven.

XVI. SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

F A S T D A Y .

695 Dundee. C. M. STEELE.

Fast Day.

- SEE, gracious Lord, before thy throne
 Thy mourning people bend!
 'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone
 Our humble hopes depend.
- 2 Tremendous judgments, from thy hand,
 Thy dreadful powers display;
 Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
 And still we live to pray.
- 3 How changed, alas! are truths divine,
 For error, guilt and shame!
 What impious numbers, bold in sin,
 Disgrace the Christian name!
- 4 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
 By thy redeeming grace;
 Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
 And humbly seek thy face.
- 5 Then, should insulting foes invade,
 We shall not sink in fear,
 Secure of never-failing aid,
 When God, our God is near.

696 Clarendon. C. M. ANON.

Judgments and Blessings.

- IN vain opposing nations rage,
 If God with us abide:
 One word of his dissolves their strength,
 And humbles all their pride.

- 2 His wisdom sees correction meet,
He gives the dread command,
And war its desolation spreads
Through every trembling land.
- 3 His purpose wrought, again he speaks,
And desolations cease;
War's loud alarms are heard no more,
And all the world is peace.
- 4 Mortals, adore his sovereign power,
Nor dare provoke his rod:
Through all your various tribes be still,
And know that he is God.

697 Bavaria. 8s & 7s. ANON.
Pardon implored for national sins.

DREAD Jehovah! God of nations!
From thy temple in the skies,
Hear thy people's supplications;
Now for their deliv'rance rise.

- 2 Lo! with deep contrition turning,
In thy holy place we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning;
Hear us, spare us, and defend.
- 3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding:
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.
- 4 Let that mercy veil transgression;
Let that blood our guilt efface:
Save thy people from oppression;
Save from spoil thy holy place.

698 Holman. C. M. STEELE.
Impending Judgments.

COME, let our souls adore the Lord,
Whose judgments yet delay;
Who yet suspends the lifted sword,
And gives us time to pray.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

- 2 Great is our guilt, our fears are great,
But let us not despair ;
Still open is the mercy-seat
To penitence and prayer.
- 3 Kind Intercessor, to thy love
This blessed hope we owe :
O let thy merits plead above,
While we implore below.
- 4 Though justice near thy awful throne
Attends thy dread command,
Lord, hear thy servants, hear thy Son,
And save a guilty land.
-

THANKSGIVING.

699 Devises. C. M. WREFORD.
 For the Fourth of July.

- L ORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,—
The land we love the most !
- 2 O guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosp'rous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.
- 3 Here may religion shed her light
On days of rest and toil ;
And piety and virtue reign,
And bless our native soil.
- 4 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend ;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting Friend !

THANKSGIVING.

700 Mear. C. M. BRADY & TATE.
For the Fourth of July.

O LORD, our fathers oft have told
 In our attentive ears,
 Thy wonders in their days perform'd,
 And elder times than theirs.

2 'Twas not their courage, nor their sword,
 To them salvation gave;
 Nor strength, that from unequal force,
 Their fainting troops could save;

3 But thy right hand and powerful arm,
 Whose succor they implored;
 Thy presence with the favored race,
 Who thy great name adored.

4 As thee their God our fathers owned,
 Thou art our sovereign King;
 O, therefore, as thou didst to them,
 To us deliverance bring.

701 Dort. 6s & 4s. SMITH.
National Hymn.

MY country, 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing:
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the pilgrim's pride,
 From ev'ry mountain side
 Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee,—
 Land of the noble free,—
 Thy name I love;
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills;
 My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song :
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break—
The song prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing :
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

702

Old Hundred. L. M.

National Blessings.

GREAT God of nations, now to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise ;
With humble heart, and bending knee,
We offer thee our song of praise.

2 Thy name we bless, almighty God,
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims trod,—
This land we fondly call our own.

3 Here freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallow'd ray ;
Here thou our fathers' steps did guide
In safety through their dang'rous way.

4 We praise thee that the gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds ;
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

- 5 Great God, preserve us in thy fear;
 In danger still our guardian be;
 O, spread thy truth's bright precepts here;
 Let all the people worship thee.

WATCH-NIGHT.

703 Margate. S. M. DODDRIDGE.
Watch-Night.

- YE servants of the Lord,
 Each in his office wait;
 With joy obey his heavenly word,
 And watch before his gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
 And trim the golden flame;
 Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
 For awful is his name.
- 3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command;
 And while we speak, he's near:
 Mark the first signal of his hand,
 And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he
 In such a posture found!
 He shall his Lord with rapture see,
 And be with honor crowned.

704 Park street. L. M. C. WESLEY.
A Midnight Song.

- JOIN, all ye ransomed sons of grace,
 The holy joy prolong,
 And shout to the Redeemer's praise
 A solemn midnight song.

- 2 Blessing, and thanks, and love, and might
 Be to our Jesus given,
 Who turns our darkness into light,
 Who turns our hell to heaven.
- 3 Thither our faithful souls he leads,
 Thither he bids us rise,
 With crowns of joy upon our heads,
 To meet him in the skies.

705 Luther's. 6 8s. C. WESLEY.
 The solemn Vigil.

- HOW many pass the guilty night
 In reveling and frantic mirth!
 The creature is their sole delight,
 Their happiness the things of earth:
 For us suffice the season past!
 We choose the better part at last.
- 2 We will not close our wakeful eyes,
 We will not let our eyelids sleep;
 But humbly lift them to the skies,
 And all a solemn vigil keep:
 So many nights on sin bestowed,
 Can we not watch an hour for God?
- 3 We can, O Jesus, for thy sake,
 Devote our every hour to thee:
 Speak but the word, our souls shall wake
 And sing with cheerful melody;
 Thy praise shall our glad tongues employ,
 And every heart shall dance for joy.
- 4 Blest object of our faith and love,
 We listen for thy welcome voice;
 Our persons and our works approve,
 And bid us in thy strength rejoice;
 Now let us hear the mighty cry,
 And shout to find the Bridegroom nigh.

The Wise Virgins.

YE virgin souls, arise,
 With all the dead awake
 Unto salvation wise :
 Oil in your vessels take ;
 Upstarting at the midnight cry,
 "Behold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh."

- 2 He comes, he comes, to call
 The nations to his bar,
 And raise to glory all
 Who fit for glory are :
 Make ready for your full reward,
 Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.
- 3 Go, meet him in the sky,
 Your everlasting Friend :
 Your Head to glorify,
 With all his saints ascend :
 Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
 To see, without a veil, his face !
- 4 Ye that have here received
 The unction from above,
 And in his Spirit lived,
 Obedient to his love,
 Jesus shall claim you for his bride :
 Rejoice with all the sanctified !
- 5 The everlasting doors
 Shall soon the saints receive,
 Above yon angel powers
 In glorious joy to live,
 Far from a world of grief and sin,
 With God eternally shut in.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

- 6 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound ;
To see our Lord appear,
Watching let us be found,
When Jesus doth the heavens bow,
Be found as, Lord, thou find'st us now !
-

NEW YEAR.

707 Lowell. L. M. DODDRIDGE.
“*Thou crownest the year with goodness.*”

ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

- 2 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air, and paints the land ;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
- 3 Thy hand in autumn richly pours,
Through all our coasts, redundant stores ;
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.
- 4 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise ;
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With op'ning light, and ev'ning shade.
- 5 Here in thy house shall incense rise,
As circling sabbaths bless our eyes ;
Still we will make thy mercies known
Around thy board, and round our own.

- 6 O may our more harmonious tongue
In worlds unknown pursue the song;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more!

708 Hermon. C. M. C. WESLEY.

New Year.

- SING to the great Jehovah's praise!
All praise to him belongs;
Who kindly lengthens out our days,
Demands our choicest songs.
- 2 His providence has brought us through
Another varied year;
We all with vows and anthems new
Before our God appear.
- 3 Father, thy mercies past we own,
Thy still continued care;
To thee presenting, through thy Son,
Whate'er we have or are.
- 4 Our lips and lives shall gladly show
The wonders of thy love,
While on in Jesus' steps we go
To see thy face above.
- 5 Our residue of days or hours
Thine, wholly thine shall be;
And all our consecrated powers
A sacrifice to thee,
- 6 Till Jesus in the clouds appear
To saints on earth forgiven,
And bring the grand sabbatic year,
The jubilee of heaven.

709 Tenham. 10s, 5s & 11. C. WESLEY.
"Time flies—Man dies."

COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
 Roll round with the year,
 And never stand still till the Master appear!
 His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
 And our talents improve,
 By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

- 2 Our life as a dream, our time as a stream,
 Glide swiftly away,
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay;
 The arrow is flown, the moment is gone!
 The millennial year
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.
- 3 O that each in the day of his coming may say,
 "I have fought my way through, [do!]"
 I have finished the work thou didst give me to
 O that each from his Lord may receive the glad
 "Well and faithfully done! [word,"
 Enter into my joy and sit down on my throne."

710 Portsmouth. 4 6s & 2 8s. C. WESLEY.
The barren fig tree.

THE Lord of earth and sky,
 The God of ages, praise,
 Who reigns enthroned on high,
 Ancient of endless days,—
 Who lengthens out our trials here,
 And spares us yet another year.

- 2 Barren and withered trees,
 We cumber'd long the ground;
 No fruit of holiness
 On our dead souls was found;
 Yet doth he us in mercy spare
 Another and another year.

- 3 When justice bared the sword
To cut the fig tree down,
The pity of the Lord
Cried, Let it still alone:
The Father mild inclines his ear,
And spares us yet another year.
- 4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
From God obtained the grace,
Who therefore hath bestowed
On us a longer space;
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And lo! we see another year.
- 5 Then dig about the root;
Break up our fallow ground;
And let our gracious fruit
To thy great praise abound;
O let us all thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

711

Holman.

C. M.

BROWNE.

New Year.

AND now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

- 2 Awake, my soul! with utmost care
Thy true condition learn:
What are thy hopes? how sure? how fair?
What is thy great concern?
- 3 Behold, another year begins!
Set out afresh for heaven;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

- 4 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend ;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.
-

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

712 Lisbon. S. M. MONTGOMERY.
"Peace be within thy walls."

WITHIN these walls be peace,
Love through our borders found ;
In all our little palaces
Prosperity abound.

- 2 God scorns not humble things ;
Here, though the proud despise,
The children of the King of kings
Are training for the skies.

- 3 May none who thus are taught
From glory be cast down,
But all through faith and patience brought
To an immortal crown.

713 Portugal. L. M. MONTGOMERY.
Time rolls on.

FROM year to year in love we meet,
From year to year in peace we part,
The tongues of thousands uttering sweet
The bosom joy of every heart.

- 2 But time rolls on, and year by year
We change, grow up, or pass away ;
Not twice the same assembly here
Have hailed the children's festal day.

- 3 Death, ere another spring, may strike
Some in our union, marked to fall;
Be young and old prepared alike,
The warning is to each, to all.
- 4 This sole occasion, then, is ours;
This day we ne'er again shall see;
Lord God, awaken all our powers
To spend it for eternity.
- 5 Our times, our lives are in thy hand;
On thee for all things we rely;
Assured, while in thy grace we stand,
To live is Christ, and gain to die.
- 6 Meanwhile our failing ranks renew;
Send children, teachers, in our place,
More humble, docile, faithful, true,
More like thy Son, from race to race.

714

Cooper.

4 6s & 2 8s.

BUDDEN.

Invitation to praise.

COME, let our voices join
In joyful songs of praise;
To God, the God of love,
Our thankful hearts we'll raise;
To God alone all praise belongs—
Our earliest and our latest songs.

- 2 Now we are taught to read
The book of life divine,
Where our Redeemer's love
And brightest glories shine:
To God alone all praise is due,
Who sends his word to us and you.
- 3 Within these hallowed walls
Our wandering feet are brought,
Where prayer and praise ascend,
And heavenly truths are taught:
To God alone your offerings bring;
Let young and old his praises sing.

- 4 Lord, let this work of love
 Be crowned with full success!
 Let thousands, yet unborn,
 Thy sacred name here bless!
 To thee, O Lord, all praise to thee
 We'll give throughout eternity.

715 Conway. C. M. STRAPHAN.
Blessedness of instructing the young.

- D**ELIGHTFUL work! young souls to win,
 And turn the rising race
 From the deceitful paths of sin,
 To seek redeeming grace.
- 2 Children our kind protection claim;
 And God will well approve
 When infants learn to lisp his name,
 And their Redeemer love.
- 3 Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way
 To guide untutored youth,
 And show the mind which went astray
 The Way, the Life, the Truth.
- 4 Almighty God, thy influence shed,
 To aid this blest design:
 The honors of thy Name be spread,
 And all the glory thine.

716 Parma. C. M. MONTGOMERY.
Anniversary—the Children's Jubilee.

- H**OSANNA, be the children's song,
 To Christ, the children's King;
 His praise, to whom our souls belong,
 Let all the children sing.
- 2 From little ones to Jesus brought,
 Hosanna now be heard;
 Let little infants now be taught
 To lisp that lovely word.

- 3 Hosanna, sound from hill to hill,
And spread from plain to plain,
While louder, sweeter, clearer still,
Woods echo to the strain.
- 4 Hosanna, on the wings of light,
O'er earth and ocean fly,
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth reply.
- 5 Hosanna, then, our song shall be ;
Hosanna to our King :
This is the children's jubilee ;
Let all the children sing.

717 Siloam. C. M. HEBER.
 The Christian child.

- B**Y cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows !
How sweet the breath beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose !
- 2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod—
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.
 - 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay ;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.
 - 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passions rage.
 - 5 O thou who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

718 Mendebras. 7s & 6s. PHILLIPS.
Grateful praise.

WE bring no glittering treasures,
 No gems from earth's deep mine;
 We come, with simple measures,
 To chant thy love divine.
 Children, thy favors sharing,
 Their voice of thanks would raise;
 Father, accept our offering,
 Our song of grateful praise.

- 2 The dearest gift of heaven,
 Love's written word of truth,
 To us is early given,
 To guide our steps in youth:
 We hear the wondrous story,
 The tale of Calvary;
 We read of homes in glory,
 From sin and sorrow free.
- 3 Redeemer! grant thy blessing!
 O! teach us how to pray,
 That each, thy fear possessing,
 May tread life's onward way;
 Then where the pure are dwelling,
 We hope to meet again,
 And sweeter numbers swelling,
 For ever praise thy name.

719 Woodland. C. M. JANE TAYLOR.
Children in Heaven.

- THERE is a glorious world of light
 Above the starry sky,
 Where saints departed, clothed in white,
 Adore the Lord most high.
- 2 And hark, amid the sacred songs
 Those heavenly voices raise,
 Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
 Unite in perfect praise.

MEETINGS FOR THE POOR.

- 3 Those are the hymns that we shall know,
If Jesus we obey;
That is the place where we shall go,
If found in wisdom's way.
- 4 Soon will our earthly race be run,
Our mortal frame decay;
Children and teachers, one by one,
Must die and pass away.
- 5 Great God, impress this serious thought
To-day on every breast,
That both the teachers and the taught
May dwell among the blest.
-

MEETINGS FOR THE POOR.

720 Fountain. C. M. WATTS.
More blessed to give than to receive.

- HAPPY is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his commands,
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with liberal hands.
- 2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need,
So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.
- 3 No evil tidings shall surprise
His well-established mind;
His soul to God, his refuge, flies,
And leaves his fears behind.
- 4 In times of danger and distress
Some beams of light shall shine,
To show the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.

- 5 His works of piety and love
 Remain before the Lord;
 Honor on earth, and joys above,
 Shall be his sure reward.

721 Fountain. C. M. DODDRIDGE.
Giving to the Poor, lending to the Lord.

JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!
 Thy bounties how complete!
 How shall I count the matchless sum?
 How pay the mighty debt?

- 2 High on a throne of radiant light
 Dost thou exalted shine;
 What can my poverty bestow,
 When all the worlds are thine?
- 3 But thou hast brethren here below,
 The partners of thy grace;
 And wilt confess their humble names
 Before thy Father's face.
- 4 In them thou may'st be clothed and fed,
 And visited and cheered;
 And in their accents of distress
 My Saviour's voice is heard.
- 5 Thy face with reverence and with love,
 We in thy poor would see:
 O let us rather beg our bread,
 Than keep it back from thee.

722

Missionary. 7s & 6s.

HEBER.

Missionary Meetings.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

- 2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft on Ceylon's isle,
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile?
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown—
 The heathen in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Shall we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! O, Salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learnt Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

723 Harmony Grove. L. M. *The latter day glory.*

VOKE.

BEHOLD, the heathen waits to know
The joy the Gospel will bestow;
The exiled captive to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

- 2 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In this blest labor share a part;
Our prayers and off'rings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.
- 3 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter days,
When our Redeemer shall be known,
Where Satan long hath held his throne.
- 4 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to his name shall rise;
And slave and freeman, Greek and Jew,
By sov'reign grace be form'd anew.

724 Somervale. 7s & 6s. *Departing Missionaries.*

ROLL on, thou mighty ocean;
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to the destined shore;
That man may sit in darkness
And death's black shade no more.

- 2 O thou eternal Ruler,
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm!

Thy presence, Lord, be with them,
 Wherever they may be;
 Though far from us who love them,
 Still let them be with thee.

725 Portugal. L. M. C. WESLEY.
For the Jews and the fullness, &c.

HEAD of the church, whose Spirit fills
 And flows through every faithful soul,
 Unites in mystic love, and seals
 Them one, and sanctifies the whole:—

- 2 Come, Lord,—thy glorious Spirit cries,
 And souls beneath the altar groan;
 Come, Lord,—the Bride on earth replies,
 And perfect all our souls in one.
- 3 Pour out the promised gift on all;
 Answer the universal—Come!
 The fullness of the Gentiles call,
 And take thine ancient people home.
- 4 To thee let all the nations flow;
 Let all obey the Gospel word:
 Let all their bleeding Saviour know,
 Filled with the glory of the Lord.
- 5 O, for thy truth and mercy's sake,
 The purchase of thy passion claim;
 Thine heritage, the Gentiles, take,
 And cause the world to know thy name.

726 Hantz. S. M. VILLAGE HYMNS.
For the World's Conversion.

O GOD of sov'reign grace,
 We bow before thy throne,
 And plead, for all the human race,
 The merits of thy Son.

- 2 Spread through the earth, O Lord,
The knowledge of thy ways;
And let all lands, with joy, record
The great Redeemer's praise.

727 Brewer. L. M. BATHURST.
The Saviour's coming expected, &c.

JESUS, thy church, with longing eyes,
For thine expected coming waits:
When will the promised light arise,
And glory beam on Zion's gates?

- 2 E'en now, when tempests round us fall,
And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,
Thy words with pleasure we recall,
And deem that our redemption's nigh.
- 3 O! come, and reign o'er every land;
Let Satan from his throne be hurl'd,
All nations bow to thy command,
And grace revive a dying world.
- 4 Teach us, in watchfulness and prayer,
To wait for thine appointed hour;
And fit us, by thy grace, to share
The triumphs of thy conqu'ring power.

728 Eltham. 7s. LYTE.
Christ's universal reign.

HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.

- 2 Mightiest kings his power shall own;
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3 Then shall wars and tumults cease;
 Then be banish'd grief and pain;
 Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
 Undisturb'd, shall ever reign.

4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
 Ever praise his glorious Name;
 All his mighty acts record,—
 All his wondrous love proclaim.

729

Watchman tell us. 7s.

BOWRING.

The Watchman's report.

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
 What its signs of promise are.
 Trav'ler, o'er yon mountain's height
 See the glory-beaming star.
 Watchman, does its beauteous ray
 Aught of hope or joy foretell?
 Trav'ler, yes, it brings the day—
 Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
 Higher yet that star ascends.
 Trav'ler, blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth its course portends.
 Watchman, will its beams, alone,
 Gild the spot that gave them birth?
 Trav'ler, ages are its own;
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn.
 Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight;
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
 Watchman, let thy wand'ring cease;
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.
 Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
 Lo! the Son of God is come.

730

Zion.

8s, 7s & 1 4.

KELLY.

The Glad Tidings.

ON the mountain's top appearing,
 Lo, the sacred herald stands,
 Welcome news to Zion bearing,
 Zion, long in hostile lands :
 Mourning captive,
 God himself shall loose thy bands.

- 2 Lo, thy sun is risen in glory,
 God himself appears thy friend ;
 All thy foes shall flee before thee,
 Here their boasted triumphs end :
 Great deliverance
 Zion's King vouchsafes to send.
- 3 Enemies no more shall trouble,
 All thy warfare now is past ;
 For thy shame thou shalt have double,
 Days of peace are come at last :
 All thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest.

731

Missionary. 7s & 6s.

ANON.

The final Victory of Christ.

WHEN shall the voice of singing
 Flow joyfully along ?
 When hill and valley, ringing
 With one triumphant song—
 Proclaim the contest ended,
 And him, who once was slain,
 Again to earth descended,
 In righteousness to reign ?

- 2 Then from the craggy mountains
 The sacred shout shall fly ;
 And shady vales and fountains
 Shall echo the reply :

High tower and lowly dwelling
 Shall send the chorus round;
 All hallelujah swelling
 In one eternal sound.

732

Sabbath.

8 7s.

MONTGOMERY.

Christ is all in all.

HARK, the song of Jubilee,
 Loud as mighty thunders roar,
 Or the fullness of the sea
 When it breaks upon the shore:
 "Hallelujah! for the Lord
 God omnipotent shall reign;"
 Hallelujah! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark, the sound,
 From the depth unto the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies:
 See Jehovah's banner furl'd,
 Sheathed his sword—he speaks, 'tis done,
 And the kingdoms of this world
 Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
 With illimitable sway;
 He shall reign when like a scroll
 Yonder heavens have passed away;
 Then the end—beneath his rod
 Man's last enemy shall fall:
 Hallelujah! Christ in God,
 God in Christ, is all in all.

DOXOLOGIES.

I.

S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

II.

7s.

SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

III.

C. M.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or Saints to love the Lord.

IV.

L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honor, praise and glory given
By all on earth and all in heaven.

V.

L. M.

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

VI.

C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Who sweetly all agree
 To save a world of sinners lost,
 Eternal glory be.

VII.

C. M. Double.

THE God of mercy be adored,
 Who calls our souls from death,
 Who saves by his redeeming word,
 And new-creating breath ;
 To praise the Father and the Son,
 And Spirit all-divine,—
 The One in Three, and Three in One,—
 Let saints and angels join.

VIII.

6 8s.

IMMORTAL honor, endless fame,
 Attend th' almighty Father's name :
 The Saviour Son be glorified,
 Who for lost man's redemption died ;
 And equal adoration be,
 Eternal Comforter, to thee !

IX.

8s.

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
 The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
 Eternal praise and glory given,
 Through all the worlds where God is known,
 By all the angels near the throne,
 And all the saints in earth and heaven.

X.

S. M.

TO God, the Father, Son,
 And Spirit, One in Three,
 Be glory, as it was, is now,
 And shall for ever be.

XI.

4 6s & 2 8s.

TO God the Father's throne
 Perpetual honors raise;
 Glory to God the Son,
 And to the Spirit praise;
 With all our powers, eternal King,
 Thy everlasting praise we sing.

XII.

8s & 6s.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom heaven's triumphant host,
 And saints on earth adore,
 Be glory as in ages past,
 And now it is, and so shall last
 When time shall be no more.

XIII.

6 7s.

PRAISE the name of God most high;
 Praise him all above the sky;
 Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:
 As through countless ages past,
 Evermore his praise shall last.

XIV.

8s, 7s & 4.

GREAT Jehovah! we adore thee,—
 God the Father, God the Son,
 God the Spirit, joined in glory
 On the same eternal throne:
 Endless praises
 To Jehovah, Three in One.

XV.

8s & 7s.

PRAISE the God of our salvation;
 Praise the Father's boundless love;
 Praise the Lamb, our expiation;
 Praise the Spirit from above,—
 Author of the new creation,—
 Him by whom our spirits live;
 Undivided adoration
 To the one Jehovah give.

XVI.

8s.

ALL praise to the Father, the Son,
 And Spirit, thrice holy and blest,
 The eternal, supreme Three in One,
 Was, is, and shall still be address'd.

XVII.

P. M.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Thy Godhead we adore,—
 Join with the celestial host,
 Who praise thee evermore!
 Live by earth and heaven adored,
 The Three in one, the one in Three;
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 All glory be to thee!

XVIII.

P. M.

TO God—the Father, Son,
 And Spirit—Three in One—
 All praise be given;
 Crown him in every song;
 To him your hearts belong:
 Let all his praise prolong,
 On earth—in heaven.

XIX.

10s.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest,
 Eternal praise and worship be address'd;
 From age to age, ye saints, his name adore,
 And spread his fame, till time shall be no more.

XX.

P. M.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit,
 Ascribe we equal glory;
 One Deity, in Persons Three,
 Let all thy works adore thee:
 As was from the beginning,
 Glory to God be given,
 By all who know thy name below,
 And all thy hosts in heaven.

XXI.

P. M.

TO thee be praise for ever,
 Thou glorious King of kings:
 Thy wondrous love and favor
 Each ransom'd spirit sings:
 We celebrate thy glory,
 With all thy saints above,
 And shout the joyful story
 Of thy redeeming love.

XXII.

11s.

O FATHER almighty, to thee be address'd,
 With Christ and the Spirit, one God, ever
 blest,
 All glory and worship, from earth and from
 heaven,
 As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

MISCELLANEOUS

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

1 P. M. THORNBY.
Hallelujah to the Lamb.

THE voice of free grace
Cries, escape to the mountain;
For Adam's lost race
Christ hath opened a fountain.
For sin and pollution,
And every transgression,
His blood flows most freely
In streams of salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb
Who has purchased our pardon;
We will praise him again
When we pass over Jordan.

2 Ye thirsty ones, hear it
With high exultation;
Behold, says the Spirit,
The well of salvation:
Approach, cries the Bride;
Lo! the multitudes going!
The soul-saving tide
To the nations is flowing.

3 Blest Jesus, ride on;
Thy kingdom is glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell,
Thou wilt make us victorious.

Thy name shall be praised
In the great congregation,
And saints shall delight
In ascribing salvation.

- 4 When on Zion we stand
Having gained the blest shore,
With our harps in our hand,
We will praise evermore;
We'll range the blest fields,
On the banks of the river,
And sing hallelujahs
For ever and ever.

P. M.

2

Come to-day.

CHILD of sin and sorrow,
Filled with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow,
Yield thee to-day;
Heaven bids thee come
While yet there's room;
Child of sin and sorrow,
Hear and obey.

- 2 Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die?
Come, while thou canst borrow
Help from on high;
Grieve not that love,
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.

8s, 3s & 6s.

3

Salvation free.

HARK! those happy voices saying,
"Yet there's room:
Sinner, come,
Heaven's call obeying."

MISCELLANEOUS SPIRITUAL SONGS.

- 2 Now the feast is spread before thee,
Wait no more,
Grace implore,
Peace shall then come o'er thee.
- 3 Bless the Lord of life for ever,
O my soul,
Bountiful,
Infinite His favor !
- 4 Bless the Lord of thy salvation,
Who in love
From above
Heard thy supplication.
- 5 Bless the Lord of earth and heaven :
Through His blood
That freely flowed,
Are thy sins forgiven.

4

5 7s & 3 6s.

NEWTON.

The alarm.

- STOP, poor sinners, stop and think,
Before you further go ;
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe ?
On the verge of ruin stop,
Now the friendly warning take ;
Stay your footsteps, ere you drop
Into the burning lake.
- 2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose ?
Fear ye not that iron rod
With which he breaks his foes ?
Can you stand in that dread day,
Which his justice shall proclaim,
When the earth shall melt away
Like wax before the flame ?

- 3 Ghastly death will quickly come,
 And drag you to his bar;
 Then to hear your awful doom
 Will fill you with despair!
 All your sins will round you crowd;
 You shall mark their crimson dye,
 Each for vengeance crying loud;
 And what can you reply?
- 4 Though your heart were made of steel,
 Your forehead lined with brass,
 God at length will make you feel,
 He will not let you pass;
 Sinners then in vain will call,
 Those who now despise his grace,
 "Rocks and mountains, on us fall,
 And hide us from his face."

5

12s & 8s.

The harvest is past, &c.

- WHEN the harvest is past and the summer is
 gone,
 And sermons and prayers shall be o'er;
 When the beams cease to break of the sweet
 Sabbath morn,
 And Jesus invites thee no more;
 When the rich gales of mercy no longer shall
 blow,
 The Gospel no message declare;
 Sinner, how canst thou bear the deep wailings
 of woe!
 How suffer the night of despair!
- 2 When the holy have gone to the regions of
 peace,
 To dwell in the mansions above;
 When their harmony wakes in the fullness of
 bliss
 Their songs to the Saviour they love!

Say, O sinner that livest at rest and secure,
 Who fearest no trouble to come,
 Can thy spirit the swellings of sorrow endure,
 Or bear the impenitent's doom!

6

P. M.

Mourning Penitents.

DROOPING souls, no longer mourn,
 Jesus still is precious:
 If to him you now return,
 Heaven will be propitious.
 Jesus now is passing by,
 Calling wanderers near him;
 Drooping souls, you need not die:
 Go to him and hear him.

2 He has pardons, full and free,
 Drooping souls to gladden;
 Still he cries, "Come unto me,
 Weary, heavy laden."
 Tho' your sins like mountains high
 Rise, and reach to heaven!
 Soon as you on him rely,
 All shall be forgiven.

3 Precious is the Saviour's name,
 All his saints adore him;
 He to save the dying came,—
 Prostrate bow before him:
 Wandering sinners, now return;
 Contrite souls, believe him!
 Jesus calls you; cease to mourn;
 Worship him; receive him.

7

8s & 7s.

"A friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

ONE there is above all others,
 Well deserves the name of Friend;
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Costly, free, and knows no end.

- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Saviour died to have us
Reconciled, in him, to God.
- 3 When he lived on earth, abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.
- 4 O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord! at length to love;
We alas! forget too often
What a friend we have above.

L. M.

- 8 “*All that the Father giveth me shall,*” &c.
JUST as thou art,—without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,
O guilty sinner! come to Christ.
- 2 Thy sins I bore on Calvary’s tree;
The stripes thy due were laid on me,
That peace and pardon might be free—
O wretched sinner! come to Christ.
- 3 Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
Count all thy gains but empty dross;
My grace repays all earthly loss—
O needy sinner! come to Christ.
- 4 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
’Tis mercy’s voice salutes thine ears;
O trembling sinner! come to Christ.
- 5 “The Spirit and the bride say, Come;”
Rejoicing saints re-echo, Come;
Who faints, who thirsts, who will may come:
Thy Saviour bids thee come to Christ.

9

6s & 8s.

Will you go?

WE'RE traveling home to heaven above,
 Will you go? will you go?
 To sing the Saviour's dying love,
 Will you go? will you go?
 Millions have reached that blest abode,
 Anointed kings and priests to God;
 And millions more are on the road.
 Will you go? will you go?

2 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,
 Will you go? will you go?
 In rapturous strains to praise his name,
 Will you go? will you go?
 A crown of life we there shall wear,
 The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear;
 And all the joys of heaven we'll share.
 Will you go? will you go?

3 We're going to join the heavenly choir,
 Will you go? will you go?
 To raise our voice and tune the lyre,
 Will you go? will you go?
 There saints and angels gladly sing,
 Hosanna to their God and King,
 And make the heavenly arches ring.
 Will you go? will you go?

4 Ye weary, heavy laden, come,
 Will you go? will you go?
 In the blest house there still is room,
 Will you go? will you go?
 The Lord is waiting to receive,
 If thou wilt on him now believe,
 Thy troubled conscience he'll relieve.
 Come, believe, come, believe.

- 5 The way to heaven is straight and plain,
 Will you go? will you go?
 Repent, believe, be born again,
 Will you go? will you go?
 The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
 "Take up thy cross and follow me,
 And thou shalt my salvation see.
 Come to me, come to me."

10

11s.

Invitation to come to Christ.

- O TURN ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die,
 When God in great mercy is coming so
 nigh,
 Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, Come,
 And angels are waiting to welcome you home.
- 2 How vain the delusion, that, while you delay,
 Your hearts may grow better by staying
 away;
 Come wretched, come starving, come just as
 you be,
 While streams of salvation are flowing so free.
- 3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
 O how can you question if you will believe?
 If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
 'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come
 home.
- 4 Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour
 your heart,
 And trusting in heaven, we never shall part;
 O how can we leave you? why will you not
 come?
 We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

11 Ganges. 4 8s & 2 6s.
"Ye must be born again."

AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
 My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
 And knew not where to go;
 One simple truth increased my pain,
 The sinner "must be born again,"
 Or sink to endless woe.

2 I heard the law its thunders roll,
 While guilt lay heavy on my soul,
 A vast, oppressive load!
 All creature-aid I saw was vain;
 The sinner "must be born again,"
 Or drink the wrath of God.

3 The saints I heard with rapture tell
 How Jesus conquered death and hell
 To bring salvation near;
 Yet still I found this truth remain,—
 The sinner "must be born again,"
 Or sink in deep despair.

4 But while I thus in anguish lay,
 The bleeding Saviour passed that way,
 My bondage to remove;
 The sinner, once by justice slain,
 Now by his grace is born again,
 And sings redeeming love.

12 4 8s & 2 6s.
Time flies.

MY days, my weeks, my months, my years,
 Fly rapid as the whirling spheres
 Around the steady pole;
 Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
 And I must launch through shoreless deeps
 Where endless ages roll.

- 2 The grave is near the cradle seen ;
How swift the moments pass between,
And whisper as they fly,—
“Unthinking man, remember this,
Though fond of sublunary bliss,
That you must groan and die.”
- 3 But will my soul be thus extinct,
And cease to live, and cease to think ?
It cannot, cannot be ;
No, my immortal cannot die ;
What wilt thou do, or whither fly,
When death shall set thee free ?
- 4 My soul, attend the solemn call ;
Thine earthly tent must shortly fall,
And thou must take thy flight
Beyond the vast expansive blue,
To sing above as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.

13

8s & 7s.

For Pardon.

JESUS, who on Calvary's mountain
Poured thy precious blood for me,
Wash me in its flowing fountain,
That my soul may spotless be.

- 2 I have sinned, but O, restore me !
For unless thou smile on me,
Dark is all the world before me ;
Darker yet eternity.
- 3 In thy word I hear thee saying,
Come, and I will give thee rest ;
And, the gracious call obeying,
Lord, I hasten to thy breast.

- 4 Grant, O grant thy Spirit's teaching,
That I may not go astray,
Till, the gate of heaven reaching,
Earth and sin are passed away.

14

L. M.

The inner life.

- O THAT I could for ever dwell,
Delighted, at the Saviour's feet;
Behold the form I love so well,
And all his tender words repeat!
- 2 The world shut out from all my soul.
And heaven brought in with all its bliss;
Oh, is there aught from pole to pole,
One moment to compare with this?
- 3 This is the hidden life I prize,
A life of penitential love;
When most my follies I despise,
And raise my highest thoughts above;
- 4 When all I am I clearly see,
And freely own, with deepest shame;
When the Redeemer's love to me
Kindles within a deathless flame.
- 5 Thus would I live till nature fail,
And all my former sins forsake:
Then rise to God, within the vail,
And of eternal joys partake.

15

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY.

For Pardon.

LAMB of God! whose dying love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find;

Think on us, who think on thee;
 Every burdened soul release;
 Oh, remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace!

2 By thine agonizing pain,
 And bloody sweat, we pray;
 By thy dying love to man,
 Take all our sins away;
 Burst our bonds and set us free;
 From all sin do thou release;
 Oh, remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace!

3 Let thy blood, by faith applied,
 The sinner's pardon seal;
 Own us freely justified,
 And all our sickness heal;
 By thy passion on the tree,
 Let our griefs and troubles cease;
 Oh, remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace!

16

P. M.

Medley.

Gospel Trumpet.

HARK! how the gospel trumpet sounds!
 Through all the world the echo bounds!
 And Jesus, by redeeming blood,
 Is bringing sinners back to God,
 And guides them safely by his word
 To endless day.

2 Hail, all-victorious conquering Lord!
 Be thou by all thy works adored,
 Who undertook for sinful man,
 And brought salvation through thy name,
 That we with thee may ever reign
 In endless day.

3 Fight on, ye conquering souls, fight on,
And when the conquest you have won,
Then palms of victory you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory ever wear
In endless day.

4 There we shall in full chorus join,
With saints and angels all combine,
To sing of his redeeming love,
When rolling years shall cease to move,
And this shall be our theme above
In endless day.

17

10s & 11s.

NEWTON.

The Lord will provide.

THO' troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all
unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us the Lord will provide.

2 The birds without barn or storehouse are fed ;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread :
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written, the Lord will provide.

3 We all may, like ships, by tempest be tossed
On perilous deeps, but need not be lost :
Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
Yet Scripture engages the Lord will provide.

4 His call we obey, like Abrah'm of old ;
We know not the way, but faith makes us bold ;
For though we are strangers, we have a sure
guide,
And trust in all dangers the Lord will provide.

- 5 No strength of our own nor goodness we claim,
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's name;
In this our strong tower for safety we hide;
The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.
- 6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through;
Not fearing nor doubting, with Christ on our
side,
We hope to die shouting, the Lord will provide.

18

P. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Triumph.

- H**HEAD of the church triumphant,
We joyfully adore thee;
Till thou appear, thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory:
We lift our hearts and voices,
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.
- 2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise, which knows no days,
And ever brings us nigher;
We clap our hands exulting
In thine almighty favor:
The love divine, which made us thine,
Can keep us thine for ever.
- 3 Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear, while thou art near,
The fire of tribulation:
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes:
By thee we shall break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

- 4 By faith we see the glory
 To which thou shalt restore us ;
 The cross despise for that high prize,
 Which thou hast set before us :
 And if thou count us worthy,
 We each, as dying Stephen,
 Shall see thee stand at God's right hand,
 To take us up to heaven.

19

P. M.

Come with us.

- SINNER, go, will you go
 To the highlands of heaven ?
 Where the storms never blow,
 And the long summer's given :
 Where the bright blooming flowers
 Are their odors emitting ;
 And the leaves of the bowers
 In the breezes are flitting.
- 2 Where the saints robed in white,
 Cleansed in life's flowing fountain,
 Shining beauteous and bright,
 Shall inhabit the mountain ;
 Where no sin, nor dismay,
 Neither trouble, nor sorrow,
 Will be felt for to-day,
 Nor be feared for the morrow.
- 3 He's prepared thee a home—
 Sinner, canst thou believe it ?
 And invites thee to come,
 Sinner, wilt thou receive it ?
 O come, sinner, come,
 For the tide is receding,
 And the Saviour will soon,
 And for ever, cease pleading.

MISCELLANEOUS SPIRITUAL SONGS.

P. M.

20

We rejoice in hope of the glory of God.

MY days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.

- 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning ;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
- 3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing ;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
- 4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow
Each chord on earth to sever ;
Our King says come, and there's our home,
For ever, oh ! for ever !

CHORUS.

For oh ! we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

P. M.

21

"This day is a day of good things."

WHERE'ER we meet, you always say,
What's the news ? what's the news ?
Pray what's the order of the day ?
What's the news ? what's the news ?
Oh ! I have glorious news to tell :
My Saviour hath done all things well,
And triumphed over death and hell,
That's the news ! that's the news !

- 2 The Lamb was slain on Calvary,
That's the news! that's the news!
To set a world of sinners free;
That's the news! that's the news!
'Twas there his precious blood was shed,
'Twas there he bowed his sacred head;
But now he's risen from the dead;
That's the news! that's the news!
- 3 To heaven above the Conqueror's gone;
That's the news! that's the news!
He's passed triumphant to his throne;
That's the news! that's the news!
And on that throne he will remain,
Until, as Judge, he comes again,
Attended by a dazzling train;
That's the news! that's the news!
- 4 His work's reviving all around,
That's the news! that's the news!
And many have redemption found,
That's the news! that's the news!
And since their souls have caught the flame,
They shout hosanna to his name,
And all around they spread his fame,
That's the news! that's the news!
- 5 The Lord has pardoned all my sin,
That's the news! that's the news!
I feel the witness now within,
That's the news! that's the news!
And since he took my sins away,
And taught me how to watch and pray,
I'm happy now from day to day,—
That's the news! that's the news!
- 6 And Christ the Lord can save you now,
That's the news! that's the news!
Your sinful heart he can renew,
That's the news! that's the news!

This moment, if for sins you grieve,
 This moment, if you do believe,
 Pardon and peace you shall receive—
 That's the news! that's the news!

- 7 And now, if any one should say,
 What's the news? what's the news?
 O tell them you've begun to pray—
 That's the news! that's the news!
 That you have joined the conquering band,
 And now with joy, at God's command,
 You're marching to the better land—
 That's the news! that's the news!

22

10s & 11s.

GAMBOLD.

"Come thou with us."

O TELL me no more of this world's vain store,
 The time for such trifles with me now is
 o'er;

A country I've found where true joys abound,
 To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground.

- 2 The souls that believe, in Paradise live,
 And me in that number will Jesus receive:
 My soul, don't delay—he calls thee away,
 Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.
- 3 No mortal doth know what he can bestow,
 What light, strength, and comfort—go after
 him, go;
 Lo, onward I move to a city above,
 None guesses how wondrous my journey will
 prove.
- 4 Great spoils I shall win from death, hell, and
 sin,
 'Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ
 within;
 And when I'm to die, Receive me, I'll cry,
 For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.

- 5 But this I do find, we two are so joined,
 He'll not live in glory and leave me behind :
 So this is the race I'm running, thro' grace,
 Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's face.
- 6 And now I'm in care, my neighbors may share
 These blessings: to seek them will none of you
 dare ?
 In bondage, O why, and death, will you lie,
 When one here assures you free grace is so nigh?

8s & 9s.

23

Religion a treasure.

- RELIGION is a glorious treasure,
 R Diffusion of the Saviour's love ;
 The spirit's comfort without measure,
 It joins our souls to those above ;
 It calms our fears, it soothes our sorrows,
 It smooths our way o'er life's rough sea ;
 While endless ages are onward rolling,
 This heavenly portion ours shall be.
- 2 While journeying here thro' tribulations,
 In phalanx firm we'll march along :
 Contentions may divide the nations,
 But Christ shall be our common song :
 For pure religion knits together—
 It binds in love and makes us free :
 While endless ages are onward rolling,
 This heavenly portion ours shall be.
- 3 How vain ! how frail ! how transitory !
 This world, with all its pomp and show ;
 Its mighty names, renowned in story,
 We'll gladly leave them all below.
 A brighter object now enraptures—
 In Christ alone we beauties see :
 While endless ages are onward rolling,
 This heavenly portion ours shall be.

- 4 Our earthly house is now dissolving,
 And mortal life will soon be o'er;
 The cares within us, now revolving,
 Will soon afflict our hearts no more;
 But pure religion lasts for ever;
 In death our souls shall strengthened be:
 While endless ages are onward rolling,
 This heavenly portion ours shall be.

24

11s, 8s & 7s.

The Rock of thy Salvation.

- IF life's pleasures charm thee, give them not
 thy heart,
 Lest the gift ensnare thee, from thy God to part;
 His favor seek, his praises speak,
 Fix here thy hope's foundation:
 Serve him, and he will ever be
 The Rock of thy salvation.
- 2 If distress befall thee, painful though it be,
 Let not grief appall thee; to thy Saviour flee;
 He, ever near, thy prayer will hear,
 And calm thy perturbation;
 The waves of woe shall ne'er o'erflow
 The Rock of thy salvation.
- 3 When earth's prospects fail thee, let it not dis-
 tress;
 Better comforts wait thee; Christ will freely
 bless:
 To Jesus flee; thy prop he'll be,
 Thy heavenly consolation:
 For griefs below cannot o'erthrow
 The Rock of thy salvation.
- 4 Dangers may approach thee; let them not
 alarm,
 Christ will ever watch thee, and protect from
 harm;

MISCELLANEOUS SPIRITUAL SONGS.

He near thee stands with mighty hands,
To ward off each temptation ;
To Jesus fly, he's ever nigh,
The Rock of thy salvation.

- 5 Let not death alarm thee, shrink not from his
blow,
For thy God shall arm thee, and victory be-
stow ;
For death shall bring to thee no sting,
The grave no desolation :
'Tis gain to die with Jesus nigh,
The Rock of thy salvation.

25

8s & 6s.

“ Set your affection on things above.”

TELL me no more of earthly toys,
Of sinful mirth and carnal joys,
The things I loved before ;
Let me but view my Saviour's face,
And feel his animating grace,
And I desire no more.

- 2 Tell me no more of fame and wealth,
Of careless ease and blooming health,
For they have all their snares ;
Let me but know my sins forgiven,
And see my name enrolled in heaven,
And I am free from cares.

26

7s & 6s.

BONAR.

Christ was offered to bear the sins of many.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God :
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.

- I bring my guilt to Jesus,
 To wash my crimson stains
 White, in his blood most precious,
 Till not a spot remains.
- 2 I lay my wants on Jesus:
 All fullness dwells in him;
 He heals all my diseases,
 He doth my soul redeem.
 I lay my griefs on Jesus,
 My burdens and my cares;
 He from them all releases,
 He all my sorrow shares.
- 3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
 This weary soul of mine;
 His right hand me embraces,
 I on his breast recline;
 I love the name of Jesus,
 Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
 Like fragrance on the breezes,
 His name abroad is poured.
- 4 I long to be like Jesus,
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
 I long to be like Jesus,
 The Father's holy child.
 I long to be with Jesus,
 Amid the heavenly throng,
 To sing with saints his praises,
 To learn the angels' song.

4 8s & 1 7.

27

Heavenly Union.

ATTEND, ye saints, and hear me tell
 The wonders of Immanuel,
 Who saved me from a burning hell,
 And brought my soul with him to dwell,
 And gave me heavenly union.

MISCELLANEOUS SPIRITUAL SONGS.

- 2 When Jesus saw me from on high,
Beheld my soul in ruin lie,
He looked on me with pitying eye,
And kindly said as he passed by,
 “ With God you have no union.”
- 3 Then I began to weep and sigh,
And looked this way and that to fly,
It grieved me so that I must die ;
I strove salvation then to buy,
 But still I had no union.
- 4 But when I hated all my sin,
My dear Redeemer took me in,
And with his blood he washed me clean ;
And oh ! what seasons I have seen
 Since first I felt this union.
- 5 I praised the Lord by night and day,
I went from house to house to pray,
And if I met one on the way,
I found I'd something still to say
 About this heavenly union.
- 6 I now with saints can join to sing,
And mount on faith's triumphant wing,
And make the heavenly arches ring
With loud hosannas to our King,
 Who brought our souls to union.
- 7 Come, oh backslider, come away,
And learn to do as well as say ;
Come learn to watch as well as pray,
And bear your cross from day to day ;
 And then you'll feel this union.
- 8 We soon shall leave all things below,
And quit these climes of pain and woe ;
We then shall all to glory go,
And ever see, and hear, and know,
 And feel a perfect union.

28

11s & 8s.

“ The sheep hear my voice.”

O THOU, in whose presence
My soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call,
My comfort by day,
And my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all,—

2 Where dost thou, dear Shepherd,
Resort with thy sheep,
To feed them in pastures of love?
Say, why in the valley
Of death should I weep,
Or alone in this wilderness rove?

3 Oh, why should I wander
An alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when
My sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 Dear Shepherd! I hear, and
Will follow thy call;
I know the sweet sound of thy voice;
Restore and defend me,
For thou art my all,
And in thee I will ever rejoice.

29

C. M.

Hinder me not.

I N all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.

- 2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus leads,
I'll follow where he goes ;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.
- 3 Through duty, and through trials, too,
I'll go at his command ;
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.
- 4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be :
Hinder me not ! come, welcome death !
I'll gladly go with thee !

30

C. M.

BONAR.

"By the grace of God I am what I am."

ALL that I was, my sin, my guilt,
My death, was all my own ;
All that I am I owe to thee,
My gracious God alone.

- 2 The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine ;
The good in which I now rejoice
Is thine, and only thine.
- 3 The darkness of my former state,
The bondage, all was mine ;
The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty, is thine.
- 4 Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
And taught me to believe ;
Then, in believing, peace I found,
And now I live, I live.

- 5 All that I am e'en here on earth,
 All that I hope to be
 When Jesus comes, and glory dawns,
 I owe it, Lord, to thee.

31

P. M.

Hither, ye Faithful.

HITHER, ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph;

To Bethlehem go, the Lord of life to meet;
 To you this day is born a Prince and Saviour,
 O come, and let us worship at his feet.

- 2 O Jesus! for such wondrous condescension,
 Our praise and our reverence are an offering
 meet; [us,
 Now is the word made flesh and dwells among
 O come, and let us worship at his feet.
- 3 Shout his almighty name, ye choirs of angels,
 Let the celestial courts his praise repeat;
 Unto our God be glory in the highest,
 O come, and let us worship at his feet.

32

6 7s.

From the German.

"How much owest thou."

WHEN this passing world is done,
 When has sunk yon glaring sun,
 When we stand with Christ above,
 There to sing redeeming love,
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
 Not till then—how much I owe.

- 2 When I hear the wicked call
 On the rocks and hills to fall;
 When I see them start and shrink
 On the fiery deluge brink,
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
 Not till then—how much I owe.

- 3 When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own,
When I see thee as thou art,
Love thee with unsinching heart,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.
- 4 When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

33

7s & 6s.

UNBEKANNTES.

Good-night.

- I JOURNEY forth rejoicing,
From this dark vale of tears,
To heavenly joy and freedom,
From earthly bonds and fears:
Where Christ our Lord shall gather
All his redeemed again,
His kingdom to inherit.
Good night, good night, till then!
- 2 Go to thy quiet resting,
Poor tenement of clay!
From all thy pain and weakness
I gladly haste away;
But still in faith confiding,
To find thee yet again,
All glorious and immortal.
Good night, good night, till then!
- 3 Why thus so sadly weeping,
Belov'd ones of my heart?
The Lord is good and gracious,
Though now he bids us part.

Oft have we met in gladness,
And we shall meet again,
All sorrow left behind us.
Good night, good night, till then!

4 I go to see His glory,
Whom we have loved below;
I go, the blessed angels,
The holy saints, to know.
Our lovely ones departed,
I go to find again,
And wait for you to join us.
Good night, good night, till then!

5 I hear the Saviour calling—
The joyful hour has come;
The angel-guards are ready
To guide me to our home,
Where Christ our Lord shall gather
All his redeemed again,
His kingdom to inherit.
Good night, good night, till then!

34

C. M.

The returning Prodigal.

THE long-lost son, with streaming eyes,
From folly just awake,
Reviews his wanderings with surprise;
His heart begins to break.
I'll want no more for bread, he cries,
Nor starve in foreign lands;
My father's house hath large supplies,
And bounteous are his hands.

2 I starve, he cries, nor can I bear
The famine in this land,
While servants of my father share
The bounty of his hand.
I'll want no more, &c.

- 3 With deep repentance I'll return,
And seek my father's face;
Unworthy to be called a son,
I'll ask a servant's place.
I'll want no more, &c.
- 4 Far off the father saw him move,
In pensive silence mourn,
And quickly ran, with arms of love,
To welcome his return.
I'll want no more, &c.
- 5 Through all the courts the tidings flew,
And spread the joy around;
The angels tuned their hearts anew—
The long-lost son is found!
I'll want no more, &c.

7s & 6s.

35

Looking to Jesus.

- 0 WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above,
And drink the flowing fountain
Of everlasting love?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in?
- 2 But now I am a soldier;
My Captain's gone before,
He's given me my orders,
And bids me not give o'er;
And if I prove but faithful,
A crown of life he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.
- 3 Through grace I am determined
To conquer, though I die;
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly.

Farewell to sin and sorrow,
 I bid you all adieu;
 And you, my friends, prove faithful,
 And on your way pursue.

4 Whene'er you meet with troubles
 And trials on your way,
 Cast all your care on Jesus,
 And don't forget to pray;
 Gird on the heavenly armor
 Of faith and hope and love;
 And when the combat's ended
 You'll reign with him above.

5 O do not be discouraged,
 For Jesus is your friend;
 And, if you lack for knowledge,
 He'll not refuse to lend.
 Neither will he upbraid you,
 Though oftentimes you request;
 He'll give you grace to conquer,
 And take you home to rest.

36

6s & 4s.

Thy Saviour is Life.

PASS away, earthly joy,
 Jesus is mine!
 Break, every mortal tie,
 Jesus is mine!
 Dark is the wilderness;
 Distant the rest-place;
 Jesus alone can bless:
 Jesus is mine!

2 Tempt not my soul away,
 Jesus is mine!
 Here would I ever stay,
 Jesus is mine!

Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away:
Jesus is mine!

3 Fare ye well, dreams of night,
Jesus is mine!
Mine is a dawning bright,
Jesus is mine!
All that my soul has tried
Left but a dismal void;
Jesus has satisfied:
Jesus is mine!

4 Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, a Saviour's breast,
Welcome, ye scenes of rest,
Welcome, ye mansions blest:
Jesus is mine!

37

P. M.

The Good Child's Song.

I WANT to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand:
There, right before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd wake the sweetest music,
And praise him day and night.

2 I never would be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear:

But, blessed, pure and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
And with ten thousand thousands
Praise him both day and night.

3 I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive,
For many little children
Have gone to heav'n to live.
Dear Saviour, when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
O, send a shining angel,
And bear me to the sky!

4 O there I'll be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand:
And there, before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'll join the heavenly music,
And praise him day and night!

38

8s.

"My heart is fixed."

WHAT now is my object and aim?
What now is my hope and desire?
To follow the heavenly Lamb,
And after his image aspire:
My hope is all centred in thee;
I trust to recover thy love,
On earth thy salvation to see,
And then to enjoy it above.

2 I thirst for a life-giving God,
The Lamb that on Calvary died;
The fountain of water and blood
That gush'd from Immanuel's side!

MISCELLANEOUS SPIRITUAL SONGS.

I gasp for the streams of thy love,
The spirit of rapture unknown;
And then to re-drink it above,
Eternally fresh from the throne.

39

11s.

Submission.

- O JESUS, my Saviour, to thee I submit;
With love and thanksgiving fall down at
thy feet;
The sacrifice offer, my soul, flesh and blood,
To thee my Redeemer, my Lord and my God.
- 2 I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord;
I love thee, my Saviour, I trust in thy word;
I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know,
But how much I love thee I never can show.
- 3 I'm happy, I'm happy, O wondrous account!
My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount;
I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,
With angels my kindred and Jesus my dear!

40

7s.

Come Home.

- BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
One that loves us to the end.
Forward, then, with courage go;
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, Come home!"
- 2 In the way a thousand snares
Lie, to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded part;

But, from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, Come home!"

- 3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within;
Yet let nothing spoil our peace,
Christ shall also conquer these;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, Come home!"

41

8s & 7s.

Look beyond.

DARK and thorny is the desert
Thro' which pilgrims make their way;
Yet beyond this vale of sorrow
Lie the fields of endless day;
Fiends, loud howling through the desert,
Make them tremble as they go;
And the fiery darts of Satan
Often bring their courage low.

- 2 O, young pilgrims, are you weary
Of the roughness of the way?
Does your strength begin to fail you,
And your vigor to decay?
Jesus, Jesus will go with you:
He will lead you to his throne;
He who dyed his garments for you,
And the wine-press trod alone;

- 3 He whose thunders shake creation,
He who bids the planets roll,
He who rides upon the tempest,
And whose sceptre sways the whole!

MISCELLANEOUS SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Round him are ten thousand angels,
Ready to obey command ;
They are always hov'ring round you,
Till you reach the heavenly land.

- 4 There, on flowery hills of pleasure,
Lie the fields of endless rest ;
Love, and joy, and peace for ever
Reign and triumph in your breast.
Who can paint the scenes of glory
Where the ransomed dwell on high ;
They on golden harps for ever
Sound redemption through the sky !
- 5 O their crowns ! how bright they sparkle !
Such as monarchs never wore ;
They are gone to richer pastures,
Jesus is their shepherd there.
Hail ! ye happy, happy spirits,
Death no more shall make you fear,
Grief or sorrow, pain or anguish,
Shall no more distress you there.

8s & 7s.

42

“ Thou art with me.”

DEATH shall not destroy my comfort,
Christ shall guide me thro' the gloom ;
Down he'll send some heavenly convoy
To escort my spirit home.
Jordan's stream shall not o'erflow me
While my Saviour's by my side ;
Canaan, Canaan lies before me,
Soon I'll cross the swelling tide.

- 2 See the happy spirits waiting
On the bank beyond the stream ;
Sweet responses still repeating,
Jesus, Jesus is their theme ;

MISCELLANEOUS SPIRITUAL SONGS.

See! they whisper; hark! they call me,
Sister spirit, come away!
Lo! I come; earth can't detain me!
Hail! ye realms of endless day!

3 Worlds of light and crowns of glory,
Far above yon azure sky,
Though by faith I now explore ye,
I'll enjoy you soon on high:
Soon I'll gain a full possession,
Faith and hope shall henceforth cease,
Lost in love's exhaustless ocean,
Love, that sweetest, brightest grace.

4 Swiftly roll, ye lingering hours;
Seraphs, lend your glittering wings;
Love absorbs my ransomed powers,
Heavenly sound around me rings;
Jesus, clad in dazzling splendor,
Now methinks appears in view;
Sinners, could you see my Jesus,
You would love and serve him too.

6 8s.

43 *Consider the Apostle and High Priest, &c.*

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean, who; not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly virtue's narrow way,
To fly the good I should pursue,
Or do the sin I should not do;
Still he, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

- 3 And oh, when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My bed of death, for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

44

P. M.

LLOYD DAY.

Boundless Love.

- WHAT boundless love is shown
In God's redeeming grace!
'Twas love that led to leave his crown,
And brought the Prince of glory down,
To save our fallen race!
- 2 'Tis love that long delays
The rebel sinner's doom;
'Tis love the hand of justice stays,
And when returning from his ways,
Welcomes the wanderer home.
- 3 In love the Saviour bends
To hear the soul's complaint;
Compassionate, his aid he lends
To all—the humble poor befriends—
Sustains the soul that's faint.
- 4 And when the fallen seek
In him a saving hope,
The drooping head—the spirit meek,
Beneath its burden growing weak,
He hastens to lift up.
- 5 Descending like a dove
Upon the broken heart,
In whispers low he breathes his love,
And lifts the soul its griefs above,
And bids its woes depart.

- 6 Where flows the silent tear,
 And heaves the throbbing breast,
 He kindly then will hover near,
 And dissipate each rising fear,
 And give the mourner rest.
- 7 At his transporting smile
 Are loosed the chains that bind,
 And raptures thrill the soul the while—
 The world forgotten lies as vile,
 Beneath the soaring mind.

45

8s & 7s.

Great Redeemer.

- GREAT Redeemer, friend of sinners,
 Thou hast wondrous power to save:
 Grant me grace, and still protect me
 Over life's tempestuous wave.
- 2 May my soul, with sacred transport,
 View the dawn while yet afar;
 And until the sun arises,
 Lead me by the morning star.
- 3 O what madness! O what folly!
 That my heart should go astray
 After vain and foolish trifles—
 Trifles only of a day.
- 4 This vain world, with all its pleasures,
 Very soon will be no more;
 There's no object worth admiring
 But the God whom we adore.
- 5 See the happy spirits waiting
 On the bank beyond the stream;
 Sweet responses still repeating,
 Jesus, Jesus is their theme.

46

P. M.

The Eden of Love.

HOW sweet to reflect on those joys that await
me

In yon blissful region, the haven of rest,
Where glorified spirits with welcome shall
greet me,

And lead me to mansions prepared for the
blest:

Encircled in light and with glory enshrouded,
My happiness perfect, my mind's sky unclouded,
I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,

And range with delight through the Eden of
Love.

2 While angelic legions, with accents celestial,
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
The saints, as they flock from the regions ter-
restrial,

In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise;
Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo through
heaven,

My soul will respond, To Immanuel be given
All glory, all honor, all might and dominion,
Who brought us through grace to the Eden
of Love.

3 Then hail, blessed state! hail, ye songsters of
glory;

Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above!
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
"Salvation from sorrow, thro' Jesus's love;"

Tho' prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation
Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation
Of joys that await me when freed from pro-
bation:

My heart's now in heav'n, the Eden of Love.

47

P. M.

Vain world, adieu.

WHEN for eternal worlds we steer,
And seas are calm and skies are clear,
And faith in lively exercise,
And distant hills of Canaan rise,
The soul for joy then claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
Vain world, adieu.

2 With cheerful hopes her eyes explore
Each landmark on the distant shore,
The trees of life, the pastures green,
The golden streets, the crystal stream;
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
Vain world, adieu.

3 The nearer still she draws to land,
More eager all her powers expand,
With steady helm and free-bent sail,
Her anchor drops within the vail:
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And her celestial sonnet sings,
Glory to God!

P. M.

48

"I have been a stranger in a strange land."

I AM a pilgrim, I am a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night;
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the streamlets are ever flowing.
I am a pilgrim, I am a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

2 Of that temple to which I am going,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;
Within a country, unknown and dreary,
I've been wandering forlorn and weary.
I am a pilgrim, &c.

- 3 There the sunbeams are ever shining—
 I am longing, I am longing for the sight;
 There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
 Nor any sin there, nor any dying.
 I am a pilgrim, &c.
- 4 There the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary, and the weary are at rest;
 There is no mourning, nor any grief there,
 Nor any weeping, as when we part here.
 I am a pilgrim, &c.
- 5 If we are holy, we shall meet there,
 And we never, and we never more shall part;
 But with angels and spirits holy,
 We will join with the meek and lowly.
 Once a pilgrim, once a stranger,
 Now an angel and a blessed child of light.

11s & 12s.

49

I would not live alway.

I WOULD not live alway; I ask not to stay
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the
 way;
 The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
 Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its
 cheer.

- 2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin—
 Temptation without, and corruption within;
 E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
 And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
- 3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb,
 Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its
 gloom;
 There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,
 To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

- 4 Who, who would live alway, away from his
 God,
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the
 bright plains,
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?
- 5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
 Their Saviour and brethren, transported, to
 greet;
 While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the
 soul!

50

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

A poor wayfaring Man of Grief.

- A POOR wayfaring Man of grief
 Hath often crossed me on my way,
 Who sued so humbly for relief,
 That I could never answer nay.
 I had not power to ask his name,
 Whither he went, or whence he came;
 Yet there was something in his eye
 That won my love, I knew not why.
- 2 Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
 He entered: not a word he spake;
 Just perishing for want of bread,
 I gave him all; he blessed it, brake,
 And ate, but gave me part again.
 Mine was an angel's portion then;
 And while I fed, with eager haste,
 The crust was manna to my taste.
- 3 I spied him where a fountain burst
 Clear from the rock; his strength was gone;
 The heedless water mocked his thirst;
 He heard it, saw it hurrying on.

I ran and raised the sufferer up;
Thrice from the stream he drain'd my cup;
Dipped, and returned it running o'er;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

- 4 'Twas night; the floods were out; it blew
A winter hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof;
I warm'd, I cloth'd, and cheer'd my guest,
Laid him on my own couch to rest,
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.
- 5 Stripped, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment;—he was healed:
I had myself a wound, concealed,
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.
- 6 In prison I saw him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored him 'mid shame and scorn:
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will!"
- 7 Then in a moment, to my view,
The stranger darted from disguise;
The tokens in his hands I knew;
My Saviour stood before my eyes!
He spake, and my poor name he named—
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memorial be,
Fear not, thou didst them unto me."

51

P. M.

L. J. Cox.

Sweet Home.

AN alien from God and a stranger to grace,
I wandered through earth, its gay pleasures
to trace,

In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
Unmindful, alas, that it led me from home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O Saviour, direct me to heaven, my home.

- 2 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away ;
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay ;
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,
Salvation on earth and a mansion in heaven.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
The saints in those mansions are ever at home.

- 3 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms !
The Saviour invites me, I'll go to his arms ;
At the banquet of mercy I hear there is room,
O there may I feast with his children at home !

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O Jesus, conduct me to heaven, my home.

- 4 Farewell, vain amusements, my follies, adieu,
While Jesus, and heaven, and glory I view ;
I feast on the pleasures that flow from his
throne,—

The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven, my home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O when shall I share the fruition of home !

- 5 The days of my exile are passing away,
The time is approaching when Jesus will say,
“ Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my
throne,

And dwell in my presence for ever at home.”

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O there I shall rest with the Saviour at home.

- 6 Affliction and sorrow and death shall be o'er ;
 The saints shall unite to be parted no more ;
 There loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high dome,
 They dwell with the Saviour for ever at home.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 They dwell with the Saviour for ever at home.

8s.

52

Desiring to depart and be with Christ.

- YE angels, who stand round the throne,
 And view my Immanuel's face,
 In rapturous songs make him known,
 Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise :
 He formed you the spirits you are,
 So happy, so noble, so good ;
 When others sunk down in despair,
 Confirmed by his power, ye stood.
- 2 Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,
 And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
 His grace and his glory display,
 And all his rich mercy repeat :
 He snatched you from hell and the grave—
 He ransomed from death and despair,
 For you he was mighty to save,
 Almighty to bring you safe there.
- 3 Oh, when will the period appear,
 When I shall unite in your song ?
 I'm weary of lingering here,
 And I to your Saviour belong !
 I'm fettered and chained up in clay ;
 I struggle and pant to be free ;
 I long to be soaring away,
 My God and my Saviour to see !
- 4 I want to put on my attire,
 Washed white in the blood of the Lamb ;
 I want to be one of your choir,
 And tune my sweet harp to his name ;

I want—oh, I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu,
Your joy and your friendship to share—
To wonder and worship with you.

53

6s & 7s. JOSIAH VARDEN.

Happy in Eternity.

HAIL, my partners in distress,
Pilgrims through this wilderness;
Though in sorrow here you roam,
Destitute and far from home,
Yet, poor pilgrims, you shall be
Happy in eternity.

2 Do not then your fate deplore,
Though despised, cast out, and poor;
Soon the joyful news will come,—
“Child, your Father calls,—come home;”
Then, in glory, you shall be
Happy in eternity.

3 Cruel death, with rudest hands,
May divide the Christian bands;
But, in brighter worlds above,
Friends shall meet the friends they love,
Where, united, you shall be
Happy in eternity.

4 Just beyond this vale of tears,
Lo, a fruitful land appears;
Pilgrim, lift your eyes and see—
There's the home prepared for thee,
Where, with Jesus, you shall be
Happy in eternity.

54

6s & 4s.

Nearer to thee.

I'M but a stranger here—
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear—
Heaven is my home;

Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand—
Heaven is my father-land,
Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempests rage?
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage—
Heaven is my home;
And time's wild, wintry blast,
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last—
Heaven is my home.

3 Therefore, I murmur not—
Heaven is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home;
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand—
Heaven is my father-land,
Heaven is my home.

55

11s & 12s.

The Rock that is higher than I.

IN seasons of grief to my God I'll repair,
When my heart is o'erwhelmed with sor-
row and care;
From the ends of the earth, unto thee will I
cry,—
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!
Higher than I, higher than I,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!

2 When Satan, the tempter, comes in like a
flood,
To drive my poor soul from the fountain of
good,

I'll pray to the Lord who for sinners did die,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!

Higher than I, higher than I,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

3 And when I have finished my pilgrimage here,
Complete in Christ's righteousness I shall appear,

In the swellings of Jordan all dangers defy,
And look to the Rock that is higher than I!

Higher than I, higher than I,
And look to the Rock that is higher than I.

4 And when the last trumpet shall sound through
the skies,

And the dead from the dust of the earth shall
arise,

Transported I'll join with the ransomed on high,
To praise the dear Rock that is higher than I!

Higher than I, higher than I,
To praise the dear Rock that is higher than I.

C. M.

56

The days of thy mourning shall be ended.

OH! weep not for the joys that fade
Like evening lights away—

For hopes that, like the stars decay'd,
Have left thy mortal day;

For clouds of sorrow will depart,
And brilliant skies be given;

And though on earth the tear may start,
Yet bliss awaits the holy heart

Amid the bowers of heaven.

- 2 Oh ! weep not for the friends that pass
 Into the lonesome grave,
 As breezes sweep the withered grass
 Along the restless wave ;
 For though thy pleasures may depart,
 And darksome days be given,—
 And lonely though on earth thou art,
 Yet bliss awaits the holy heart
 When friends rejoin in heaven.

8s.

57

The realms of the blest.

- WE speak of the realms of the blest,
 Of that country so bright and so fair,
 And oft are its glories confessed :
 But what must it be to be there ?
- 2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
 Of its walls decked with jewels so rare,
 Of its wonders and pleasures untold :
 But what must it be to be there ?
- 3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
 From sorrow, temptation and care,
 From trials without and within :
 But what must it be to be there ?
- 4 We speak of its service of love,
 Of the robes which the glorified wear,
 Of the church of the first-born above :
 But what must it be to be there ?
- 5 Do thou, Lord ! 'midst gladness or woe,
 For heaven our spirits prepare ;
 And shortly we also shall know,
 And feel what it is to be there !
- 6 Then anthems of praise we will sing,
 When safe in that heavenly rest,
 To Jesus, our Saviour and King,
 Who reigns in those realms of the blest.

58

7s & 9s.

The Gospel Trumpet.

BRETHREN, hear the martial sound,
The gospel trumpet now is blowing:
Men in order 'listing round,
And soldiers to the standard flowing!
Bounty's offered—joy and peace,—
To every soldier this is given;
When from toil and war they cease,
A mansion bright prepared in heaven.

2 Those who long in debt have laid,
And feel the hand of sore oppression,
Have their debts all freely paid,
And share at once a rich possession:
Lo! the sick, the blind, the dumb!
Leave all their maladies behind them!
Rebel outlaws, when they come,
Feel love's sweet bonds completely bind
them.

3 Victory is not to the strong;
The burden's on our Captain's shoulder;
None so aged, none so young,
But he may 'list and be a soldier;
Those who cannot fight or fly,
Beneath this banner find protection;
None who on his name rely
Shall be reduced to base subjection.

4 Fear ye not, the cause is good:
Come, who will to the crown aspire?
In this cause the martyrs stood,
And shouted victory in the fire.
In this cause we'll follow on;
And soon we'll tell the wondrous story,
How, by faith, we won the crown,
And fought our way to life and glory.

59

6, 6, 4.

Faith.

MY faith looks up to thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 Saviour divine!
 Now hear me while I pray;
 Take all my guilt away;
 O let me from this day
 Be wholly thine!

- 2 When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll,
 Blest Saviour, then in love
 Fear and distrust remove:
 O, bear me safe above,
 A ransomed soul.

60

8s & 7s.

"Unto you which believe he is precious."

PRECIOUS Saviour, draw me nearer,
 Press me closer to thy breast:
 Every day and hour thou 'rt dearer;
 In thy love alone I rest.

- 2 While I linger in the desert,
 Keep, oh, keep me by thy side;
 Let me find in thee a covert
 And defence when ills betide.
- 3 When with sorrows I am stricken,
 To thy guardian arm I'll flee;
 When affliction's clouds shall thicken,
 Sunbeams will be shed by thee.
- 4 If my dearest friends are taken,
 And disease my frame invade;
 If by fortune I'm forsaken,
 And the hopes of earth all fade;

5 Still, my courage shall not falter,
 On thy arm I'll fondly lean;
 Confident thou canst not alter,
 Thou wilt cheer the darkest scene.

6 When the shades of death shall lower,
 And the waves of Jordan roll,
 Saviour, whisper in that hour,
 "I have saved thy precious soul."

7 In thine arms thou'lt bear me over
 That deep, dark, and swelling flood,
 Washed and justified for ever,
 Evermore to dwell with God.

61

10s.

HUNTER.

"Joyfully, joyfully."

JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward I move,
 Bound for the land of bright spirits above;
 Angelic choristers sing as I come,
 Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

2 Soon, with my pilgrimage ended below,
 Home to that land of delight will I go;
 Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam;
 Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.

3 Friends fondly cherish'd have pass'd on before,
 Waiting, they watch me approaching that
 shore;
 Singing, to cheer me through death's chilling
 gloom,
 Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

4 Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
 Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
 Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,
 Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home!

- 5 Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb;
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
- 6 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone;
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom;
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home!

7s.

62 “*All things possible to him that believeth.*”

GRACIOUS Saviour, can it be
There awaits a crown for me?
Set with gems divinely bright,
Sparkling each with heavenly light?

- 2 Can it be, a harp of gold,
Glittering bright, my hands shall hold?
That my voice shall join the song
Chanted by the blood-washed throng?
- 3 Can it be, in glorious dress,
Purchased by thy righteousness,
I shall dwell with thee on high,
Never more to sin, nor die?
- 4 Though the “chief of sinners,” Lord,
Since within thy holy word
Thou hast promised thus to bless,
Faith must sweetly whisper, Yes.

11s & 12s.

63

The dying Child.

WHAT seraph-like music steals over the sea,
Entrancing the senses with charmed melody!
'Tis the song of the angels borne soft on the air;
'Tis for me they are singing; my welcome I hear.

- 2 At Jordan's lone river I eagerly stand,
And stretch forth my hands to yon beautiful
land;
Send a convoy of angels, dear Saviour, I pray!
Let me join their sweet music; away, O away!
- 3 Tho' cold are the billows and dark is the wave,
With Jesus beside me, the surges I'll brave;
For the heavenly music has ravished me so,
I must join the loud chorus; I'll go, yes, I'll go!

64

P. M.

KELLY.

Termination of the Christian warfare.

WHEN we pass through yonder river,
When we reach the farther shore,
There's an end of war for ever;
We shall see our foes no more:
All our conflicts then shall cease,
Followed by eternal peace.

- 2 After warfare, rest is pleasant;
Oh, how sweet the prospect is,
Though we toil and strive at present,
Let us not repine at this:
Toil, and pain, and conflict past,
All endear repose at last.
- 3 When we gain the heavenly regions,
When we touch the heavenly shore,—
Blessed thought!—no hostile legions
Can alarm or trouble more;
Far beyond the reach of foes,
We shall dwell in sweet repose.
- 4 Oh, that hope! how bright! how glorious!
'Tis his people's blest reward;
In the Saviour's strength victorious,
They at length behold their Lord;
In his kingdom they shall rest,
In his love be fully blest.

65

S. M.

Request of the beatified Christian.

O H sing to me of heaven,
When I am called to die!
Sing songs of holy ecstasy
To waft my soul on high.

2 When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow,
Burst forth in strains of joyfulness!
Let heaven begin below.

3 When the last moment comes,
O watch my dying face,
And catch the bright, seraphic gleam
Which o'er each feature plays.

4 Then to my ravished ears
Let one sweet song be given :
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.

5 Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest ;
And clasp my pale and icy hands
Upon my lifeless breast.

6 Then round my senseless clay
Assemble those I love,
And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
My glorious home above.

66

P. M.

All is well.

WHAT'S this that steals, that steals upon my
frame ?

Is it death ?

That soon will quench, will quench this vital
flame ?

Is it death ?

MISCELLANEOUS SPIRITUAL SONGS.

If this be death, I soon shall be
From every pain and sorrow free;
I shall the King of glory see.
All is well.

2 Weep not, my friends, weep not for me;
All is well.
My sins are pardoned, I am free.
All is well.

There's not a cloud that doth arise,
To hide my Saviour from my eyes;
I soon shall mount the upper skies.
All is well.

3 Tune, tune your harps, ye saints in glory;
All is well.
I will rehearse the pleasing story,
All is well.
Bright angels have from glory come,
They're round my bed, they're in my room,
They wait to waft my spirit home.
All is well.

4 Hark, hark! my Lord and Master calls me;
All is well.
I soon shall see his face in glory.
All is well.
Farewell, dear friends, adieu, adieu!
I can no longer stay with you;
My glittering crown appears in view.
All is well.

5 Hail, hail, all hail! ye blood-washed throng,
Saved by grace.
I've come to join your rapturous song,
Saved by grace.
All, all is peace and joy divine,
All heaven and glory now are mine;
Oh, hallelujah to the Lamb!
All is well.

67

9s & 10s.

HUNTER.

A home in Heaven.

A HOME in heaven! what a joyful thought!
As the poor man toils in his weary lot,
His heart oppressed and with anguish riven,
Oh, how sweet to think of his home in heaven.

2 A home in heaven! as the sufferer lies
On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes
To that bright home, what a joy is given
With the blessed tho't of his home in heaven.

3 A home in heaven! when our pleasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid,
And strength decays, and our health is riven,
We are happy still with our home in heaven.

4 A home in heaven! when the faint heart bleeds
By the Spirit's stroke, for its evil deeds:
On, then what bliss in that heart forgiven,
Does the hope inspire of a home in heaven!

5 A home in heaven! when our friends are fled
To the cheerless gloom of the mould'ring dead,
We wait in hope on the promise given;
We will meet up there in our home in heaven.

6 A home in heaven! when the wheel is broke,
And the golden bowl, by the terror-stroke;
When life's bright sun sinks in death's dark
even,
We will then fly up to our home in heaven.

7 Our home in heaven! O, the glorious home,
Lo! the Spirit, joined with the bride, says,
"Come;"
Come, seek his face, and your sins forgiven,
And rejoice in hope of your home in heaven.

68

P. M.

The Happy Land.

THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King;
Loud let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

- 2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away:
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free!
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye.
- 3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
Oh, then, to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun,
We'll reign for aye!

69

11s.

Gone to the Grave.

THOU art gone to the grave, but we will not
deplore thee;
Though sorrow and darkness encompass the
tomb,
The Saviour has passed through its portals
before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro'
the gloom.

- 2 Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer
 behold thee,
 Nor tread the rough path of the world by
 thy side;
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to en-
 fold thee,
 And sinners may hope, since the Saviour has
 died.
- 3 Thou art gone to the grave, and its mansion
 forsaking,
 Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered
 long;
 But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on
 thy waking,
 And the song which thou heard'st was the
 seraphim's song.
- 4 Thou art gone to the grave—but 'twere wrong
 to deplore thee,
 When God was thy ransom, thy guardian,
 thy guide;
 He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will
 restore thee,
 Where death hath no sting since the Saviour
 hath died.

70

L. M.

HUNTER.

The Heavenly Mansion.

THE heavenly home is bright and fair,
 Nor death nor sighing enter there;
 Its glittering towers the sun outshine—
 That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

- 2 My Father's house is built on high,
 Above the arched and starry sky;
 When from this earthly prison free,
 That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

- 3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam,
Although, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.
- 4 I envy not the rich and great,
Their pomp of wealth and pride of state;
My Father is a richer King—
That heavenly mansion, still I sing.
- 5 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour or waves o'erflow;
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.
- 6 Then, fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

71

8s & 7s.

HUNTER.

Where I found Christ.

- THERE is a spot to me more dear
Than native vale or mountain;
A spot for which affection's tear
Springs grateful from its fountain:
'Tis not where kindred souls abound,
Though that is almost heaven;
But where I first my Saviour found,
And felt my sins forgiven.
- 2 Hard was my toil to reach the shore,
Long tossed upon the ocean;
Above me was the thunder's roar,
Beneath the wave's commotion:
Darkly the pall of night was thrown
Around me, faint with terror;
In that dark hour how did my groan
Ascend for years of error!

- 3 Sinking and panting as for breath,
 I knew not help was near me;
 And cried, "O, save me, Lord, from death,
 Immortal Jesus, hear me."
 Then quick as thought I felt him mine,
 My Saviour stood before me;
 I saw his brightness round me shine,
 And shouted, "Glory! glory!"
- 4 O sacred hour! O hallowed spot!
 Where love divine first found me;
 Wherever falls my distant lot,
 My heart shall linger round thee:
 And when from earth I rise to soar
 Up to my home in heaven,
 Down will I cast my eyes once more
 Where I was first forgiven.

72

P. M.

A Pilgrim.

WHITHER goest thou, pilgrim stranger,
 Passing through this darksome vale?
 Know'st thou not 'tis full of danger,
 And will not thy courage fail?
 No! I'm bound for the kingdom,
 Will you go to glory with me?
 Hallelujah! hallelujah!

- 2 Pilgrim, thou dost justly call me,
 Traveling through this lonely void;
 But no ill shall e'er befall me,
 While I'm blessed with such a Guide.
 O! I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.
- 3 Such a Guide! no guide attends thee,
 Hence for thee my fears arise;
 If some guardian power defends thee,
 'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.
 O! I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

- 4 Yes, unseen ; but still, believe me,
 Such a Guide my steps attend ;
 He'll in every strait relieve me,
 He will guide me to the end.
 For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.
- 5 Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
 Darkly rolling through the vale ;
 Should its boisterous waves roll o'er thee,
 Would not then thy courage fail ?
 No ! I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.
- 6 No : that stream has nothing frightful,
 To its brink my steps I'll bend ;
 Thence to plunge will be delightful ;
 There my pilgrimage will end.
 For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.
- 7 While I gazed, with speed surprising
 Down the vale she plunged from sight ;
 Gazing still, I saw her rising
 Like an angel clothed in light !
 Oh, she's gone to the kingdom,
 Will you follow her to glory ?
 Hallelujah ! Praise ye the Lord !

73

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Worth of the Soul.

WHAT is the thing of greatest price,
 The whole creation round ?
 That which was lost in Paradise,
 That which in Christ is found :

- 2 The soul of man—Jehovah's breath—
 That keeps two worlds at strife ;
 Hell moves beneath to work its death,
 Heaven stoops to give it life.

MISCELLANEOUS SPIRITUAL SONGS.

- 3 God, to reclaim it, did not spare
His well-beloved Son;
Jesus, to save it, deign'd to bear
The sins of all in one.
- 4 The Holy Spirit seal'd the plan,
And pledged the blood divine,
To ransom every soul of man;—
That price was paid for mine.
- 5 And is this treasure borne below,
In earthen vessels frail?
Can none its utmost value know,
Till flesh and spirit fail?
- 6 Then let us gather round the cross,
That knowledge to obtain;
Not by the soul's eternal loss,
But everlasting gain.

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